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THE
SOUTHERN
POEMS OF THE WAR.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED
BY MISS EMILY V. MASON,
OF VIRGINIA.



Fifth Revised and Enlarged Edition.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY & Co.
182 BALTIMORE STREET.
1878.



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THESE POEMS,
THE OFFSPRING OF SOUTHERN HEARTS,
SUNG BY SOUTHERN FIRESIDES AND SOUTHERN CAMP FIRES,
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS,
BY ONE WHO ADMIRED THEIR HEROISM, SYMPATHIZED WITH
THEIR SUCCESSES, MOURNED THEIR SUFFERINGS,
AND SHARED THEIR PRIVATIONS.

"No marble slab or graven stone
Their gallant deeds to tell;
No monument to mark the spot
Where they with glory fell:
Their names shall yet a herald find
In every tongue of fame,
When valley, stream, and minstrel voice,
Shall ring with their acclaim."

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE rapid sale of the "Southern Poems of the War" induces me to offer to the public a second edition—revised and enlarged, with many new poems which it is hoped will enhance the interest and value of the book.

I am most grateful for the kind reception which this collection of poems has met with—and the sympathy and generous aid which has thus far attended my efforts. Already, through the means thus acquired, I have provided for the maintenance and education of twenty-five Southern girls, and I trust that the sale of another edition will enable me to accomplish as much more.

If (as some of my "critics" object) many of these poems are too "fierce" and "bitter" to suit the taste and temper of the present, it must be remembered that such poems were written amid the excitement and exasperation of a stern conflict. Had these been omitted, the book would not have been what it purports to be—"Poems of the War."

E. V. MASON

BALTIMORE, OCTOBER, 1867.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN the beginning of the war I conceived the design of collecting and preserving the various War Poems which (born of the excited state of the public mind) then inundated our newspapers. For a time I carried out this intention, but a very busy life soon obliged me to relinquish it; so that I am indebted to the kindness of friends for most of the later Poems in this collection.

Travelling since the war through many portions of the South, I have heard everywhere the wish expressed that these Poems should be collected and published in a form so cheap as to be accessible to all. This desire I have endeavored to fulfil.

Besides a "Memorial" volume, to preserve these "songs," expressive of the hopes and triumphs and sorrows of a "lost cause," I have another design—to aid by its sale the Education of the Daughters of our desolate land; to fit a certain number for Teachers, that they may take to their homes and spread among the different Southern States the knowledge of those accomplishments which else may be denied them.

I appeal to all good people to aid me in this effort to provide for the women of the South (the future mothers of the country) the timely boon of education. Many of these children are the orphans of soldiers, from whom they have inherited nothing but an honorable name, and the last hours of more than one of whom I was enabled to soothe by the promise that I would do something for the little ones they left behind them. That promise, I trust, this humble effort may enable me in part to redeem.

EMILY V. MASON.

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SOUTHERN

POEMS OF THE WAR.

THE NATION'S ORPHANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. LOUIS FAIR, 1856.

WHEN the monarchs of the forest
Perish 'neath the lightning's scathe,
And the crashing of the whirlwind
On its wild, resistless path—
Tender shoots of beauty springing,
Soon conceal the broken stem,
And renew in Time's perfection
Leafy branch and diadem—

So around our fallen heroes,
Stricken in their pride of place,
In the gory ranks of battle
Spring the scions of their race ;
Up from every grave arising,
Round each sore dismantled hearth
Cluster thick these peerless pledges
Of the nation's newer birth

Over these the hand of mercy
 Fain would stretch the shield of power ;
 For the storm that spares the sapling
 Dooms to death the human flower.
 Shielded by your loving-kindness,
 Sheltered by your household fires,
 These—the *Orphans of the Nation*—
 Shall bear witness of their sires !

MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

BEECHMOORE, KY.

THE SWEET SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

OH, the sweet South ! the sunny, sunny South !
 Land of true feeling, land forever mine !
 I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
 And my heart swells as with a draught of wine ;
 She brings me blessings of maternal love ;
 I have her smile, which hallows all my toil ;
 Her voice persuades, her generous smiles approve—
 She sings me from the sky and from the soil !
 Oh, by her lonely pines that wave and sigh !
 Oh, by her myriad flowers, that bloom and fade !
 By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
 And the sweet solace of her forest shade,
 She's mine—she's ever mine—
 Nor will I aught resign
 Of what she gives me, mortal or divine ;
 Will sooner part
 With life, hope, heart, —
 Will die—before I fly !

Oh, love is hers, — such love as ever glows
 In souls where leap affection's living tide ;

She is all fondness to her friends ; to foes
She glows a thing of passion, strength, and pride ;
She feels no tremors when the danger's nigh,
But the fight over and the victory won,
How with strange fondness turns her loving eye
In tearful welcome on each gallant son !
Oh ! by her virtues of the cherished past, —
By all her hopes of what the future brings, —
I glory that my lot with her is cast,
And my soul flushes and exulting sings :
She's mine—she's ever mine—
For her will I resign
All precious things—all placed upon her shrine;
Will freely part
With life, hope, heart —
Will die—do aught but fly !

"THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER, VIRGINIA.

[This was properly the very first "poem of the war," having appeared in the winter of 1860-'61, a few months before the death of the lamented author.]

Oh ! say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation ?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war !
'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again !

How peaceful and blest was America's soil
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,

Which lurks under Virtue and springs from its coil
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen!
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel!
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of Peace, 'tis the day-star of Hope,
Like the sacred *Labarum* that guided the Roman;
From the shore of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope,
'Tis the trust of the free and the terror of foemen.
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare
The rights we demand or the deeds that we dare!
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,
To light us to freedom and glory again!

And if peace should be hopeless and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly to arms! while we hurl, in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!
'With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,
Or return like the Spartan in death on our shield!
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave,
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave!

ADDRESS TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BY MRS. E. K. BLUNT.

In the name of God!—Amen!
Stand for the Southern rights!
Over ye, Southern men,
The God of Battles fights!
Fling the invaders far,
Hurl back their work of woe;

The voice is the voice of a brother,
But the hand is the hand of the foe.
They come with a trampling army,
Invading our native sod;
Stand, Southrons! fight and conquer,
In the name of the mighty God!

They are singing our song of triumph
Which was made to set us free,
While they are breaking away the heart-strings
Of our Nation's harmony.
Sadly it floated from us,
Sighing o'er land and wave,
Till, mute in the lips of the poet,
It sleeps in his silent grave.
Spirit and song departed,
Minstrel and minstrelsy,
We mourn thee, heavy-hearted,
But we will, we shall be free!

They are waving our flag above us
With a despot's tyrant will;
With our blood have they stained our colors,
And call them holy still.
With tearful eyes, but steady hands,
We'll tear its stripes apart,
And fling them, like broken fetters,
That may not bind the heart.
But we'll save our stars of glory
In the might of the sacred sign
Of Him who hath freed forever
Our Southern Cross to shine.

Stand, Southrons! Stand and conquer!
Solemn, and strong, and sure,
The strife shall not be longer
Than God shall bid endure.

By the life that only yesterday
Came with the infant's breath,
By the feet which ere the morn
May tread the soldier's death,
By the blood which cries to heaven,
Crimson on our sod,
Stand, Southrons! Stand and conquer!
In the name of the mighty God!

ODE,

ON THE MEETING OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

BY HENRY TIMROD, OF S. C.

HATH not the morning dawned with added light?
And shall not evening call another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night,
To mark this day in heaven? At last, we are
A nation amongst nations; and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled!
Now, come what may, whose favor need we court?
And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?
Thank Him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service wield
Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind,

While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass; and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold
 Its endless sheets unfold
THE SNOW OF SOUTHERN SUMMERS! Let the earth
Rejoice! beneath those fleeces soft and warm
 Our happy land shall sleep
 In a repose as deep
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic storm!

II.

And what if, mad with wrongs themselves have wrought,
 In their own treachery caught,
 By their own fears made bold,
 And leagued with him of old,
Who long since, in the limits of the North,
Set up his evil throne, and warred with God—
What if, both mad and blinded in their rage,
Our foes should fling us down their mortal gage,
And with a hostile step profane our sod!
We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go forth
To meet them, marshalled by the Lord of Hosts,
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these alone,
 But every stock and stone
 Shall help us; but the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us, sea and strand,
 The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every influence,
 Gentle, or grave, or grand;
 The winds in our defence

Shall seem to blow ; to us the hills shall lend
 Their firmness and their calm ;
And in our stiffened sinews we shall blend
 The strength of pine and palm !

III.

Nor would we shun the battle-ground,
 Though weak as we are strong ;
Call up the clashing elements around,
 And test the right and wrong !
On one side, creeds that dare to teach
What Christ and Paul refrained to preach ;
Codes built upon a broken pledge,
And charity that whets a poniard's edge ;
Fair schemes that leave the neighboring poor
To starve and shiver at the schemer's door,
While in the world's most liberal ranks enrolled,
He turns some vast philanthropy to gold ;
Religion taking every mortal form
But that a pure and Christian faith makes warm ;
Where not to vile fanatic passion urged,
Or not in vague philosophies submerged,
Repulsive with all Pharisaic leaven,
And making laws to stay the laws of Heaven !
And on the other, scorn of sordid gain,
Unblemished honor, truth without a stain,
Faith, justice, reverence, charitable wealth,
And, for the poor and humble, laws which give,
Not the mean right to buy the right to live,
 But life, and home, and health !
To doubt the end were want of trust in God,
 Who, if He has decreed
That we must pass a redder sea
Than that which rang to Miriam's holy glee,
 Will surely raise at need
 A Moses with his rod !

IV.

But let our fears—if fears we have—be still,
And turn us to the future! Could we climb
Some mighty Alp, and view the coming time,
The rapturous sight would fill

Our eyes with happy tears!
Not only for the glories which the years
Shall bring us; not for lands from sea to sea,
And wealth, and power, and peace, though these shall
be;

But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress;
For, to give labor to the poor,

The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from want and crime the humblest door,
Is one among the many ends for which

God makes us great and rich!
The hour, perchance, is not yet wholly ripe
When all shall own it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which laves our Southern strand,
And through the cold, untempered ocean, pours
Its genial streams, that far-off Arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas.

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

BY R. AGNEW, OF NEWBERN.

WAKE every minstrel's strain,
Ring o'er each Southern plain,
"God save the South!"
Still let this noble band,
Joined now in heart and hand,

Fight for our sunny land—
Land of the South!

Armed in such sacred cause,
We court no vain applause—
Our swords are free.
No spot of wrong or shame
Rests on our banner's name,
Flung forth in Freedom's name,
O'er land and sea.

Then let the invader come;
Soon shall the beat of drum
Rally us all.
Forth from our homes we go,
Death! death! to every foe!
Lay each invader low—
God save us all!

Sound, then, with loud acclaim,
Davis! our Chief's great name—
God save him long!
May the Almighty power
Blessings upon him shower,
And still, from hour to hour,
Shield him from wrong!

Then, 'mid the cannon's roar,
Let us sing evermore,—
God save the South!
Ours is the soul to dare,
See! our good swords are bare!
We will be free, we *swear*!—
God save the South!

THE NEW STAR.

BY B. M. ANDERSON.

ANOTHER star arisen ; another flag unfurled ;
Another name inscribed among the nations of the world !
Another mighty struggle 'gainst a tyrant's fell decree,
And again a burdened people have uprisen, and are free.

The spirit of the fathers in the children liveth yet ;
Liveth still the olden blood which dimmed the foreign
 bayonet ;
And the fathers fought for freedom, and the sons for free-
 dom fight ;
Their God was with the fathers—and is still the God of
 right !

Behold ! the skies are darkened ! A gloomy cloud hath
 lowered !
Shall it break before the sun of peace, or spread in rage
 empowered ?
Shall we have the smile of friendship, or shall it be the
 blow ?
Shall it be the right hand to the friend, or the red hand to
 the foe ?

In peacefulness we wish to live, but not in slavish fear ;
In peacefulness we dare not die dishonored on our bier.
To our allies of the Northern land we offer heart and hand,
But if they scorn our friendship—then the banner and the
 brand !

Honor to the new-born nation ! and honor to the brave !
A country freed from thralldom, or a soldier's honored grave,

Every step shall be contested; every rivulet run red,
And the invader, should he conquer, find the conquered in
the dead.

But victory shall follow where the sons of freedom go,
And the signal for the onset be the death-knell of the foe;
And hallowed shall the spot be where he was so bravely
met,
And the star which yonder rises, rises never more to set.

WHAT THE SOUTH WINDS SAY.

FAINT as the echo of an echo born,
A bugle-note swells on the air;
Now louder, fuller, far and near,
It sounds a mighty horn.

The noblest blast blown in our time
Comes from the South on every breeze,
To sweep across the shining seas
In symphony sublime!

'Tis Freedom's *réveille* that comes
Upon the air, blent with a tramp,
Which tells that she now seats her camp,
With trumpets and with drums.

When first I heard that pealing horn,
Its sounds were faint, and black the night;
But soon I saw a burst of light
That told of coming morn!

When first I heard that martial tread
Swell on the chilly morning breeze,

'Twas faint as sound of distant seas,—
Now, it might rouse the dead !

Aye, it has roused the dead ! They start
From many a battle-field to teach
Their children noble thoughts and speech,—
To "fire the Southern heart !"

Not only noble thoughts, but deeds,
Our fathers taught us how to dare ;
They fling our banners on the air,
And bring our battle-steeds !

While louder rings that mighty horn,
Whose clarion notes on every gale
Tell history's latest, greatest tale,—
A nation now is born !

And at that trump's inspiring peal,
Within Time's lists I see it stand,
A splendid banner in its hand,
Full armed from head to heel !

Long ages in their flight shall see
That flag wave o'er a nation brave ;
A people who preferred one grave,
Sooner than slavery !

RICHMOND DISPATCH.

A POEM WHICH NEEDS NO DEDICATION.

BY JAS. BARBON HOPE.

WHAT ! you hold yourselves as freemen ?
Tyrants love just such as ye !
Go ! abate your lofty manner !
Write upon the State's old banner,
"A furore Normanorum,
3* Libera nos, O Domine !"

Sink before the Federal altar
Each one, low on bended knee;
Pray, with lips that sob and falter,
This prayer from a coward's Psalter :
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine !"

But you hold that quick repentance
In the Northern mind will be ;
This repentance comes no sooner
Than the robber's did, at Luna.*
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine !"

He repented *him* ; the bishop
Gave him absolution free—
Poured upon him sacred chrism
In the pomp of his baptism,
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine !"

He repented ;—then he sickened !
Was he pining for the sea ?
In extremis was he shriven,
The viaticum was given,
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine !"

Then the old cathedral's choir
Took the plaintive minor key ;
With the Host upraised before him,
Down the marble aisles they bore him ;
 "A furore Normanorum,
 Libera nos, O Domine !"

* The incident with which I have illustrated my opinion of the policy of those who would have us wait for a "reaction at the North," may be found in *Milman's Latin Christianity*, vol. iii., p. 133.

While the bishop and the abbot—

All the monks of high degree,
Chanting praise to the Madonna,
Came to do him Christian honor !

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

Now the *miséréré's* cadence

Takes the voices of the sea;
As the music-billows quiver,
See the dead freebooter shiver !

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

Is it that these intonations

Thrill him thus from head to knee ?
Lo, his cerements burst asunder !
’Tis a sight of fear and wonder !

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

Fierce, he stands before the bishop,

Dark as shape of Destinie.
Hark ! a shriek ascends, appalling,—
Down the prelate goes—dead—falling !

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

Hastings lives ! He was but feigning !

What ! Repentant ? Never he !
Down he smites the priests and friars,
And the city lights with fires !

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine !”

Ah ! the children and the maidens,

’Tis in vain they strive to flee !

Where the white-haired priests lie bleeding
Is no place for woman's pleading.

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine!”

Louder swells the frightful tumult;—

Pallid Death holds revelry!
Dies the organ's mighty clamor,
By the Norseman's iron hammer!

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine!”

And they thought that he'd repented!

Had they nailed him to the tree,
He had not deserved their pity,
And—they had not lost their city.

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine!”

There's a moral in this story,

Which is plain as truth can be:
If we trust the North's relenting,
We will shriek—too late, repenting—

“A furore Normanorum,
Libera nos, O Domine!”

PENSACOLA: TO MY SON.

BY M. S.

BEAUTIFUL the land may be,
Its groves of palm, its laurel-trees,
And o'er the smiling, murm'ring sea,
Soft may blow the Southern breeze—
And land, and sea, and balmy air
May make a home of beauty there.

And bright beneath Floridian sky,
The world to thy young fancy seems;
I see the light that fills thine eye,
I know what spirit rules thy dreams;
But flower-gemmed shore and rippling sea
Are darker than the grave to me;

For storms are lowering in that sky,
And sad may be that fair land's doom;
Full soon, perhaps, the battle-cry
May wake the cannon's fearful boom,
And shot and shell from o'er the waves
May plough the rose's bed for graves.

And we, whose dear ones cluster there—
We, mothers, who have let them go—
Our all, perhaps—how shall we bear
That which another week may show?
The love which made our lives, all gone,
Our hearts left desolate and lone!

Country! what to *me* that name,
Should I in vain demand my son?
Glory! what's a nation's fame?
Home! home, without thee, I have none;
Ah! stay—this Southern land not *mine*?
The land that e'en in death is thine!

A country's laurel-wreath for thee,
A hero's grave—my own! my own!
And neither land nor home for *me*,
Because a *mother's* hope is gone?
Traitor I am? God's laws command
That, NEXT TO HEAVEN, OUR NATIVE LAND!

And I will not retract—ah! no—
What, in my pride of home, I said,
That, "*I would give my son to go*

Where'er our HERO RULER led !"
 The mother's heart may burst—but still,
 Make it, O God, to know Thy will.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DIXIE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

SOUTHRONS, hear your Country call you !
 Up ! lest worse than death befall you !
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! in Dixie !
 Lo ! all the beacon-fires are lighted,
 Let all hearts be now united !
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! in Dixie !
 Advance the flag of Dixie !
 Hurrah ! hurrah !
 For Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
 To live or die for Dixie !
 To arms ! to arms !
 And conquer peace for Dixie !
 To arms ! to arms !
 And conquer peace for Dixie !

II.

Hear the Northern thunders mutter !
 Northern flags in South winds flutter !
 To arms ! etc.
 Send them back your fierce defiance !
 Stamp upon the accursed alliance !
 To arms ! etc.
 Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

III.

Fear no danger ! shun no labor !
 Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre !
 To arms ! etc.

Shoulder pressing close to shoulder !
Let the odds make each heart bolder !
 To arms ! etc.
 Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

IV.

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices !
 To arms ! etc.
For faith betrayed and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.
 To arms ! etc.
 Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

V.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles !
 To arms ! etc.
Cut the unequal bonds asunder !
Let them hence each other plunder !
 To arms ! etc.
 Advance the flag of Dixie ! etc.

VI.

Swear upon your Country's altar,
Never to submit or falter ;
 To arms ! etc.
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
 To arms ! etc.
 Advance the flag of Dixie ! et

VII.

Halt not, till our Federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station !
 To arms ! etc.

Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

To arms! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

VIII.

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness;

To arms! etc.

Exultant pride soon banish sorrow;
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

To arms! etc.

Advance the flag of Dixie! etc.

BATTLE SONG.

HAVE you counted up the cost?
What is gained and what is lost—
When the foe your lines have crossed?

Gained—the infamy of fame?
Gained—a dastard's spotted name,
Gained—eternity of shame.

Lost—desert of manly worth,
Lost—the right you had by birth,
Lost—lost! Freedom from the earth!

Freemen, up! the foe is nearing!
Haughty banners high uprearing—
Lo! their serried ranks appearing!

Freemen, on! the drums are beating!
Will you shrink from such a meeting?
Forward! give them hero greeting!

From your hearts, and homes, and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters—
He is not a man that falters !

WRITTEN BEFORE THE SECESSION OF VA.

BY MRS. REBECCA TABB, OF GLOUCESTER, VA.

‘It is given unto women to weep ; to men to remember.’

Motley's Dutch Republic.

WEEP ! yes, we *will* weep ; but not from coward fears :
Poor woman ! what has *she* to give her country save her
tears ?

Were we men we would remember the lessons we were
taught

How our fathers fought for freedom. Was the boon too
dearly bought ?

We'd remember how the glory is passing from our State,
Nor blind our eyes with weeping and wildly mourn her
fate ;

We'd remember how our fathers had won immortal fame,
And prove that *we* were worthy to bear a patriot's name.

We'd remember how to battle for our country and her right,
Nor veil our heads in darkness, and wail Virginia's night ;
We'd remember we have children—how can they dare
forget ?

Is it ease that thus beguiles you ? You *cannot* fear their
threat ?

Weep, daughters of Virginia ! Weep for her old renown
Weep, that our glorious mother has lost her ancient crown
But e'en amid our tears, *this* we'll remember well,
'Twas the treason of her children by which Virginia fell !

Your mothers and your sisters, your wives and daughters
weep,

Can you remember, men, how swords from scabbards leap?
Have you forgot your *honor* that you meekly bear their
sneers?

But surely you'll remember *now*, when you see our bitter
tears.

Alas! that we should weep, save with a woman's pride,
That those we loved had battled for their country ere they
died.

We'd not forget *them* in their graves, but tell with swelling
heart,

How Virginia's sons could bleed and die, but not with
honor part.

THE FALL OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL, 1861.

BY A. L. D., RALEIGH, N. C.

'Twas in the early morning, all Charleston lay asleep,
While yet the purple darkness was resting on the deep.
In the middle of the channel Fort Sumter stood afar,
Above it waved the banner which yet bore every star.
Outside the bar, at sunset, seven steamers we could see,
We knew they brought the slaves of slaves who would
coerce the free.

At midnight came the order, that when the day should break,
The guns from out our batteries must then their challenge
speak.

O, how anxiously we waited for the dawning of the day!
There was little sleeping all that night in the forts of
Charleston Bay.

All night along the sea-shore, and up the shelving strand,
Like the ghosts of our old heroes, did the curling sea-mist
stand.

They saw their children watching there, as they had
watched before,
When a British fleet had crossed the bar and threatened
Charleston shore.
But when the first loud gun announced the dawning of the
day,
The mists they broke, and lingering, they slowly rolled away.
When the first red streak upon the East told of the rising
sun,
'Twas then the cannonading from the batteries begun.
All day the cannon thundered along the curving shore,
All day the sea resounded with Sumter's steady roar.
When the land-breeze from the city brought the noon-
chimes clear and strong,
We saw the starry flag no more, which had floated there so
long;
For while the fight was raging, we'd seen that banner fall,
A round-shot cut the staff in twain, and tore it from the wall.
But when they raised no other, our General sent them one,
For they'd kept the lost one bravely, as true men should
have done.
The fleet turned slowly southward, we saw the last ship go,
We had saved old Carolina from the insults of the foe ;
O, we were very thankful when we lay down to rest,
And saw the darkness fall again upon the harbor's breast.
For now above Fort Sumter floats a banner yet unknown,
Upon it are but seven stars, where thirty-two had shone.

VIRGINIA'S MESSAGE TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.

You dared not think I'd *never* come ;
You could not doubt your *Mother* ;
If traitorous chains had crushed my *form*,
My *soul* with yours had hovered.

Yes, children, *I have come*;
We'll stand together, we'll be one,
Brave dangers, death, and wars begun !

Where should this struggle work and end?

Where should this conflict be?

Where should we all our rights defend,
And gain our liberty?

Upon *my* soil your swords you'll wield,
Upon *my* soil your homes you'll shield,
And on *my* soil your foes *shall* yield !

Where, but on *my* mountains' heights,

And on *my* rivers' banks,

Where, but 'neath *my* heavens' lights,

And in *my* children's camps,

Shall all the blood be shed,

In streams of living red,

And all our foes be dead?

Then, soldiers brave, come forth,

Ye sons of *noble mothers* !

They'll chide you if you're loth

And yield your homes to others.

Mothers ! send them, then, without a tear

Bid them go, and make all earth revere

Their country's honor and a soldier's bier !

A CRY TO ARMS.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Ho ! woodsmen of the mountain side !

Ho ! dwellers in the vales !

Ho ! ye, that by the chafing tide

Have roughened in the gales !

Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade ;
Let desk, and case, and counters rot,
And burn your books of trade !

The despot roves your fairest lands,
And till he flies, or fears,
Your fields must grow but armed bands—
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears !
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain,—
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain !

Come with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife,—
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows,
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn !

Does any falter ? Let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh ! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch !

What hope, O God ! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer ?
The lily calmly braves the storm—
And shall the palm-tree fear ?

No! rather let its branches court
The blast that sweeps the plain;
And from the lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the rain.

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye that by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Come! flocking gayly to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake—
We battle for our country's right,
And for the lily's sake!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. MARGARET PIGGOT.

[The lady who wrote the following was thrown into a state of great agitation and alarm from the sad occurrences of the terrible Friday, April 19th, 1861. Not being able to sleep, she expressed her feelings in writing the following prayer. This statement is made by the person in whose hands she placed the original manuscript, and who is one of the family.—R. P.]

God of nations, God of might,
In the stillness of the night,
At Thy footstool low I bow—
Hear me, hear me, hear me now.

All without is dark and drear,
All within is doubt and fear;
Where for refuge can I flee,
God of Hosts, if not to Thee!

What fierce scourging, Judge of all,
Must upon my country fall?
Must we o'er this land so fair
Witness carnage and despair?

All withdrawn Thy fav'ring light,
All our noonday turn'd to night.

Oh, if I, in anguish bow'd,
May not see behind the cloud,
May not have one gleam to dart
Through the gloom that shrouds my heart,
From its depths, where thou canst see,
In the dust I cry to Thee.

We have sinned, oh God of might,—
Sinned, rebellious in Thy sight ;
Pride and wrath are o'er the land,
But, avenger, stay Thine hand ;
For our children smiling here,
For our little ones so dear,
Stay Thy judgment swift and sure :
Stay it, God, for these are pure.

By the child whose feeble cry
From the desert rose on high,
Bringing to the mother there
Angel cheer in her despair—
By the babe that Thou didst save
From the Nile's engulfing wave—
By the children He did press
To His breast in soft caress—
And the loud Hosannah song
Rising from the infant throng—
Save us, save us, spare Thine hand ;
For the children, save the land.

Dark, still dark, no light I trace,—
Hast Thou turned away Thy face ?
Must we walk this fiery path,
Scowl'd upon by direful wrath ?

Must we to the dust go down
Blasted by Thy hopeless frown?
If so, Father, we obey,
But for the young I still would pray.

For the young I make my moan,
Such as these, my own, my own ;
These, my boys in rosy rest,
This, the babe upon my breast,
Little dreaming as they sleep
Why their mother wakes to weep—
Oh ! let me but feel the rod,
Spare them, spare them, Oh my God !

And for all so passion-tossed,
All this people ruined, lost ;
Forgetting now their ancient trust,
Tramping all they loved in dust—
Still I cry, for only Thou
Canst control and save them now.

By the mercy Thou didst show
To Thy people long ago,
When by Thee released, restored,
They like us forgot Thee, Lord—
By the prayer of Him who died,
By His love, the crucified,
And the tears He wept o'er them—
Wept o'er doomed Jerusalem ;
Oh ! forgive, forgive us, Lord,
Let Thy pity be restored ;
Say again, if 'tis Thy will,
To these billows,—PEACE, BE STILL !

GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

BY S. P. M.

God save the noble South !
God aid our native South !
God save the South !

Make her victorious,
Mighty and glorious,
By thy shield over us :
God save the South !

Thy choicest blessings pour
On her forevermore —
God save the South !

Crush down each traitor knave,
Prosper our leaders brave,
Or give a freeman's grave :
God save the South !

Our cause we leave to thee,
God of the true and free—
God save the South !

Foes may invade our soil ;
Homes bought with blood and toil
Let not a tyrant spoil :
God save the South !

Trusting to Thee, O Lord !
Fearless we draw the sword—
God save the South !

Raise then our flag on high,
This be our battle-cry,
Freedom we win or die :
God save the South !

SEVENTY-SIX AND SIXTY-ONE.

BY JOHN W. OVERALL, OF LA.

YE spirits of the glorious dead !
Ye watchers in the sky !
Who sought the patriot's crimson bed
With holy trust and high—
Come lend your inspiration now,
Come fire each Southern son,
Who nobly fights for freemen's rights,
And shouts for sixty-one.

Come teach them how on hill, in glade,
Quick leaping from your side,
The lightning flash of sabres made
A red and flowing tide ;
How well ye fought, how bravely fell,
Beneath our burning sun,
And let the lyre, in strains of fire,
So speak of sixty-one.

There's many a grave in all the land,
And many a crucifix,
Which tells how that heroic band
Stood firm in seventy-six.
Ye heroes of the deathless past,
Your glorious race is run,
But from your dust springs freemen's trust,
And blows for sixty-one.

We build our altars where you lie,
On many a verdant sod,
With sabres pointing to the sky
And sanctified of God—

The smoke shall rise from every pile,
Till freedom's fight is done,
And every voice throughout the South
Shall shout for sixty-one.

POEM ON THE DEATH OF "JACKSON."

KILLED BY A NEW YORK ZOUAVE IN ALEXANDRIA, VA., MAY 24, 1861.

Not where the battle red
Covers with fame the dead,—
Not where the trumpet calls
Vengeance for each that falls,—
Not with his comrades dear,
Not there he fell—not there !

He grasps no brother's hand,
He sees no patriot band ;
Daring alone the foe
He strikes—then waits the blow,
Counting his life not dear,
His was no heart to fear !

Shout ! Shout his deed of glory !
Tell it in song and story !
Tell it where soldiers brave
Rush fearless to their grave ;
Tell it—a magic spell
In that great deed shall dwell.

Yes ! he hath won a name
Deathless for aye to fame ;
Our flag baptized in blood,
Always, as with a flood,
Shall sweep the tyrant band
Whose feet pollute our land.

Then, freemen, raise the cry,
As freemen live or die !
Arm ! arm you for the fight !
His banner in your sight ;
And this your battle-cry,
"Jackson and victory !"

BATTLE SONG OF THE INVADED.

THE foe ! the foe ! They come ! they come !
Light up the beacon pyre ;
Let every hill and mountain home
Give back the signal-fire,
And wave the red cross on the night,
The blood-red cross of war—
What though we perish in the fight !
Our fathers died before !

Hark ! to their shouts upon the breeze,
Their banners in the sun,
And like the thunder of the seas
Their deep tread thunders on.
We'll meet them here on each bold height,
In every glen make head—
And give the battle to the right ;
We will be free or dead.

We stand on sacred, holy ground,
Where thousand memories meet ;
Our fathers' homes are all around,
Their graves beneath our feet ;
Our roofs are mouldering far and wide,
That late smiled in the sun ;
Our brides are weeping at our side ;
Gods ! let them then come on !

Hurrah! hurrah! he gleams in sight;
It fires the brain to see
How the proud spoiler flashes bright
In war's gay panoply.
We'll show him that our fathers' brands
Nor rust nor time can stay;
With tramp and shouts, bold hearts and hands,
Up, freemen, and away!

The work is done, the strife is o'er,
The whirlwinds thundered by,—
There's not from hill to ocean shore
A foeman left to die.
Our brides are thronging every height,
They wave us weeping home;
God gives the battle to the right—
Back to our hearth-stones, come!

JACKSON, THE ALEXANDRIA MARTYR.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D., OF VIRGINIA.

'Twas not the private insult galled him most,
But public outrage of his country's flag,
To which his patriotic heart had pledged
Its faith as to a bride. The bold, proud chief,
Th' avenging host, and the swift-coming death
Appalled him not. Nor life with all its charms,
Nor home, nor wife, nor children could weigh down
The fierce, heroic instincts to destroy
The insolent invader. Ellsworth fell,
And Jackson perished 'mid the pack of wolves,
Befriended only by his own great heart,
And God approving. More than Roman soul!
O type of our impetuous chivalry!

May this young nation ever boast her sons
A vast, and inconceivable multitude,
Standing, like thee in her extremest van,
Self-poised and ready, in defence of rights
Or in revenge of wrongs, to dare and die !

DEAD JACKSON.

A CHAPLET ! as ye pause, ye brave,
Beside the broad Potomac's wave ;
A wreath ! above dead Jackson's grave !
Against a hundred thousand—one
Whose dauntless manhood held alone
Virginia's threshold, and his own !
Hath vengeance tarried ? Swifter, none
Since midnight lightning flashed upon
The sword of God and Gideon.
Hath God forgotten ? *Who* hath led
Your legions to this narrow bed ?
Whose very name recalls the dead ?
A Jackson ! Let your banners fly !
And forward with the battle-cry
Of *Jackson*, and of *liberty* !

CONFEDERATE LAND.

BY H. H. STRAWBRIDGE

STATES of the South ! Confederate Land !
Our foe has come—the hour is nigh ;
His bale-fires rise on every hand—
Rise as one man, to do or die !

From mountain vale and prairie wide,
From forest vast, and field, and glen,
And crowded city, pour thy tide,
Oh fervid South! oh patriot men!
Up! old and young; the weak, be strong!
Rise for the right,—hurl back the wrong,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Strike for our own Confederate Land!

Make every house, and rock, and tree,
And hill, your forts; and fen and flood
Yield not! our soil shall rather be
One waste of flame, one sea of blood!
On! though perennial be the strife,
For honor dear, for hearth-stone fire;
Give blow for blow! take life for life!
“Strike! till the last armed foe expire!”
Up! old and young; the weak, be strong!
Rise for the right,—hurl back the wrong,
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Strike for our own Confederate Land!

REBELS.

BY ALBERT PIKE, OF ARKANSAS.

Yes, call us rebels! 'tis the name
Our patriot fathers bore,
And by such deeds we'll hallow it,
As they have done before.
At Lexington and Baltimore
Was poured the holy chrism;
For freedom marks her sons with blood,
In sign of their baptism.

Rebels, in proud and bold protest,
Against a power unreal ;
A unity which every quest
Proves false as 'tis ideal.
A brotherhood, whose ties are chains,
Which crushes what it holds,
Like fabled Laocoon of old,
Within the serpent's folds.

Rebels, against the malice vast,
Malice that naught disarms,
Which fills the quiet of our homes
With vague and dread alarms,
Against th' invaders' daring feet,
Against the tide of wrong,
Which has been borne, in silence borne,
But borne perchance too long.

We would be cowards, did we crouch
Beneath the lifted hand,
Whose very wave, ye seem to think,
Will chill us where we stand.
Yes, call us rebels ! 'tis a name
Which speaks of other days ;
Of gallant deeds, and gallant men,
And wins them to their ways.

Fair was the edifice they raised,
Uplifting to the skies ;
A mighty Samsom 'neath its dome
In grand quiescence lies.
Dare not to touch his noble limb,
With thong or chain to bind,
Lest ruin crush both you and him,—
This Samson is not blind !

HYMN.—GOD SAVE THE SOUTH.

BY GEORGE H. MILES, OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MD.

God save the South!
God save the South!
Her altars and firesides,—
God save the South!
Now that the war is nigh—
Now that we arm to die—
Chanting our battle-cry,
“Freedom or Death!”

God be our shield,
At home or afield,
Stretch thine arm over us,
Strengthen and save!
What though they're three to one,
Forward, each sire and son,
Strike, till the war is won,
Strike to the grave!

God make the right
Stronger than might!
Millions would trample us
Down in their pride.
Lay *Thou* their legions low,
Roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know
God's on our side.

Hark! Honor's call,
Summoning all—
Summoning all of us
Unto the strife.

Sons of the South, awake !
Strike till the brand shall break !
Strike for dear honor's sake,
Freedom and life !

Rebels before
Our fathers of yore,
Rebel ! the righteous name
 Washington bore.
Why, then, be ours the same
Title he snatched from shame ;
Making it first in fame,
Odious no more.

War to the hilt !
Theirs be the guilt
Who fetter the freeman
 To ransom the slave.
Up, then, and undismayed
Sheathe not the battle-blade,
Till the last foe is laid
 Low in the grave.

God save the South !
God save the South !
Dry the dim eyes that now
 Follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove ;
Still keep the land we love
 Safe from all wrath.

God save the South !
God save the South !
Her altars and firesides—
 God save the South !

For the rude war is nigh—
And we must win or die;
Chanting our battle-cry,
“Freedom or Death!”

BATTLE EVE.

I SEE the broad red setting sun
Sink slowly down the sky,—
I see, amid the cloud-built tents,
His blood-stained standard fly,
And meek, meanwhile, the pallid moon
Looks from her place on high.

Oh, setting sun, awhile delay!
Linger on sea and shore,—
For thousand eyes now gaze on thee
That shall not see thee more;
A thousand hearts beat proudly now,
Whose race like thine is o'er!

Oh, ghastly moon! thy pallid ray
On paler brows shall lie!
On many a torn and bleeding heart,
On many a glazing eye;
And breaking hearts shall live to mourn
For whom 'twere bliss to die.

MANASSAS.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, JULY, 1861.

THEY have met at last, as storm-clouds
Meet in heaven,
And the Northmen, back and bleeding,
Have been driven ;
And their thunder has been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks, with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven.

Like the leaves of Vallambrosa
They are lying,
In the midnight and the moonlight,
Dead or dying ;
Like those leaves before the gale
Fled their legions—wild and pale—
While the host that made them quail
Stood defying !

When in the morning sunlight
Flags were flaunted,
And "Vengeance on the Rebels"
Proudly vaunted,
They little dreamed that night
Would close upon their flight,
And the victor of the fight
Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes ;
Light be the earth above them,
Green the grasses.

Long shall Northmen rue the day
When, in battle's wild affray,
They met the South's array
At Manassas.

"OUR LEFT."

FROM dawn to dark they stood,
That long midsummer's day !
While fierce and fast
The battle-blast
Swept rank on rank away !
From dawn to dark, they fought
With legions swept and cleft,
While black and wide
The battle-tide
Poured ever on our "Left !"
They closed each ghastly gap !
They dressed each shattered rank ;
They knew full well
That Freedom fell
With that exhausted flank !
"Oh ! for a thousand men,
Like these that melt away !"
And down they came,
With steel and flame,
Four thousand to the fray !
They left the laggard train,
The panting steam might stay ;
And down they came,
With steel and flame,
Head-foremost to the fray !

Right through the blackest cloud
Their lightning path they cleft !
Freedom and Fame
With triumph came
To our immortal Left.

Ye ! of your living, sure !
Ye ! of your dead, bereft !
Honor the brave
Who died to save
Your all, upon our Left.

THE CHARGE OF THE GEORGIA EIGHTH

AT THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS, JULY 21ST, 1861.

The rising sun shines gayly
On proud Manassas' height ;
Six hundred gallant Georgians
Are ready for the fight.

Each heart beat high and holy
As with measured steps they go,
For they stand between their firesides
And the invading foe.

The battle rages fiercely—
Has raged since break of day—
And Sherman's fatal battery
With corpses strews the way.

And Beauregard with thrilling voice
As is the trumpet's call—
"Forward, brave comrades, to the charge !
That battery must fall."

Six hundred gallant Georgians !

With quickened step they go,
And fearlessly they follow

Their leader, brave *Bartow*.

Oh, Georgia's ancient chivalry,

Sweep onward in your might !

Your cause is just, your arm is strong—

Oh, God, defend the right !

The setting sun sinks slowly

On the gory battle-field,—

And to Southern rights and valor

The Northern hirelings yield.

The setting sun looks sadly

Where the dead and dying lay—

On the ghastly field of battle,—

The six hundred—where are they ?—

Five deep round Sherman's Battery

They lie at set of sun,—

But the Battery is taken,

And the red field is won.

Sixty of the six hundred

Stand round their leader now,

And death's eternal shadow clouds

His vainly laurelled brow.

Oh, Georgia's glorious chivalry !

The loved ones, and the brave !

They poured their blood like water forth,

And died that they might save !

And Beauregard the conqueror

Looks on the noble dead,—

"Uncovered I salute

The Georgia Eighth," he said

When history shall reckon
Of this day's deeds the fame,
Oh! whose shall be the glory?
And whose shall be the shame?

MARIA KEY STEELE, MARYLAND.

THE BOY-SOLDIER.

BY A LADY OF SAVANNAH

He is acting o'er the battle,
With his cap and feather gay,
Singing out his soldier prattle,
In a mockish, manly way—
With the boldest, bravest footstep,
Treading firmly up and down,
And his banner waving softly
O'er his boyish locks of brown.

And I sit beside him sewing,
With a busy heart and hand,
For the gallant soldier's going
To the far-off battle-land—
And I gaze upon my jewel,
In his baby-spirit bold,
My little blue-eyed soldier,
Just a second summer old.

Still a deep, deep well of feeling
In my mother's heart is stirred,
And the tears come softly stealing
At each imitative word!

There's a struggle in my bosom,
For I love my darling boy—
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!

Yet I think upon my country,
And my spirit groweth bold—
Oh! I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

I would speed him to the battle—
I would arm him for the fight;
I would give him to his country,
For his country's wrong and right!
I would nerve his hand with blessing,
From the "God of Battles" won—
With *His* helmet and *His* armor
I would cover o'er my son.

Oh! I *know* there'd be a struggle,
For I love my darling boy;
He's the gladness of my spirit,
He's the sunlight of my joy!
Yet in thinking on my country,
Oh! my spirit groweth bold;
And I wish my blue-eyed soldier
Were but twenty summers old!

REBELS.

BY MRS. A. P. TURMAN.

REBELS! 'Tis a holy name!
The name our fathers bore,
When battling in the cause of right
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'Tis our family name!
Our father—Washington—
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gave the name to us—a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 'Tis our given name!
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief, of fear and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 'Tis a patriot name!
In struggles it was given;
We bore it then when tyrants raved,
And through their curses 'twas engraved
On the Doomsday-book of Heaven!

Rebels! 'Tis our fighting name!
For peace rules o'er the land,
Until they speak of craven woe,
Until our rights receive a blow,
From foe's or brother's hand!

Rebels! 'Tis our dying name!
For although life is dear,
Yet freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather sleep as freemen dead
Than live in slavish fear.

Then, call us Rebels if you will,
We glory in the name;
For bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.

1776—1861.

AIR—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Sons of the South! from hill and dale,
From mountain-top, and lowly vale,
Arouse ye now! 'tis Freedom's wail—
To arms! to arms! she cries.

Strike! for freedom in the dust;
Strike! to crush proud Mammon's lust;
Strike! remembering *God is just!*
Thus a freeman dies.

Southrons! who with Beauregard,
Day and night, keep watch and ward—
Southrons! whom the angels guard,
Strike for Liberty!

Smite the motley hireling throng;
Smite! as Heaven smites the wrong;
Smite! they fly before the strong
In God and Liberty!

By your hearth-stones, by your dead,
By all the fields where patriots bled,
A freeman's home or gory bed
Let the alternate be.

Weeping wives and mothers here,
Sisters, daughters, dear ones near—
Seas of blood for every tear,
God and Liberty!

Louder swells the battle-cry,
Flaming sword and flashing eye
Light the field where freemen die!
Death or Liberty!

Backward roll your poisonous waves,
Infidel and ruffian slaves !
'Tis Heaven's own wrath your blindness braves
God and Liberty !

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C.....

THE SHIP OF STATE.

FROM THE "TORONTO LEADER."

A good ship o'er a stormy sea
Before the gale is driving—
The billows leap against her prow,
With more than demon striving.
The lurid lightning half illumines
The sun-deserted heavens,
And shines upon her pennon proud,
Her sails and cordage riven.

Her decks are thronged with storm-beat men,
A crowd of eager faces,
Where desperate hope and suffering stern
Have left their iron traces.
But not a sign of craven fear
Proclaims one base emotion,
In souls that grapple with their doom,
And dread not wind nor ocean.

Clear rings a voice above the throng,
So sweet that all may hear it ;
'Tis from the helmsman, slight and pale,
With the look of a ruling spirit.
He hath dropped his mantle on the deck,
His brow is bare and gleaming,
And he stands before them like those shapes
That Jacob saw in dreaming.

"Come weal, come woe, I share your fate;
No human power can part us,
And while we bend to His behest,
Our God can ne'er desert us.
Why heed the rest? let tempests rage,
And the sun refuse its shining,
We know *One* hand is over all,
And clouds have their silver lining.

"Then cast away to the foaming deep
Our treasures prized and golden,
Lighten the good ship on her way,
And her course will yet be holden.
And see afar the Southern star
Gleams through the rifted heaven;
Till seas o'erwhelm I'll hold this helm
While by the gale we are driven."

And still across that stormy sea
The noble ship is driving,
But the frantic waves shall drop to rest—
Vain is their demon striving.
And far above her shattered sails
The Cross and Star are flying,
O'er a crew that looks to God alone,
The elements defying.

BEECHMOOR, OLDHAM COUNTY, KY.

MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

A DIRGE.

BY G. W. ARCHER, M. D.

How can I rest?
E'en in the quiet of this lonely wood
A two-fold spirit goads my breast,
And stirs my blood.

The very air
Hangs heavy round me with oppressive taint ;
Nature's wild beauties, erst so fair,
Grow sadly faint.

Where'er I go,
An evil presence haunts, for aye, my path :—
At times it fills my heart with woe,—
At times with wrath.

Each holy fane
Seems half accurst when words of praise ascend ;
With hymns and prayers I strive in vain
My soul to blend.

My very home,
Whene'er I turn me to its shades, seems bann'd,—
Each heart therein is touch'd with gloom,
And I unmann'd.

Where can I rest ?
E'en in the stillness of this solitude
A two-fold spirit goads my breast,
And stirs my blood.

Ah ! wherefore, say,
Are things so curst, so changed from what they were ?
Will there not dawn a brighter day
On this despair ?

I'm not cast down
So much by the fierce carnage close at hand,
As by th' inglorious fetters thrown
O'er Maryland.

Dear native State !
A dungeon yawns for each true son of thine,
Where, sighing, he must vainly wait
And slowly pine.

Ah me! thy doom
Is worst of all—thy sisters still can cope
With foes, or find heroic tomb—
Thou hast no hope!

Beset—betray'd
By recreant sons, the tyrant hath thee now:
His dark grate casts a hideous shade
Athwart thy brow.

E'en now he breathes
Hot gusts of passion in thy beauteous face;
His hellish heart-blood boils and seethes
For the embrace.

I cannot rest!
E'en in the quiet of this lonely wood
A two-fold spirit goads my breast,
And stirs my blood.

HARFORD COUNTY, MARYLAND, JUNE, 1861.

MARYLAND.

WRITTEN AT POINTE COUPEE, LA., APRIL 26, 1861. FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE NEW
ORLEANS DELTA. BY JAS. E. RANDALL.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland !
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland !
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland !
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland !
Remember Carroll's sacred trust ;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the Just,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland !
Come ! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland !
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Dear Mother, burst the Tyrant's chain,
Maryland !
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland !
SHE meets her sisters on the plain,
" *Sic Semper*"—'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland !
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Come ! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland !
Come ! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland !
Come ! to thine own heroic throng,
Striding with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland !
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland !
But lo ! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland !
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland !
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland ! My Maryland !

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland !
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland !
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza ! she spurns the Northern scum !
She breathes—she burns ! she'll come ! she'll come !
Maryland ! My Maryland !

"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET."

BY F. K. HOWARD.

THOUGH the soil of old Maryland echoes the tread
Of an insolent soldiery now,
And a lurid glare reddens the sky overhead
From the camp-fires lighted below ;
Though from mountain to shore the hoarse cannon roar,
And from border to border are sentinels set,
Whose bayonets shine in unbroken line,
There is life in the Old Land yet !

Though by treacherous hearts and unloyal hands
Betrayed and disabled to-day,
And deserted at need by her sons, she stands
Confronting an armed array :
Though tyrannous might hath o'erborne the right,
Hath discrowned and despoiled her, and men forget,
As they bow the knee, that they once were free —
There's life in the Old Land yet !

But though patient and mute, she is still undismay'd ;
Though passive, she is not subdued ;
Though she shrinks from unsheathing her trusty blade
In a fratricidal feud,
Not long will she kneel, when Oppression's heel
On her neck is by Monarch or President set,
And the blood even now is mantling her brow,
For there's life in the Old Land yet !

She remembers with pride what her children have done
In the perilous days of yore ;
And will never relinquish the rights which they won,
Or disgrace the flag they bore.

Then let those beware, who boastfully swear
They will conquer her now, for their vaunt will be met,
And the Maryland men shall be heard of again—
For there's life in the Old Land yet !

JULY 14TH, 1863.

THE BATTLE-CALL.

BY V. L. W. (M'CORD) VERNON.

Rise, Southmen ! the day of your glory,
The hour of your destiny's near—
The fame of your chivalrous story
All nations are eager to hear.
Cold, cold though the freezing hail rattles,
O'er corpses enshrouded in snow,
Yet the God of your fathers' old battles
Now urges their children to go.

Come, sons of the fair Louisiana !
Forsake the warm glow of your sky—
Unfurl to the free wind your banner,
The day of your destiny's nigh ;
The breath of the South wind is laden
With perfume of tropical flowers ;
Come forth ! for that beautiful Eden,
And shield from the spoiler your bowers.

Come, Texas ! send forth your brave Rangers,
The heroes of battles untold—
Accustomed to trials and dangers,
Come, stand by your rights as of old ;
The deeds of your chivalrous daring
Are writ on the Alamo's wall,
A record which ruin is sparing—
Come forth ! to your country's loud call.

Arkansas! send forth your true Rifles,
Your sons all the bravest and best;
The time has now past of the trifles
Of hunting and game in the West—
'Tis the voice of your country that calls you
Away from your wild forest home;
And now, whatever befalls you,
Sharp-shooters of Arkansas, come!

O, where are your hunters, Kentucky!
Who filled the whole world with their fame?
The fates, in an hour so unlucky,
Have hidden your valor in shame.
Now, by the brave souls of your fathers,
That look from the portals of heaven,
With blessings from lips of your mothers,
Come forth! and your chains shall be riven.

Hurrah! for the spirit of glory,
The sons of the "Volunteer State,"
There's many a battle-field gory
That tells of their chivalrous fate.
Like spray of the tempest-tossed ocean,
They scattered the foe in his might;
Old Tennessee's soul is in motion,
Her banners are first in the fight.

Missouri lies fettered and groaning,
And crushed by oppression and wrath;
O rise! from your desolate mourning,
And follow the foe in his path—
Nor mountains, nor rivers impeding,
Oppression hath rolled its dark flood—
The cry of your children unheeding—
The price of your freedom is blood!

Come, brave Mississippi, to battle!
The point of your steel has been tried;
The sound of your musketry's rattle
Is heard by the Southman with pride—
It rose in the morn of your glory,
And down on the future shall set—
The fame of your chivalrous story
The Southman can never forget.

The Soldier who led forth your legions,
And answered his country's first call,
Away in those far Southern regions,
Now stands at the head of us all—
Above his high valor, outshining
The glory of bloody old Mars;
The praise of a nation is twining
Our flag with its girdles and stars.

O Maryland! deep we deplore thee;
And weep at thy prison and chains;
But the eye of the brave watches o'er thee,
While a spark of thy freedom remains.
Thou may'st bend as the storm rushes o'er thee
And rock with the tyrant's dread shake:
O Maryland! deep we deplore thee!
Oppression may bend, but not break.

Fair land where my forefathers slumber,
A region of sanctified earth—
The deeds of the brave without number
Illumine the land of my birth.
Proud Georgia! a sigh and a blessing
Are calling thy loved ones to go,
From the soil where the green sod is pressing
The dust of my fathers laid low.

And foremost thy banners were streaming,
And first on Manassa's red plain,
The sword of old Georgia, there gleaming,
Hath cleft the invader in twain.
My country, I may not implore thee!
The brave have not fallen in vain;
Thy sons heard the warning before me,
And hasten to glory again.

Florida! thou region of flowers,
Rich land of the laurel and bay,
Though cradled in warm sunny bowers,
Now hurry thy brave ones away.
Go, twine for thy struggling nation
A garland to wreath its scarred brow;
The south wind—a sweet inspiration
To cheer thy young soldiers on now.

Rise up in thy strength, Alabama!
An argosy sweeps o'er the sea;
Rush on to the battle's loud clamor,
Thy children were born to be free!
The fleet of the tyrant is mooring
Along on thy white sandy shore;
No longer their insults enduring,
Go forth to the conflict once more.

A luminous halo is shining
Around the old "Palmetto State,"
The bones of our *Prophet* enshrining—
Her brave ones are never too late.
There first from the bonds of oppression
The Southman unloosed the stronghold
There first heard a nation's confession
In Sumter's loud thunderings told.

And thou, too, Old North State, art ready
And watching with sentinel eye;
The range of thy rifles is steady,
At sight of the foe to let fly.
Now come, with the courage of olden—
And firm by thy principles stand,
The cause shall thy spirits embolden,
Through sons of a valiant old land.

Send forth, Arizona, thy trappers,
Though youngest and weakest of all;
Thy yeomen, thy miners, and choppers,
Must come to the battle's loud call.
Or, wherefore thy rich hidden treasure,
If tyrants must crush out the ore?
Forego now thy infantile pleasure,
And baptize thy birthright in gore!

Thou rigid old nurse of the nation,
Virginia! great mother of States,
Thy name yields a high inspiration!
To that which the fearless creates.
'Twas here, in the grand Old Dominion,
That Liberty fledged her young plume,
And waving aloft on its pinion,
The death-seal of tyranny's doom.

Old home of the heroes! whose ashes
Repose in thy sanctified dust,
Above them the infidel dashes,
Invading thine own hallowed trust.
O, spirits of heroes immortal!
Look down on the whole Southern host,
And see, from the heaven's high portal,
That Southmen stand true to their post.

Rise, Southmen! the day of your glory,
The hour of your destiny's near—
The fame of your chivalrous story
All nations are eager to hear.
Cold, cold though the freezing hail rattles,
O'er corpses enshrouded in snow;
Yet the God of your fathers' old battles
Now urges their children to go.

RICHMOND EXAMINER.

THE KENTUCKY PARTISAN.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

HATH the wily Swamp Fox
Come again to earth?
Hath the soul of Sumter
Owned a second birth?
From the Western hill-slopes
Starts a hero-form,
Stalwart, like the oak-tree,
Tameless, like the storm!
His an eye of lightning!
His a heart of steel!
Flashing deadly vengeance,
Thrilled with fiery zeal;
Hound him down, ye minions,
Seize him if ye can;
But woe betide the hireling knave
That meets him, man to man!

II.

Well done! gallant *Morgan*!
Strike with might and main!
Till the fair field redden
With a gory rain;

Smite them by the roadside,
Smite them in the wood,
By the lonely valley,
And the purpling flood;
'Neath the mystic starlight,
'Neath the glare of day,
Harass, sting, affright them,
Scatter them, and slay.
Beard, who durst, our Chieftain!
Bind him—if you can—
But woe betide the Hessian thief
Who meets him, man to man!

III.

There's a lurid purpose
Brooding in his breast,
Born of solemn passion
And a deep unrest,
For our ruined homesteads,
And our ravaged land,
For our women outraged
By the dastard hand.
For our thousand sorrows,
And our untold shame,
For our blighted harvests,
For our towns of flame—
He has sworn (and recks not
Who may cross his path)
That the foe shall feel him
In his fervid wrath—
That, while will and spirit
Hold one spark of life,
Blood shall stain his broad-sword,
Blood shall wet his knife.

On ! ye Hessian horsemen !
Crush him—if ye can !
But woe betide your staunchest slave
Who meets him, man to man !

IV.

'Tis no time for pleasure !
Doff the silken vest !
Up, my men ! and follow
 Marion of the West !
Strike with him for freedom ;
Strike with main and might,
'Neath the noon of splendor,
'Neath the gloom of night.
Strike by rock and roadside,
Strike in wold and wood,
By the shadowy valley,
By the purpling flood.
On ! where Morgan's war-horse
Thunders in the van ;
God ! who would not gladly die
Beside that glorious man !

MORGAN'S WAR-SONG.

BY GEN. BASIL DUKE, OF KY.

[The air to which Morgan's men sing this soul-stirring song was arranged by the author to suit the rhythm, and, though not original (being a combination of "the Old Granite State" with the "Marseillaise"), is eminently suited to the spirit of the song.]

YE sons of the South, take your weapons in hand,
For the foot of the foe hath insulted your land :
Sound ! sound the loud alarm !
Arise ! arise and arm !

Let the hand of each foeman grasp the sword to maintain
Those rights which, once lost, he can never regain.
Gather fast 'neath our flag, for 'tis God's own decree
That its folds shall still float o'er a land that is free !

See ye not those dark clouds which now threaten the sky ?
Hear ye not that stern thunder now bursting so nigh ?

Shout ! shout your battle-cry !

Win ! win this fight or die !

What our fathers achieved our own valor can keep,
And we'll save our fair land or we'll sleep our last sleep !

Gather fast, etc.

On our hearts and our arms and our God we rely,
And a nation shall rise, or a people shall die.

Form ! form the serried line !

Advance ! advance our proud ensign :

To your country devote every life that she gave,
Let the land they invade give their army its grave.

Gather fast, etc.

Though their plunder-paid hordes come to ravage our land,
Give our fields to the spoiler, our homes to the brand,

Our souls are all aglow,

To face the hireling foe.

Give the robbers to know that we *never* will yield
While the arm of one Southron a weapon can wield.

Gather fast, etc.

From our far Southern shore now arises a prayer,
While the cry of our women fills with anguish the air.

O ! list that pleading voice,

Each youth now make his choice ;

Now tamely submit like a coward or slave,
Or rise and resist like the free and the brave.

Gather fast, etc.

Kentucky ! Kentucky ! can you suffer the sight
Of your sisters insulted, your friends in the fight ?

Awake ! be free again !

O ! break the tyrant's chain :

Let each hand seize the sword it drew for the right,
From the homes of your fathers drive the dastard in flight.

Gather fast, etc.

KNOXVILLE, JULY 4TH, 1862.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

BY MRS. M. B. CLARKE, WIFE OF COL. CLARKE, 14TH REG. NORTH CAROLINA.

DEDICATED TO GEN. BEAUREGARD, C. S. A.

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts !" oh bless and praise
His name,

That He hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to
shame ;

And honor to our Beauregard, who conquered in His might,
And for our children's children won Manassas' bloody fight.
Oh, let our thankful prayers ascend, our joyous praise re-
sound,

For God—the God of victory, our untried flag hath
crowned !

They brought a mighty army, to crush us with a blow,
And in their pride they laughed to scorn the men they did
not know ;

Fair women came to triumph, with the heroes of the day,
When "the boasting Southern rebels" should be scattered
in dismay.

And for their conquering Generals a lordly feast they
spread,

But the wine in which we pledged them was all of ruby
red !

The feast was like Belshazzar's—in terror and dismay,
Before our conquering heroes, their armies fled away.
God had weighed them in the balance, and His hand upon
the wall,

At the taking of Fort Sumter, had foredoomed them to
their fall.

But they would not heed the warning, and scoffed in unbelief,

Till their scorn was changed to wailing, and their laughter
into grief !

All day the fight was raging, and amid the cannon's peal
Rang the cracking of our rifles, and the clashing of our
steel ;

But above the din of battle our shout of triumph rose,
As we charged upon their batteries, and turned them on
our foes.

We staid not for our fallen, and we thought not of our dead,
Until the day was ours, and the routed foe had fled.

But once our spirits faltered—Bee and Bartow both were
down,

And our gallant Colonel Hampton lay wounded on the
ground ;

But Beauregard, God bless him ! led the Legion in his
stead,

And Johnston seized the colors, and waved them o'er his
head !

E'en a coward must have followed, when such heroes led
the way,

And no dastard blood was flowing in Southern veins that
day !

But every arm was strengthened, and every heart was
stirred,

When shouts of "Davis ! Davis !" along our lines were
heard.

As he rode into the battle the joyful news flew fast—
And the dying raised their voices and cheered him as he
passed.

Oh ! with such glorious leaders, in Cabinet and field,
The gallant Southern chivalry will die, but never yield !

But from the wings of victory the shafts of death were
sped,

And our pride is dashed with sorrow when we count our
noble dead ;

Though in our hearts they're living—and our children we
will tell

How gloriously our Fisher and our gallant Johnson fell ;
And the name of each we'll cherish as an honor to his State,
And teach our sons to envy, and, if need be, meet their
fate.

“Then glory to the Lord of Hosts !” oh, bless and praise
his name,

For he hath battled in our cause, and brought our foes to
shame.

And honor to our Beauregard, who conquered in His might,
And for our children's children, won Manassas' bloody fight

Oh ! let our grateful prayers ascend, our joyous praise re-
sound,

For God—the God of victory, our untried flag hath crowned.

YOU CAN NEVER WIN THEM BACK.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, KY.

You can never win them back ;

Never, never ;

Tho' they perish on the track

Of your endeavor :

Tho' their corpses strew the earth
That smiled upon their birth,
And blood pollute each hearth—
Stone forever !

They have risen to a man—
Stern and fearless.
Of your curses and your ban
They are careless.
Every hand is on its knife ;
Every gun is primed for strife ;
Every palm contains a life—
High and peerless !

You have no such blood as theirs,
For the shedding :
In the veins of cavaliers
Was its heading.
You have no such stately men
In your abolition den,
To march through foe and fen,
Nothing dreading !

They may fall beneath the fire
Of your legions,
Paid with gold for murderous hire—
Bought allegiance ;
But for every drop you shed,
You shall have a mound of dead,
And the vultures shall be fed
In your regions.

But the battle to the strong
Is not given,
While the Judge of right and wrong
Sits in Heaven !

And the God of David still
Guides the pebble with his will.
There are giants yet to kill—
Wrongs unshriven !

VIRGINIA'S JEWELS.

BY MISS REBECCA POWELL, OF VIRGINIA.

"THESE are my jewels," said a Roman dame,
Long years ago;—Virginia says the same,
And proudly shows the sons, who at her call
Have gathered swift from cottage and from hall,
And stand beneath our skies, a noble band,
Ready to perish for their native land.

"These are my jewels,"—ne'er was matron's brow
More richly gemmed than is Virginia's now;
Diamond and ruby pale before the light
Of souls inspired by the sense of right;
Of hearts with feeling and with virtue fraught,
Eyes lit with truth and shadowed deep with thought.

Not on her brow alone these jewels rest,
Some richer still are garnered in her breast;
Oh, with what mingled love, and grief, and pride,
She points to those who for her sake have died!
How tenderly she clasps them to her heart,
Ne'er from her fond embrace again to part!

Oh, Martyrs of Manassas ! ye whose names,
Though writ in light, are still more love's than fame's
Long shall Virginia's sons and daughters tell
How nobly on that bloody day ye fell,
And at a priceless cost redeemed our land
From the fell grasp of the invader's hand.

Sons of Virginia, falter not,—to you
The loved, the tried, the trusted and the true,
Her hearths, her homes, her sacred honor—all
For which men live,—in whose defence they fall—
Your mother gives, be faithful to the trust,
For, lo! your brothers' blood calls from the dust.

Be strong, courageous, steadfast, trust in God,
Humbly submissive to His chastening rod,
Christ's faithful soldiers on the tented field,
In Him your trust, His providence your shield,
So shall God's blessing to our arms be given,
And peace on angels' wings descend from Heaven.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE SOUTH.

BY JAS. E. RANDALL.

["Arm yourselves and be valiant men, and see that ye be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight with these nations that are assembled against us, to destroy us and our sanctuary. For it is better for us to die in battle than to behold the calamities of our people and our sanctuary."—MACCABEES I.]

BROTHERS! the thunder-cloud is black,
And the wail of the South wings forth;
Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack
And the vampires of the North?
Strike! can ye win a martyr's goal?
Strike! with a ruthless hand—
Strike! with the vengeance of the soul,
For your bright, beleaguered land!
To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,*
And the God of the Maccabees!

* The surname of the great Maccabees.

Arise! though the stars have a rugged glare,
And the moon has a wrath-blurred crown—
Brothers! a blessing is ambushed there
In the cliffs of the Father's frown:
Arise! ye are worthy the wondrous light
Which the Sun of Justice gives—
In the caves and sepulchres of night
Jehovah the Lord King lives!

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Think of the dead by the Tennessee,
In their frozen shrouds of gore—
Think of the mothers who shall see
Those darling eyes no more!
But better are they in a hero grave
Than the serfs of time and breath,
For they are the children of the brave,
And the cherubim of death!

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Better the charnels of the West,
And a hecatomb of lives,
Than the foul invader as a guest
'Mid your sisters and your wives—
But a spirit lurketh in every maid,
Though, brothers, ye should quail,
To sharpen a Judith's lurid blade,
And the livid spike of Jael!

To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Brothers! I see you tramping by,
With the gladiator gaze,
And your shout is the Macedonian cry
Of the old, heroic days!
March on! with trumpet and with drum
With rifle, pike, and dart,
And die—if even death must come—
Upon your country's heart!
To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

Brothers! the thunder-cloud is black,
And the wail of the South wings forth;
Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,
And the vampires of the North?
Strike! ye can win a martyr's goal;
Strike! with a ruthless hand—
Strike! with the vengeance of the soul
For your bright, beleaguered land!
To arms! to arms! for the South needs help,
And a craven is he who flees—
For ye have the sword of the Lion's Whelp,
And the God of the Maccabees!

THE TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN.

BY CAPT. THORPE, OF KENTUCKY.

UNCLAIMED by the land that bore us,
Lost in the land we find,
The brave have gone before us,
Cowards are left behind!
Then stand to your glasses, steady,
Here's a health to those we prize,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies.

OUR KILLED IN BATTLE.

NEW ORLEANS, 1861.

As swift, glad brooks run towards the mighty sea,
And in its heart are lost forevermore,
So the glad friends whom we were wont to see,
Seem lost in the deep heart of our great war;
But none are lost—whatever we deplore;
Their lives but break upon a bloody strand
And then flow on, melodious as before,
And glad as summer tides, and far more grand,
Amid the glories of the summer land,
Whether they live in Fame's broad Pantheon—
An immortality that men bestow
Upon their kind by weak applause—or no,
It nothing matters, for their goal is won
By glorious deeds which God shall smile upon.

LOUISIANA.

Ho ! Louisiana !

There is no clime like thine,
Land of the broad savanna,
Land of the citron vine ;
Land of the monarch river,
Of lake and prairie plain,
Our free-born home forever,
A beauteous, bright domain.

Above, the deep blue heaven
Looks down with laughing eyes,
And breezes mildly driven,
Float o'er thy sunny skies.
Around, rich fields extending,
Are clothed in emerald green,
And birds their music blending,
On every bough are seen.

With orange blossoms laden,
Or golden fruit, each bower
Reveals the dark-eyed maiden,
Herself a fairer flower.
The sunny Creole beauty,
With voice of song and mirth,
And true to love and duty,
The houri of the earth.

Ho ! Louisiana !

Home of the brave and free,
Thy fertile, broad savanna
Goes smiling to the sea ;

Where princely wealth inherit,
 And generous thoughts expand
 The chivalric high spirits,
 The guardians of the land.

CHARLES B. DREUX.

BY JAMES E. RANDALL.

Weep, Louisiana, weep thy gallant dead !
 Weave the green laurel on the undaunted head !
 Fling thy bright banner on the heart which bled
 Defending thee !

Weep--weep, Imperial City, deep and wild !
 Weep for thy martyred and heroic child,
 The young, the brave, the free, the undefiled—
 Ah ! weep for him !

Lo ! the wail surges from embattled bands,
 By Yorktown's plains and Pensacola's sands,
 Re-echoing to the golden sugar lands,
 Adieu ! Adieu !

The death of honor was the death he craved,
 To die where weapons clashed and pennons waved,
 To welcome freedom o'er th' impetuous grave,
 And live for aye.

His blood had too much lightning to be still ;
 His spirit was the torrent, not the rill ;
 The gods have loved him, and the Eternal Hill
 Is his at last.

He died while yet his chainless eye could roll,
 Flashing the conflagrations of his soul !
 The rose and mirror of the bold Creole,
 He sleepeth well.

Lament, lone mother, for his early fate,
But bear thy burden with a hope elate,
For thou hast shrined thy jewel in the State,
A priceless boon !

And thou, sad wife, thy sacred tears belong
To the untarnished and immortal throng,
For he shall fire the poet's breast and song,
In thrilling strains.

And the fair virgins of our sunny clime
Shall wed their music to the minstrel's rhyme,
Making his fame melodious for all time—
It cannot die.

BEAUREGARD.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, OF KENTUCKY.

[Written after the battle of Shiloh, when Beauregard became Commander-in-Chief.]

OUR trust is now in thee,
Beauregard !
In thy hand the God of Hosts
Hath placed the sword ;
And the glory of thy name
Has set the world aflame---
Hearts kindle at thy name,
Beauregard !

The way that lies before
Is cold and hard ;
We are led across the desert
By the Lord !
But the cloud that shines by night
To guard our steps aright,
Is the pillar of thy might,
Beauregard !

Thou hast watched the Southern heavens,
Evening starred,
And chosen thence thine emblems,
Beauregard ;
And upon thy banner's fold
Is that starry cross enrolled,
Which no Northman shall behold
Shamed or scarred.

By the blood that crieth loudly
From the sword,
We have sworn to rally round it
Watch and ward,
And the standard of thy hand
Yet shall shine above a land,
Like its leader, free and grand—
Beauregard !

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.

YEA ! since the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells,
Whose music speaks of our hallowed joys,
And passionate farewells !

But ere ye fall dismantled,
Ring out, deep bells ! once more,
And pour on the waves of the passing wind
The symphonies of yore.

Let the latest born be welcomed
By pealings glad and long ;
Let the latest dead in the churchyard bed
Be laid with solemn song.

And the bells above them throbbing,
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if, in the grief for a human death,
They prophesied their own.

Who says 'tis a desecration
To strip the Temple Towers,
And invest the metal of peaceful notes
With death-compelling powers?

A truce to cant and folly !
With Faith itself at stake,
Shall we heed the cry of the shallow fool,
Or pause for the bigot's sake ?

Then, crush the struggling sorrow !
Feed high your furnace-fires,
That shall mould into deep-mouthed guns of
bronze
The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks no common vengeance—
No transient war eclipse—
Will follow the awful thunder-burst
From their "adamantine lips."

A cause like ours is holy,
And useth holy things,
And over the storm of a righteous strife
May shine the Angels' wings.

Where'er our duty leads us,
The Grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of War may hold
The Eucharist of prayer.

MELT THE BELLS.

BY F. Y. ROCKETT.

[The following lines were written on General Beauregard's appeal to the people to contribute their bells, that they may be melted into cannon.]

MELT the bells, melt the bells,
Still the tinkling on the plains,
And transmute the evening chimes
Into war's resounding rhymes,
That the invaders may be slain
By the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
That for years have called to prayer,
And, instead, the cannon's roar
Shall resound the valleys o'er,
That the foe may catch despair
From the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Though it cost a tear to part
With the music they have made,
Where the friends we love are laid,
With pale cheek and silent heart,
'Neath the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
Into cannon, vast and grim,
And the foe shall feel the ire
From their heaving lungs of fire,
And we'll put our trust in Him
And the bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
And when foes no more attack,
And the lightning cloud of war
Shall roll thunderless and far,
We will melt the cannon back
Into bells.

Melt the bells, melt the bells,
And they'll peal a sweeter chime,
And remind of all the brave
Who have sunk to glory's grave,
And will sleep thro' coming time
 'Neath the bells.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

TOLL AND PEAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES D. DREUX.

BY MRS. MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

TOLL for the warrior ! toll !
 A requiem sad, yet high.
Let the banner's wave and the drum's deep roll
 Swell a nation's heavy sigh.
Gone in his glorious prime—
 Gone ! but his bloody dust,
Thro' the weal or woe of the coming time,
 We hold in avenging trust.

Peal, trump, o'er sea and land,
 And tell how our hero fell,
With his trusty sword in his good right hand,
 For the land he loved so well.
Well done his high devoir !
 Then sound we a triumph peal
In the mournful track of the funeral car
 That bears home the brave and leal.

Toll for the buried worth !
 The noble work forsaken ;
For the stainless truth that has left to earth
 A memory and a token.

Toll for the severed chain
That binds man to his brother:
Ah! a thousand links must yet fall again,
E'er death grasps such another!

Peal! for each drop that fell
From the Hero's ebbing veins,
Shall surge in waves, in whose mighty swell
Is swept the despot's chains.
In yon Southern sky so dear,
In the earth beneath our tread,
We read our warrior's words of cheer,
E'er his gallant spirit fled.

Toll for the living hearts,
Their sunlight dimmed and faded;
For the anguished throb, which, ah! ne'er de-
parts
From lives by one grief shaded.
Mourn for the yearning dreams
Of love, and life-long sorrow;
For startled memory's tortured gleams,
And for the lone to-morrow!

Peal on! yet cease! no more!
For by the Eternal River,
A noble soul which clay's vesture wore
Casts off its thrall forever!
Ah! bell and trump, be still!
For the sounds of grief and strife,
Though they rend the heart and the welkin fill,
Cannot reach the Better Life!

CAROLINA.

BY HENRY TIMROD

THE despot treads thy sacred lands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,

Carolina !

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh ! who shall break thy craven calm,

Carolina !

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,

A spot is on thy garment's rim ;

Give to the winds thy battle-hymn,

Carolina !

II.

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill.

Carolina !

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,

Carolina !

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields, and fens, and meres,
Shall bristle like thy palm, with spears,

Carolina !

III.

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed.

Carolina I.

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied,
How Rutledge ruled, and Laurens died,

Carolina !

Cry ! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall, like Marion's bugle-blast,
Re-echoed from the haunted past,

Carolina !

IV.

I hear a murmur, as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves
Like bodies struggling in their graves,

Carolina !

And now it deepens ; slow and grand
It swells, as rolling to the land
An ocean broke upon the strand,

Carolina !

Shout ! let it reach the startled Huns !
And roar with all thy festal guns !
It is the answer of thy sons,

Carolina !

V.

They will not wait to hear thee call ;
From sachem's head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,

Carolina !

No ! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,

Carolina !

Thy skirts, indeed, the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart ;
They shall not touch thy noble heart,

Carolina !

VI.

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall,
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,

Carolina !

When by thy bier, in mournful throngs,
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,

Carolina !

From thy dead breast, by ruffians trod,
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,

Carolina !

VII.

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,

Carolina !

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze !
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas,
Like thine own proud armorial trees,

Carolina !

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,

Carolina !

HEARTS OF STEEL.

BEFORE us stands the vaunting foe,

Hearts of steel !

With his advance come grief and woe,

Hearts of steel !

But, by the patriot heart's pure glow,
We'll strike his blood-stained banner low,
And deal him freely blow for blow,

Hearts of steel!

Lo! by the light of burning stack,
Reflected from the mountain black,
Behold their midnight bivouac!
Now let them hear our rifle's crack!
Drive, drive the fell invaders back,

Hearts of steel!

See, havoc's fiery-steeded car,

Hearts of steel!

Plunging o'er faded fields afar,

Hearts of steel!

There all our dearest treasures are—
Hear ye the piercing cry of war,
And mark ye yon ill-omen'd star,

Hearts of steel!

Our homes are crumbling 'neath the brand,
There's gore upon the oppressor's hand,
All desolate our teeming land,
While blood cries from the reeking sand,
"Why like cold marble do you stand?"

Hearts of steel!

Wipe from the sword its coat of rust,

Hearts of steel!

Then teach the blade the homeward thrust,

Hearts of steel!

Trail not our banner in the dust,
But, as the sun's rays upward burst,
Oh, let it catch their glory first,

Hearts of steel!

Yes, swear we by the forms that lie
Upon the sod of crimson dye;

By the bright tears in beauty's eye,
By the great God, enthroned on high,
To drive the spoiler back or die :
Hearts of steel !

CAROLINA.

BY MRS. ANNA PEYEE DENNIES.

INSCRIBED TO THE PEE DEE LEGION—GEN. W. W. HARRLEE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own—my native land?"—SCOTT.

In the hour of thy glory,
When thy name was far renowned,
When Sumter's glowing story
Thy bright escutcheon crowned ;
Oh, noble Carolina ! how proud a claim was mine,
That through homage, and through duty, and birthright,
I was thine !

Exulting as I heard thee,
Of every lip the theme,
Prophetic visions stirred me
In hope's illumined dream—
A dream of dauntless valor, of battles fought and won,
Where each field was but a triumph—a hero every son.

And now when clouds arise,
And shadows round thee fall,
I lift to Heaven my eyes,
Those visions to recall ;
For I cannot deem that darkness will rest upon thee long—
Oh, lordly Carolina ! with thy heart so brave and strong.

Thy serried ranks of pine,
Thy live-oaks spreading wide,
Beneath the sunbeams shine
In fadeless robes of pride :
Thus marshalled on their native soil, thy gallant sons stand
forth,
As changeless as thy forest green, defiant of the North.

The deeds of other days,
Enacted by their sires,
Themes long of love and praise,
Have wakened high desires
In every heart that beats within thy proud domain,
To cherish their remembrance, and live those scenes again.

Each heart the home of daring,
Each hand the foe of wrong,
They'll meet with haughty bearing
The war-ships' thunder-song ;
And though the base invader pollute thy sacred shore,
They'll meet him as undaunted as their fathers did of yore.

His feet may press thy soil,
His numbers bear thee down,
In his Vandal raid for spoil
His sordid soul to crown ;
But his triumph will be fleeting, for the hour is drawing
near
When the war-cry of thy cavaliers shall strike his startled
ear.

A fearful time shall come
When thy gathering bands unite,
And the larum-sounding drum
Calls to struggle for the right :
"*Pro aris et pro focis*," from rank to rank shall fly,
As they meet the dastard foeman to conquer or to die.

Oh! then a tale of glory
Shall yet again be thine,
And the record of thy story
The laurel shall entwine:

Oh, noble Carolina! oh, proud and lordly State!
Heroic deeds shall crown thee, and the Nations own thee
great!

NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 1, 1861.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD LAND YET.

BY JAMES H. RANDALL.

By blue Patapsco's billowy dash
The tyrant's war-shout comes,
Along with the cymbal's fitful clash,
And the growl of his sullen drums.
We hear it! we heed it, with vengeful thrills,
And we shall not forgive or forget—
There's faith in the streams, there's hope in the hills—
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

Minions! we sleep, but we are not dead;
We are crushed, we are scourged, we are scarred;
We crouch—'tis to welcome the triumph-tread
Of the peerless Beauregard!
Then woe to your vile, polluting horde,
When the Southern braves are met,
There's faith in the victor's stainless sword—
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

Bigots! ye quell not the valiant mind
With the clank of an iron chain;
The Spirit of Freedom sings in the wind,
O'er Merryman, Thomas, and Kane!

And we, though we smite not, are not thralls—
We are piling a gory debt,
While down by McHenry's dungeon walls
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

Our women have hung their harps away,
And they scowl on your brutal bands,
While the nimble poignard dares the day
In their dear, defiant hands;
They will strip their tresses to string our bows,
Ere the Northern sun be set;
There's faith in their unrelenting woes—
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

There's life, though it throbbeth in silent veins;
'Tis vocal, without noise;
It gushed o'er Manassas' gory plains,
In the blood of the *Maryland boys!*
That blood shall cry aloud, and rise
With an everlasting threat—
By the death of the brave!—by the God in the skies!—
"There's life in the Old Land yet!"

1861.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

[The authorship of this poem has been disputed with us, but we have every reason to believe that it was written by Lamar Fontaine, Second Virginia Cavalry.]

"ALL quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle—ha ! Mary, good-bye !
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing !

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
 No sound save the rush of the river ;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever !

1861.

ALL'S WELL.

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE."

["—Post number one:—'All's well' Post number two:—'All's well;' and so the assuring cry goes the circuit of the camp."—OFFICER'S NOTE-BOOK.]

"*All's well!*"—How the musical sound
 Is pleasantly smiting the ear,
 As the sentinel paces his round,
 And carols his tidings of cheer !
 Half startled, the soldier awakes,
 Recalling his senses that roam ;
 'Tis but for a moment it breaks
 On the dream he was dreaming of home :
"*All's well!*"

"*All's well!*"—Through the lengthening lines
 Each sentry re-echoes the word,
 And faint through yon forest of pines
 The distant responses are heard :
 On the marge of the nebulous night,
 A wavy, reiterate sigh,
 It ripples,—then vanishes quite
 In the infinite depths of the sky.
"*All's well!*"

"*All's well!*"—In the battle of life
 Does my soul like a sentinel stand,
 Prepared to encounter the strife,
 With well-burnish'd weapon in hand ?

While the senses securely repose,
And doubt and temptation have room,
Does the clear eye of conscience unclose?
Does she listen, and hear through the gloom,—
 "All's well!"

"All's well!"—Can I echo the word?
Does faith wield supremest control?
Have its tender persuasions been heard
In the questionless depths of my soul?
Then fear not: the conflicts, the scars,
The deadly heart-struggles all past,—
Clear voices, that fall from the stars,
Will herald thee victor at last—
 "All's well!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

FAST-DAY, NOVEMBER, 1861.

BY MISS E. POWELL, OF VIRGINIA.

HARK! to the silvery chiming,
That stirs the quiet air,
Calling with solemn summons
A nation unto prayer.

And now from every dwelling
Within our Southern land,
The people come, with humble hearts,
Before their God to stand.

Virginia's sons and daughters
Bow low before His shrine,
And Carolina's maidens
Beseech His aid divine.

While on the Gulf's fair sunny shore,
Where the sparkling waters play,
All with united voice implore
God's benison to-day.

We plead for all that Thou hast made
To human hearts most dear,—
For home, for life, for liberty,
Lord, our petitions hear!

Be Thou to us as Thou hast been—
Our sword, our strength, our shield;
Grant us Thy counsel in the camp,
Thy presence in the field.

Hear us, O Lord, for those who go
Forth at their country's call,
To fight in our defence, perchance
In our defence to fall.

Strengthen each hand, and nerve each heart,
And for our Saviour's sake
Into Thy heaven of joy and peace
Each parting spirit take.

What though our enemies declare
Their boasted power and sway,
We know the God who reigns on high
Is mightier far than they.

Stretch forth Thine hand to aid us, Lord,
Do Thou our prayers receive;
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive

And when at last the strife is o'er,
When all our work is done,
And by Thy blessing on our arms,
The victory has been won,

Grant us with steadfast hearts to tread
The paths Thy saints have trod,
And be throughout all future time
A nation serving God.

THE WAR-CHRISTIAN'S THANKSGIVING.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR-CLERGY OF THE UNITED STATES, BISHOPS, PRIESTS
AND DEACONS.

BY S. T. WALLIS.

[“Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.”—JEREMIAH, 48: 10.]

O God of battles ! once again,
With banner, trump, and drum,
And garments in Thy wine-press dyed,
To give Thee thanks, we come !

No goats or bullocks, garlanded,
Unto Thine altars go—
With brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Our glad libations flow.

From pest-house and from dungeon foul,
Where, maimed and torn, they die ;
From gory trench and charnel-house,
Where, heap on heap, they lie ;

In every groan that yields a soul,
Each shriek a heart that rends—
With every breath of tainted air—
Our homage, Lord, ascends.

We thank Thee for the sabre's gash,
The cannon's havoc wild ;
We bless Thee for the widow's tears,
The want that starves her child.

We give Thee praise that Thou hast lit
The torch and fanned the flame ;
That lust and rapine hunt their prey,
Kind Father ! in Thy name ;

That, for the songs of idle joy
False angels sang of yore,
Thou sendest War on Earth, Ill-Will
To Men, forevermore.

We know that wisdom, truth, and right
To us and ours are given—
That Thou hast clothed us with Thy wrath,
To do the work of Heaven.

We know that plains and cities waste
Are pleasant in Thine eyes ;
Thou lov'st a hearthstone desolate,
Thou lov'st a mourner's cries.

Let not our weakness fall below
The measure of Thy will,
And while the press hath wine to bleed,
Oh ! tread it with us still !

Teach us to hate—as Jesus taught
Fond fools, of yore, to love—
Grant us Thy vengeance as our own ;
Thy Pity, hide above.

Teach us to turn, with reeking hands,
The pages of Thy word,
And hail the blessed curses there,
On them that sheathe the sword.

Where'er we tread, may deserts spring,
Till none are left to slay ;
And when the last red drop is shed,
We'll kneel again—and pray !

OUR NAMELESS HEROES.

INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "HAVERSACK."

Our nameless heroes—glorious band—
That for our dear, dear Southern land,
Exposed their lives—or laid them down,
Regardless of the victor's crown.

Our banner to the breeze was flung,
And gallant warriors round it hung,
Their high-born purpose to declare,
"Ready are we to do or dare."

The invader's foot pollutes our soil—
"What reck we now of pain or toil,
Of hunger, thirst, of heat, or cold?"
Thus spake those nameless heroes bold.

They rushed to meet the coming foe,
They dealt them many a crushing blow,
But many a noble form they gave,
To fill, alas! a nameless grave.

True to their country's priceless trust,
Mingled with hers, their precious dust,
Till countless graves of heroes grand
Have made the South a sacred land.

And mutilated forms there are—
Wrecks from the fearful storms of war—
And pale, calm brows, that scarce reveal
The anguish, that the vanquished feel.

Courage, brave souls! take heart again,
Your comrades' death, your weary pain,
The ruined homes, the wasted lives,
The breast where scarce a hope survives—

The want—the wretchedness—the woe,
Your native land is suffering now,
Believe not that this fearful cost,
We vainly paid, and *all* is lost.

Our nameless heroes—though unsung
Their worthy names by poet's tongue—
The mem'ry of their deeds shall lie
'Mid treasured thoughts that cannot die.

NATCHEZ, MISS.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW.

FROM "BEECHENBROOK." A RHYME OF THE WAR.

BY MRS. M. J. PRESTON.

I.

HALT! the march is over;
Day is almost done;
Loose the cumbrous knapsack,
Drop the heavy gun:
Chilled, and worn, and weary,
Wander to and fro,
Seeking wood to kindle
Fires amidst the snow.

II.

Round the camp-blaze gather,
Heed not sleet nor cold;
Ye are Spartan soldiers,
Strong, and brave, and bold.
Never Xerxian army
Yet subdued a foe,
Who but asked a blanket
On a bed of snow!

III.

Shivering 'midst the darkness,
Christian men are found
There devoutly kneeling
On the frozen ground ;
Pleading for their country
In its hour of woe,
For its soldiers marching
Shoeless through the snow !

IV.

Lost in heavy slumbers,
Free from toil and strife,
Dreaming of their dear ones—
Home, and child, and wife ;
Tentless they are lying,
While the fires burn low—
Lying in their blankets,
'Midst December's snow !

LEXINGTON, VA.

A PICTURE.

WE were sitting round the table
Just a night or two ago,
In the little cozy parlor,
With the lamp-light burning low ;
And the window blinds half opened,
For the summer air to come,
And the painted curtain waving
Like a busy pendulum.

O! the cushion on the sofa,
And the pictures on the wall,
And the gathering of comforts
In the old familiar hall;
And the wagging of the pointer,
Lounging idly by the door,
And the flitting of the shadow
From the ceiling to the floor.
O! they wakened in my spirits,
Like the beautiful in Art,
Such a busy, busy thinking,
Such a dreaminess of heart,
That I sat amongst the shadows
With my spirit all astray,
Thinking only—thinking only
Of the soldiers far away!
And the tent beneath the moonlight,
Of the stirring tattoo's sound,
And the soldier in his blanket—
In his blanket on the ground.
Of the icy winter coming,
Of the bleak, bleak winds that blow,
And the soldier in his blanket—
In his blanket on the snow!
Then I linger in my dreaming,
In my dreaming far away,
Till the spirit's picture-painting
Seemed as vivid as the day;
And the moonlight faded softly
From the window open wide,
And the ever faithful pointer
Nestled closer at my side.
And I know, beneath the starlight,
Tho' the chilly frosts may fall,
That the soldier will be dreaming,
Dreaming often of us all.

So I give my spirit's painting
Just the breathing of a sound,
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier,
In his slumber on the ground.

SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS.

A SOUTHERN SCENE—1862.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

"Oh, mammy, have you heard the news?"
Thus spoke a Southern child,
As, in the nurse's aged face,
She upward glanced and smiled.

"What news you mean, my little one?
It must be mighty fine,
To make my darling's face so red,
Her sunny blue eyes shine."

"Why, Abram Lincoln, don't you know?
The Yankee President,
Whose ugly picture once we saw,
When up to town we went.

"Why, he is going to free you all,
And make you rich and grand,
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,
Like the proudest in the land.

"A gilded coach shall carry you
Whene'er you wish to ride,
And, mammy, all your work shall be
Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath,
And then the old nurse said,
While closer to her swarthy cheek
She pressed the golden head:

"My little missus, stop an' res,
You's talking mighty fas;
Jes look up dere an' tell me what
You see in yonder glass?

"You see ole mammy's wrinkled face,
As black as any coal,
An' underneath her handkerchief
Whole heaps of knotty wool.

"My darlin's face is red and white,
Her skin is sof and fine,
And on her putty little head
De yaller ringlets shine.

"My chile, who made dis difference
'Twixt mammy and twixt you?
You reads it in de dear Lord's book,
An' you kin tell me true.

"De dear Lord said, it must be so,
An' honey, I, for one,
Wid tankful heart will always say,
'His holy will be done.'

"I tanks Mass Linkum all de same,
But when I wants for free,
I'll ask de Lord ob glory,
Not poor buckra man, like he.

"And as for gilded carriages,
Dey's berry fine to see,
But massa's coach what carries him
Is good enough for me.

"An' honey, when your mammy wants
To change her homespun dress,
She'll pray, like dear old missus,
To be clothed with righteousness.

"My work's been done dis many a day,
An' now I takes my ease;
A waiten for de Master's call,
Jes when de Master please.

"An' when at last de time done come,
An' poor ole mammy dies,
Your own dear mother's sof white han'
Shall close dese tired ole eyes.

"De dear Lord Jesus soon will take
Ole mammy home to Him,
An' he can wash my guilty soul
From eb'ry stain of sin.

"An' at his feet I shall lie down,
Who died and rose for me,
An' den, an' not till den, my chile,
Your mammy shall be free."

RICHMOND, VA.

MRS. B.

SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

[On Orleans Street, near Adams, yesterday afternoon, there sat upon the curbstone a gray-haired negro man; his face was buried in his hands; tears crept through his toughened fingers, and his groans melted the heart of the passers-by. When questioned, he said he must die; that he had no home, that he was sick; and no one cared for him now. Listen to his story. It is in truthful verse, by A. R. WATSON.]

A FREEDMAN sat on a pile of bricks,
As the rain was pattering down;
His shoes were worn and his coat was torn,
And his hat was without a crown.

He viewed the clouds and he viewed himself,
And he shook the wet from his head;
A tear dimmed his eye as he saw go by
A boy with a loaf of bread.
And he raised his voice in a dolorous tone,
That sounded like a gong,
While the rain came down on his nappy crown,
And sang to himself this song:

De wind blows cold, but I's done wid toil,
And leff de cotton patch;
I guess ole massa tink he count
De chickens 'fore dey hatch.
I totes no more de hebby load,
Nor drives ole missus round,
I wonder who dey's gwine to get
To work de patch ob ground?
Den fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

But I tink last night as I tried to sleep
Upon de muddy ground,
While de rain was drippin' on my head
And de wind was whizzin' round,
I'd like to hab my light'ood fire,
And my cabin back again,
For de wedder's gettin' berry cold
Out here in all dis rain;
But den I's done wid de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

I's got all ragged 'bout de knees,
My shoes is worn-out too,
My coat so ole dat from each sleeve
De elbow's comin' froo.
And dere's de children dat once played
In shirt-tail 'bout de yard,
I cannot buy a shirt for dem,
De time's so berry hard.
But fling away de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

De udder day when Pinky died,
I tink it berry good,
Dat de dear Lord should take her off
Before dis cold wind blowed.
But den 'twas hard to see her die—
I wish she'd not been born—
I's 'fraid she perished, for she asked
About de rice and corn.
But den I's done wid de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

And Dinah sits here on de ground
And looks so thin and poor,
She cannot sing de song she sung
About de cabin door.
Her poor old limbs are almost bare,
Her cheek-bone's comin' froo;
I almost wish de Lord would come
And take her up dere too.

But den she's done wid de rake and hoe,
Dis am de jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord she's free!

I dreamt las' night ole massa come
And took us home wid he,
To de log cabin dat we lef
When first dey set us free;
And dere I built de light'ood fire,
And Dinah cooked de yam,
Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true,
I wonder if dis one am?
But den I's flung away de hoe,
To hab a jubilee,
De rain may come, de wind may blow,
But bress de Lord I's free!

ATLANTA, GA.

A BALLAD OF THE WAR.

BY GEORGE HERBERT SASS, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
Through the city's darkening street,
Silent and slow, the guardsmen go
On their long and lonely beat.

Darkly, drearily down,
Falleth the wintry rain;
And the cold, gray mist hath the roof-tops kissed,
As it glides o'er town and plain.

Beating against the windows,
The sleet falls heavy and chill,
And the children draw nigher 'round hearth and fire,
As the blast shrieks loud and shrill.

Silent is all without,
Save the sentry's challenge grim,
And a hush sinks down o'er the weary town,
And the sleeper's eyes are dim.

Watchman, what of the night?
Hark! from the old church-tower
Rings loud and clear, on the misty air,
The chime of the midnight hour.

But another sound breaks in,
A summons deep and rude,
The roll of the drum, and the rush and hum
Of a gathering multitude.

And the dim and flickering torch
Sheds a red and lurid glare,
O'er the long dark line, whose bayonets shine
Faintly, yet sternly there.

A low, deep voice is heard:
"Rest on your arms, my men."
Then the muskets clank through each serried rank,
And all is still again.

Pale faces and tearful eyes
Gaze down on that grim array,
For a rumor hath spread that the column dread
Marcheth 'ere break of day.

Marcheth against "the rebels,"
Whose camp lies heavy and still,
Where the driving sleet and the cold rain beat
On the brow of a distant hill.

And the mother's heart grows faint,
As she thinks of her darling one,
Who perchance may lie 'neath that wintry sky,
Ere the long, dark night be done.

Pallid and haggard, too,
Is the cheek of the fair young wife;
And her eye grows dim as she thinks of him
She loveth more than life.

For fathers, husbands, sons,
Are the "rebels" the foe would smite,
And earnest the prayer for those lives so dear,
And a bleeding country's right.

And where their treasure is,
There is each loving heart;
And sadly they gaze by the torches' blaze
And the tears unbidden start.

Is there none to warn the camp,
None from that anxious throng
Ah, the rain beats down o'er plain and town -
The way is dark and long.

No *man* is left behind,
None that is brave and true,
And the bayonets, bright in the lurid light,
With menace stern shine through.

Guarded is every street,
Brutal the hireling foe;
Is there one heart here will boldly dare
So brave a deed to do?

Look! in her still, dark room,
Alone a woman kneels,
With Care's deep trace on her pale, worn face.
And Sorrow's ruthless seals.

Wrinkling her placid brow,
A matron, she, and fair,
Though wan her cheek, and the silver streak
Gemming her glossy hair.

A moment in silent prayer
Her pale lips move, and then,
Through the dreary night, like an angel bright,
On her mission of love to men.

She glideth upon her way,
Through the lonely, misty street,
Shrinking with dread as she hears the tread
Of the watchman on his beat.

Onward, ay, onward still,
Far past the weary town,
Till languor doth seize on her feeble knees,
And the heavy hands hang down.

But bravely she struggles on,
Breasting the cold, dank rain,
And, heavy and chill, the mist from the hill
Sweeps down upon the plain.

Hark! far behind she hears
A dull and muffled tramp,
But before her the gleam of the watch-fire's beam
Shines out from the Southern camp.

She hears the sentry's challenge,
Her work of love is done;
She has fought a good fight, and on Fame's proud height
Hath a crown of glory won.

Oh, they tell of a Tyrol maiden,
Who saved from a ruthless foe
Her own fair town, 'mid its mountains brown,
Three hundred years ago.

And I've read in tales heroic
How a noble Scottish maid
Her own life gave, her King to save
From the foul assassin's blade.

But if these, on the rolls of honor,
Shall live in lasting fame,
Oh, close beside, in grateful pride,
We'll write this matron's name.

And when our fair-haired children
Shall cluster round our knee,
With wondering gaze, as we tell of the days
When we swore we would be free.

We'll tell them the thrilling story,
And we'll say to each childish heart,
"By this gallant deed, at thy country's need,
Be ready to do thy part."

SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

ZOLLICOFFER.

KILLED, BATTLE OF SOMERSET, KY., 19TH JANUARY, 1862.

BY H. L. FLASH.

FIRST in the fight, and first in the arms
Of the white-winged angels of glory,
With the heart of the South at the feet of God,
And his wounds to tell the story.

For the blood that flowed from his hero heart,
On the spot where he nobly perished,
Was drunk by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause he cherished.

In heaven a home with the brave and blessed,
And for his soul's sustaining,
The atoning blood of his Saviour, Christ,
And nothing on earth remaining

But a handful of dust in the land of his choice—
A name in song and story,
And fame to shout with immortal voice,
“*Dead on the field of glory!*”

THE UNRETURNING.

THE swallow leaves the ancient eaves,
As in the days ago;
The wheaten fields are all ablaze
And in and out the west wind plays,
Amid the tasselled corn.

The sun's rays light as warm and bright
On clover fields all red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song
As joyfully, the whole day long,
As if he were not dead!

The summer skies, with softest sighs,
Their rain and sunshine send,
And, standing in the farm-house door,
I see—dotting the landscape o'er—
The flocks he used to tend.

The woodbine grows—the jasmine blows—
Beside the window-sill;
Their soft sweet sigh is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them there
On the red field are still.

Around the wolds the summer folds
Her wealth of golden light,
And, past the willows' silvery gleam,
I catch the glimmering of the stream
And lilies, cool and white.

But oh ! one shade has solemn made
The sunshine and the bloom,
His voice, whose sweet and gentle words,
Were sweeter than the song of birds,
Is silent in the tomb.

How can the day, so bright and gay,
Glare round the farm-house door?
When all the quiet ways he trod
By leafy wood, or blooming sod,
Shall know him nevermore !

THE BURIAL OF CAPT. O. JENNINGS WISE.

KILLED AT ROANOKE ISLAND, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1862.

BY ACCOMAC.

MOURNFULLY the bells are tolling,
And the muffled drums are rolling
With a sad and dreamy echo,
Through Richmond's crowded streets ;
And the dead-march slowly pealing,
On the solemn air now stealing,
Hushing every lightsome feeling,
Our saddened senses greets ;
And a look of settled sorrow
Is on every face we meet.

To his last, long home they're bearing
One, whose many deeds of daring,
One, whose noble, high-toned spirit
Has endeared him to us all ;
Now, his sleep shall know no waking,
Now, his rest shall have no breaking,

And no more, amid war's thunders,
Shall his soldiers hear his call.
He has laid aside his armor,
And his banner is his pall !

But his deeds will never slumber,
For we'll ever proudly number
Him among the brave who've perished
Struggling for our liberty ;
And Virginia, when she's weeping
O'er the sons that now are sleeping
On her bosom, shall forget not
That he died to set her free ;
And graven on her sacred tablets
Shall his name forever be !

"KILLED—WOUNDED—MISSING."

'Tis midnight on the battle-field,
The dark field of the dead,
And like a blessing falls the night,
Upon each sleeping head.

Silent and cold the moon looks down,
They have no more to fear,
No war-trump now can mar their sleep,
No cannon may they hear.

When rose the sun on yesterday,
Unbroken ranks were there ;
Where are those gallant warriors now ?
Echo but mocks us—Where ?

With banners all unfurled they stood,
A proud and warlike band ;
This battle-cry was on their lip,
"For home and native land."

What thoughts were thrilling every heart,
Of all that's dear to man;
What silent tears went up to Heaven,
Ere that mad strife began.

No foreign foe awaits them,
Within a stranger's land;
But children of one name and race,
They were a household band.

In deadly strife they were arrayed,
Strange vict'ry to be won;
The brother's blood by brother shed,
The father's by the son

'Twas ended—at the set of sun,
God's eye looked pitying down
Upon that vast and bloody field,
With dead and dying strewn.

"Killed, Wounded, Missing" such would be
The mournful tidings brought
To those who ne'er on earth might see
The treasured ones they sought.

Would vict'ry heal the breaking heart,
Would fame dry up the tears
Of those who wept their earthly all,
The hope of life's long years.

"Died at his post"—true to his flag
Enwrapped about his breast,
Would this atone to the bereft,
For those they loved the best.

Alas! how many are the hours,
When like a knell 'tis rung;
"Killed, Wounded, Missing"—one beloved,
The Brave!—the Proud!—the Young!

And such a home is known to me,
Where one is missing now ;
The light of few bright summers shone
Upon his youthful brow.

He would not stay beside the hearth
He loved in earlier days ;
He sprang to meet the battle's call,
He loved war's stirring lays.

'Tis such a little while ago,
His farewell words were given ;
A little while—and now for aye—
The hearthstone link is broken.

Beneath a canopy of stars,
Where the tall, tall grass may wave,
Where angels watch the sleeping dust,
He hath a soldier's grave.

"Killed, Wounded, Missing"—who can tell
When this sad sound shall cease ;
Mercy and truth together meet,
And righteousness with peace.

Oh ! woman's eyes are filled with tears
For household idols slain—
She loveth not the pomp of war,
That brings death in its train.

What agonizing prayers ascend
From desolated homes ;
And wails from stricken, bleeding hearts,
Louder than trumpet tones.

The stirring beat of every drum,
The measured martial tread,
Is but one requiem in our ears,
For the missing ones—the *Dead*.

God help us in our darkest hour,
And, with the early crowned;
Grant that when ends life's weary strife,
Our "Missing" may be found.

W.

DREAMING.

LOCKED in deep and tranquil slumber,
In a charmed trance she lies;
Visions more than thought can number,
Flit before her sealed eyes.

Pressed upon her snowy pillow,
Lightly rests her golden head,
While the fancies fair, that fill her,
On her brow a glory shed.

O'er her face in beauty glowing,
Dyed with blushes all the while,
Out of tender mem'ries flowing,
Softly floats a happy smile.

Little hands lie calmly folded
On her gently heaving breast,—
Form in rare perfection moulded,
Lightly laid in languid rest.

Now in her ecstatic vision
Fairly floats a fancy bright,
Wraps her in a joy Elysian,
Lulls her soul in fresh delight.

From her rose-bud lips unclosing,
Fall upon the summer air,
Sounds in murmurs soft disclosing
Name above all names most dear.

Past with Present sweetly blending—
Backward rolled the time between—
At her side her lover bending,
Greets her fondly in her dream.

Dreaming there, that lowly stooping,
Trembling in excess of bliss,
On her fringed eyelids drooping,
He imprints a lover's kiss.

Could these violet eyes unfolding,
See her lover at his rest,—
Tight with stiff'ning fingers holding
Her sweet picture to his breast,

With the life-blood slowly welling
From his true and noble heart,
Eloquent in silence telling
How he bore a hero's part,

While his soul at heaven's portal
Calls his promised tryst to keep,—
Closing them on all things mortal
They would rest in endless sleep.

FANNY DOWNING.

THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

BY MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

Now, once again, let Southern hearts unite in thankful
praise
To the mighty God of battles, mysterious in His ways;
For He hath rent the cloudy veil which late concealed
His face,
And in the fiery pillar's light revealed His wondrous
grace.

At noon, the hated Cumberland, the Congress by her side,
Our iron-clad Virginia most scornfully defied ;
Ere night the waves were rolling o'er stem, and stern,
and mast,

While from her burning consort a lurid glare was cast ;
And silenced were the batteries that, from the neighb'ring
shore,

Rained shot and shell upon her with hoarse and sullen
roar.

The good ship Minnesota lies many a fathom deep,
And 'neath the silent waters three hundred foemen sleep,
For, ah ! the sunken Merrimac, Antæus-like, arose,
And rebaptized "Virginia," deals death unto our foes.
They boasted that the serpent lay coiled around our hearts,
But from its iron cradle our infant navy starts,
And at one grasp has strangled the base, insidious foe,
Who, *with the white flag flying*, dared strike a coward's
blow.

Oh, brethren ! can you wonder, while 'neath this brand
he burns,

Upon your wives and children his dastard arms he turns ?
Nor scorns on flying women to pour his murd'rous fire,
And vent on wailing infants his baffled, savage ire !
But, Southerners, take courage ; sink not beneath the rod ;
Rise, buckle on your armor, and put your trust in God.
What though your homes be vacant, or worse, in ashes
lie—

"Like the bird unto the mountain," your helpless women
fly ?

Though the changing tide of fortune may ebb as well
as flow,

'Tis the hand that crowned the victory that deals the
chastening blow.

We are battling for our freedom, our sacred rights and
laws,

And the God that gave these blessings Himself befriends
our cause.

Yes, like a treach'rous serpent, our foe around us coils,
But, though he's hydra-headed, we are not in his toils;
Like the scorpion, he shall perish by his own poisoned
bite,

If undismayed we battle for God and for our right.

Then, maiden, arm your lover; O mother! gird your
son;

And, wife, cheer on your husband, till liberty is won.

Like the steed in strength rejoicing, the eagle free of
wing,

O'er ocean, plain, and mountain, our banner outward
fling!

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

FLING wide each fold, brave flag, unrolled

In all thy breadth and length,

Float out unfurled, and show the world

A new-born nation's strength.

Thou dost not wave all bright and brave

In holiday attire;

'Mid cannon chimes a thousand times

Baptized in blood and fire.

No silken toy to flaunt in joy

Where careless shouts are heard;

Where thou art borne all scathed and torn,

A nation's heart is stirred.

Where half-clad groups of toil-worn troops

Are marching to the wars,

What grateful tears and heart-felt cheers

Salute thy cross of stars!

Thou ne'er hast seen the pomp and sheen,
The pageant of a court;
Or masquerade of war's parade,
Where fields are fought in sport:
But thou knowest well the battle yell
From which thy foemen reel,
When down the steeps resistless leaps
A sea of Southern steel.

Thou know'st the storm of balls that swarm
In dense and hurtling flight,
When thy crossed bars a blaze of stars
Plunge headlong through the fight;
Where thou'rt unfurled are thickest hurled
The thunderbolts of war,
And thou art met with loudest threat
Of cannon from afar.

For thee is told the merchant's gold,
The planter's harvests fall;
Thine is the gain of hand and brain,
And the heart's wealth of all:
For thee each heart has borne to part
With what it holds most dear,
Through all the land no woman's hand
Has stayed one volunteer.

Though from thy birth outlawed on earth,
By older nations spurned,
Their full-grown fame may dread the name
Thy infancy has earned.
For thou dost flood the land with blood
And sweep the seas with fire,
And all the earth applauds the worth
Of deeds thou dost inspire!

Thy stainless field shall empire wield
Supreme from sea to sea,
And proudly shine the honored sign
Of peoples yet to be.
When thou shalt grace the hard-won place
The nations grudge thee now,
No land shall show to friend or foe
A nobler flag than thou!

FORT DONELSON—THE SIEGE, FEBRUARY, 1862.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, OF KENTUCKY.

I CANNOT look on the sunshine
That breaks through the clouds to-day,
I can only lie in the shadow,
And close my eyes and pray;
Pray, with my pale lips moving,
While my breath comes thick and short,
For that band-of beleaguered heroes
Shut up in the destined Fort.

Constant and true, yet hopeless,
Desperate and stern and brave,
With the black flag waving o'er them,
Each stands by his yawning grave;
Their foes gather thick around them,
They number as five to one,
And more follow fast in the distance,
As motes in the noonday sun.

The strength of the strong man faileth,
He panteth for needful rest,
He is changed as by years of anguish,
By the fever in his breast.

Gaunt and grim and grizzly,
As wolves on the Lapland wold,
They watch their spent munition,
And the fourth day nearly told.

O God! from Thy throne in heaven,
Put forth Thy saving hand,
Succor them, oh! my Father!
Our death-devoted band.
It is not in human wisdom,
It is not in mortal skill,
To stay the bolt of perdition—
All resteth with Thy will.

* * * * *

The evening is closing around us—
The evening cold and gray—
We hear the booming cannon
In the city far away.
We know the Fort has fallen,
We mourn our bitter loss,
Yet we glory in our heroes—
Our martyrs of the cross.

BATTLE HYMN.

FROM THE CHARLESTON MERCURY.

LORD of Hosts, that beholds us in battle, defending
The homes of our sires 'gainst the hosts of the foe,
Send us help on the wings of thy angels descending,
And shield from his terrors, and baffle his blow.
Warm the faith of our sons, till they flame as the iron,
Red-glowing from the fire-forged, kindled by zeal;
Make them forward to grapple the hordes that environ,
In the storm-rush of battle, through forests of steel!

Teach them, Lord, that the cause of their country makes
glorious

The martyr who falls in the front of the fight;
That the faith which is steadfast makes ever victorious
The arm which strikes boldly, defending the right;
That the zeal, which is roused by the wrongs of a nation,
tion,

Is a war-horse that sweeps o'er the field as his own;
And the Faith, which is winged by the soul's approbation,
tion,

Is a warrior, in proof, that can ne'er be o'erthrown.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON.

KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH, APRIL, 1862.

BY FLEMING JAMES.

'Mid dim and solemn forests, in the dawning chill and
gray,

Over dank, unrustling leaves, through the stiff and sod-
den clay,

With never a fife or bugle, or mutter of rumbling drum,
With shivering forms and solemn souls the Southern
soldiers come;

Their long lines vanishing in mist as onward they are
sweeping

With step as silent as the dawn's to where the foe is
sleeping.

Hark! a challenge! "Halt!" Th' expected shot—and
then a dozen more,

Like pebbles pattering down the steep the avalanche
before;

And then a rush, and then a yell, and then a blinding
glare,
And then a crash to lift the feet, resounding every-
where!
Now vanish chill and solemn thoughts, now burns the
frenzied blood,
The tottering tents toss to and fro upon the driving
flood,
And the camp-fires flash and darken fast beneath the
masses' tread—
Now smoke behind in scattered brands 'mid wounded
men and dead.
And forward crowd the fugitives in panic-driven race;
In vain in bush, ravine, and brake they seek a hiding
place;
For still that long line onward sweeps unbroken far
and near,
As War himself, with pinions bowed, were screaming in
their rear!

But far beyond the panic's reach the foe is forming
fast—
And in our path stands rank on rank of long battalion's
massed.
Now, Southern soldiers, nerve your hearts and gather up
your strength,
The time of trial waited for is come to you at length!
Remember how you left your homes—that cruel parting,
men,
And all the weary months of toil and suffering since
then!
Remember now, ye refugees, your olden homes that
be
By Cumberland's green waters or the crystal Tennes-
see—

And your waiting wives and sisters, and your children
at their play,
Or your homeless, helpless wanderers—how many ! who
can say ?
Two chimneys tall and a crumbling wall are all the home
I have,
And all I love are on the world or sheltered in the grave !
If ever you have thought to fight because our cause is
just,
And in the God of battles, boys, have put the freeman's
trust ;
And if ever you have dreamed of home and prayed to
set it free,
Oh ! pray to-day, and fight to-day, for Southern liberty ;
For Southern rights, and Southern homes, and Southern
liberty !

Now a hundred pieces open and their shrieking missiles
pour,
And full ten thousand muskets flash and mingle in the
roar,
Till the cannon's boom is swallowed in the din of musketry,
As the booming of the ocean when the thunders crash
on high.
But momentarily our laboring lines are charging o'er the
field,
And forcing back the stubborn ranks which only inches
yield ;
For at every fence they rally and oppose our surging
flood,
Till their dead lie heaped before us wherever they have
stood.
Here a Southern regiment is matched against a full bri-
gade,
Not a hundred yards apart, in open field arrayed—

And a brook half-way between them through a copse of
willows glides,—

There's not a rock, fence, log, or tree to shelter ours
besides.

But stubbornly, undauntedly, with ne'er a cheer or shout—
With hands too busy for their lips, they deal their volleys
out !

Oh ! unavailing courage ! How the bullets beat you
down !

I fear, ye gallant Southrons, ye can never hold your own !
But the Colonel passes down the lines, in clear and steady
voice

He tells : " The order's come at last ; 'tis bayonets, my
boys ! "

And their eyes exchange their lightnings and their hearts
exchange a thrill—

Then the word—a clank of muskets—and they forward
with a will.

Ah ! woe betide the enemy who tarries in their path,
Death bends him to his iron scythe to cut a bloody swath !
Again the battle gathers strength on yonder wooded hill,
Behind whose awful batteries fresh ranks are forming
still ;

A reeking veil of undergrowth divides the hostile lines,
But lurid through its tangled web the vivid lightning
shines !

And so appalling death appears behind that dreadful
pall—

The stoutest spirit hesitates and flinches from his call.
Now who will pierce that curtain dire and meet the
battle's brunt,

Before their armies gather there and burst upon our front ?
Again the stern portentous cry of bayonets is heard,
But not again the serried line springs forward at the
word ;

Behind the trees as skirmishers the covering soldiers hide,
And from afar the harmless trade of musket-balls is plied.
In vain, in vain their leaders shout, they cannot make
 them stir,

But perish singly in the lead with scarce a follower !

But hark ! a sound of hoofs behind, a clang of sabres
 loud !

I see a squad of mighty men go by me like a cloud !
As the immortals rode to war when Hector fought for
 Troy,

These ride as if immortals too, inspired with awful joy.
Before them rides their leader with a form that fills the
 air,

So does his bearing fill their eyes as if a god were
 there !

Look how he rides to battle with a glory on his brow,
As if prophetic victory held her laurels o'er it now.
They are riding to the rescue ; it is Johnson rides before ;
God grant they be in time to turn the battle's tide once
 more !

I hear their shoutings in the din, I hear the cries to
 "form,"

I see a stiffening battle line take shape within the swarm ;
And again the rank advances with an impetus of wrath,
Their chieftain's rage in every heart impels them on their
 path !

A thousand rifles levelled low, but every rifle dumb,
The beating of a thousand feet upon a monster drum,
A surging of the war-cloud as they disappear beneath,
A sickening of my spirit and a gasping of my breath ;
Redoubled din—a lull—a cheer ; I would the smoke would
 go !

Oh ! see our swooping battle-flags ! Oh ! see the fleeing
 foe !

Now glory to those gallant men ; and, Father, to Thy
hand,
To-morrow shall Thy praises ring throughout our stricken
land !

But where is he who rallied them ? I miss his charger
there ;

I see him now midst yonder three whose saddles all are
bare ;

And two men staggering with a load this side of them
I see ;

Oh ! who is it they carry in their arms so tenderly ?

They lay him gently on the leaves. Ah ! well I know
him now ;

I know that lordly figure and that grand imperial brow !
'Tis he, but, oh ! how prostrate that form which filled the
air,

And his the pallid face ; but look, the glory still is there !

Oh ! ye daughters of Kentucky, ere your pæans are begun,
Your lips shall falter when they tell how Shiloh's fight was
won !

Oh ! ye "hunters of Kentucky," how your hunting
grounds are poor,

For the noblest of the "hunters of Kentucky" hunts no
more !

And, oh ! country, whose reproaches made him weary of
his life,

But never made him traitor in that hour with traitors rife,
Thou shalt lift thy voice repentant but in unavailing
praise,

The stony ear shall never hear in his last resting-place !

And thy daughters' hands shall weave the crown of
laurels, but in vain,

His marble brows shall never feel, nor pulse beat quick
again.

Oh ! South, be sure a heart so pure did never love so
well
A country which had wronged him sore, he pardoned ere
he fell !

DESOLATE.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

A WEIGHT of suffering my spirit seals
As I stand of life's sweetest joys bereft ;
No faith, no hoping a solace yields
To thrilling sorrow, which only feels :
"To-morrow will prove what to-day reveals—
He is taken and I am left,
And long as the world and this life remain,
He will never, never come back again !"

I calmly speak and quietly smile
As I take up life's burden of bitter grief,
But mem'ry is gnawing my heart the while,
With a tooth more keen and a touch more wild
Than the ravenous beast on the Spartan child ;
A quick, wild anguish beyond relief,
Which racks me, and whispers amid my pain :
"He will never, never come back again !"

The years will pass and the seasons flow
With their changing freight of joys and cares—
The spring's sweet promise, the summer's glow ;
Autumn's treasures and winter's snow,
But never a change nor rest shall I know,
From days of duty and nights of tears.
From the aching heart and the burning brain—
He will never never come back again !

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON.

BY MARY JERVEY, OF CHARLESTON.

IN thickest fight triumphantly he fell,
While into victory's arms he led us on;
A death so glorious our grief should quell:
We mourn him, yet his battle-crown is won.

No slanderous tongue can vex his spirit now,
No bitter taunts can stain his blood-bought fame;
Immortal honor rests upon his brow,
And noble memories cluster round his name.

For hearts shall thrill and eyes grow dim with tears,
To read the story of his touching fate;
How in his death the gallant soldier wears
The crown that came for earthly life too late

Ye people! guard his memory—sacred keep
The garlands green above his hero-grave;
Yet weep, for praise can never wake his sleep,
To tell him he is shrined among the brave!

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON.

BY A. G.

I HEARD afar the cannon's roar,
Its lightning flashed from shore to shore,
In exultation rose on high,
The mighty and the thundering cry
Of victory!
But where was he whose dauntless shield
Was foremost on the battle-field?

Where was the chieftain Truth revered,
That heroes loved and despots feared;
The glory of whose setting sun
Immortal deeds of valor won,
And 'mid the dying and the dead
Its latest beams of triumph shed
For liberty?

His honored clay in darkness sleeps,
And while a mourning nation weeps
The loss of him, its flower and pride,
Who for his country fought and died,
His spirit in a purer sphere
Pleads for the loved and cherished here.
Oh, Johnson! when the bugle's sound
Calls brother, son, and sire around
The standard of the true,
Although no more in fearless pride
You sweep along the battle line,
And foremost stem the bloody tide
With soul heroic and divine,
Your cherished and unsullied name
Shall lead your men to deeds of fame,
And vengeance from the crimsoned sod
Shall speak to them, and unto God,
For freedom and for you!

Oh, Liberty! though coward hate
With ruthless hand may desolate,
And stain with base malignant creed,
The sacred homes our fathers freed;
Hope, like the angel at the tomb,
Amid the darkness and the gloom,
Your resurrection waits.
And oh! when peace shall smile again,
And ships upon the distant main,

Free as the billows of the seas,
 Shall fling our banner to the breeze ;
 Then Johnson, 'mid the glorious free,
 Your name as now the first shall be
 Of our Confederate States.

THE TOMB OF SIDNEY JOHNSON.

[Though not strictly belonging to a volume of poems, this Epitaph has been thought worthy of preservation here.]

"TOWN TALK," of the New Orleans *Times*, gives us the following. The epitaph is indeed rarely beautiful and appropriate:—A lady correspondent, in a recent stroll through the St. Louis Cemetery in this city, visited the grave of General Albert Sidney Johnson, and found a written epitaph pasted upon a rough board attached to the tomb. In her note to T. T. our fair correspondent says she was affected to tears upon reading it, and took the trouble to copy it *verbatim*. She begs us to find out the author, and she should be gratified in that desire if it were possible for T. T. to do so.

IN MEMORIAM.

Behind this stone is laid,
 For a season,

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON,
 A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
 Who fell at Shiloh, Tennessee,
 On the sixth day of April,
 A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty-two ;
 A man tried in many high offices
 And critical enterprises,
 And found faithful in all.

His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience :
 And even that life, on a woful Sabbath,
 Did he yield as a holocaust at his country's need
 Not wholly understood was he while he lived ;
 But, in his death, his greatness stands confessed
 In a people's tears.

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.

In his honor—impregnable;

In his simplicity—sublime.

No country e'er had a truer son—no cause a nobler
champion;

No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer
victim

Than the dead soldier

Who sleeps here!

The cause for which he perished is lost—

The people for whom he fought are crushed—

The hopes in which he trusted are shattered—

The Flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time,
which,

Happily, is not so much the tomb of Virtue as its
shrine,

Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble
ends.

In honor, now, our great captain rests;

A bereaved people mourn him.

Three commonwealths proudly claim him;

And history shall cherish him

Among those choicer spirits, who, holding their con-
science unmixed with blame,

Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their
country, and their God.

PRAYER.

[These verses were written by a deaf and dumb girl of Savannah, Ga., on the occasion of a fast-day.]

BEFORE Thy throne, O God !
Upon this blood-wet sod,
We bend the knee :
And to the darkened skies
We lift imploring eyes,
We cry to Thee.

The clouds of gloom untold
Have deepened fold on fold,
By Thy command ;
And war's red banner waves,
Still o'er the bloody graves,
That fill the land.

Our trampled harvest field
No more its bounty yields—
Of corn and wine ;
Thy suffering children see,
They crave no friends but Thee,
No help but Thine.

Behold how few we stand,
To guard our native land
From shame and wrong ;
How weak without Thine aid !
Yet by Thy hand arrayed,
We shall be strong.

Hark ! through the vernal air
The foemen's shout we hear—
They come ! they come !

From valley, hill, and coast
They throng, a countless host,
Around our homes.

O God! save us from harm!
Stretch forth Thy mighty arm,
Thy glittering spear!
We fight beneath Thy shield,
We cannot fear nor yield
For Thou art near.

And Thou, O Christ! so fair,
Who did'st our sorrows bear,
O Prince of Peace!
Breathe out Thy love divine,
Through all this world of Thine,
And war shall cease!

THE TENNESSEE EXILE'S SONG.

I HEAR the rushing of her streams,
The murmuring of her trees,
The exile's anguish swells my heart
And melts with each soft breeze.
'Midst other scenes her corn-hills wave,
Her mountains pierce the sky—
Where, where are they who swore to save—
To conquer, or to die?

They come, from every blue hill-side,
From every lovely dale,
The heart, the soul, the very pride
Of mountain, hill, and vale;

They court, like Anak's stalwart sons,
The rapture of the strife,
Drink in the earthquake of the guns,
To them, the breath of life.

Spare not the invading mongrel hordes,
But slay them as they stand!
Strike! Tennessee has living swords,
The best in all the land!
Strew o'er her plains their hostile lines,
Drench her fair fields with blood,
Fill their long ranks with bitter groans--
Let blood flow like a flood!

Ay, sow the seeds of lasting hate
At Johnson's, Hatton's graves,
And do their deeds and dare their fate,
Or live the oppressors' slaves!
Bleed freely, as you bled of yore,
In every well-fought field,
Press round the flag you always bore
The foremost—as a shield.

* * * * *

I feel her pulse beat high and quick,
Her sinews stretch for strife,
Full come her heart-throbs deep and thick,
She kindles into life!
Though Donelson has told her tale,
And Shiloh's page is bright,
There's yet a bloodier field to win,
For Nashville and the right!

LINES WRITTEN DURING THESE GLOOMY TIMES
TO HIM WHO DESPAIRS.

[Spoken at the Richmond Varieties, by Mr. Ogden, Wednesday night, May 7th, 1862.]

BY PROF. J. H. HEWITT.

THOUGH our roofs be on fire, though our rivers run blood,
Though their flag's on the hill, on the plain, on the flood,
Though their bayonets bristle and shouts rend the air,
Faint heart, do not utter the cry of despair!

The red morn looks down on the field of the slain,
The gaunt vulture soars o'er the desolate plain;
By the loved ones that mantled in glory lie there,
Arouse from thy stupor and never despair!

We have mountains that lift their gray peaks to the
 skies,
We have rifles whose crack to the war-yell replies,
We have sinewy arms, we have souls that will dare,
While these are our safeguards, why, doubters, despair?

The great God is just and he blesses the right,
He makes the weak rise like a giant in might;
When he strikes for his home and the tender ones there,
There's hope in each blow—there is shame in despair!

Then, shoulder to shoulder, push on with a tread
That will shake the loose earth that is heaped o'er the
 dead;
Bear the torch and the sword to the proud tyrant's
 lair,
Let the wild battle-shout drown the wail of despair!

Despair? while the old man can flourish his staff;
Despair? while the boy at the invader can laugh;
Despair? while our daughters and wives kneel in prayer,
And our mothers cry out, "Oh, never despair!"

Go preach to the rock on the lone ocean shore,
And tell it to battle the billows no more;
While there's life, there is hope; for the death-blow
prepare,
'Tis glorious to struggle, 'tis base to despair!

STEADY AND READY.

STEADY, when fortune's dark shadows surround us,
Calm, when the winds of adversity blow;
Brave, when the world's hollow voice would confound us,
Strong, though its wild waves tumultuously flow;
Steady in tempest, in strife and commotion,
Hope as our anchor to stem the rude sea,
Fierce though the billows, and wrathful the ocean,
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Ready, when sinister foes would oppose us,
Dauntless in conflict to do and to dare;
Ready to echo the voices which bless us
When shielding our offspring from want and despair;
Ready—to calm the low wailing of sorrow,
To battle with wrong till the enemy flee;
Hoping and trusting to win the bright morrow,
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Steady—while dark streams around us are flowing,
Steady—the rocks and the quicksands to shun;
Firmer in faith and full-heartedness growing,
Till the conflict is over, the victory won.

Glimpses of sunshine steal o'er the dark river,
Star-light and moonlight illumine the sea ;
Hail to the symbol both now and forever,
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

YIELD? never! while a foothold
Is left on Southern soil ;
While manly hearts can throb with pride,
Or noble blood can boil.
Never! while hand of Southron,
By Northern insult steeled,
Can clench the knife, or point the gun,
Shall this righteous conflict yield.

Yield? never! while a foeman
Stands ready at our gate,
To cross its sacred threshold,
Its hearth to desecrate.
Never! while wife and daughter
Are words of holy trust,
Or the rights of home and heritage
Are safeguards of the just.

Yield? never! while the red deer
Bounds free in forest glade,
Or the wild mustang on prairie plains
Roves ready for the raid.
Or the shadow of the cypress
Is cast o'er swamp and glen,
To shelter, if such needs *must be*,
A band of desperate men.

Yield? never! while in heaven,
As knights their shields emboss
With sparkling, gleaming jewels,
God sets the Southern Cross.
To flash upon our banners
A token from the sky,
To light the way to victory,
Or show us *how to die*.

BEECHMOORE, OLDHAM CO., KY.

THE SENTINEL.

WHEN the curtains are drawn, and the candles are lit,
And easy and warm by the fireside I sit,
My thoughts wander off from the theme I like most
To the cold, lonely sentinel on his dark post.

When cold blows the wintry wind over the plain,
And cheerlessly driveth the pitiless rain,
I start from my warm bed and pillow of down
To think of the sentinel walking his round.

For faithful he stands, in the sunshine or storm,
Through the darkness of night, in the brightness of morn;
All unsheltered from wind, or from rain, or from snow,
In silence and solitude watching the foe.

And though marshalled strong in embattled array,
Our foes wait the moment to spring on their prey;
Yet our army and nation may sleep without fear,
For his signal will warn, when their cohorts draw near.

Ere again unto slumber my eyelids are given,
My heart and my lips frame petitions to Heaven,
That the angels of God may the sentinel keep,
Who painfully watches while we sweetly sleep.

"O Thou whom the winds and the waters obey,
I pray, lull the storm, drive the dark clouds away;
And to brighten his watch, and his lone hours beguile,
Send the stars with their light, and the moon with her
smile.

"And his spirit to cheer, and his bosom to warm,
Give him memories dear, and sweet thoughts of home;
And may hope paint the future in colors so bright
As to lighten about him the darkness of night."

HANOVER COUNTY, VA., JANUARY 1ST, 1862.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

'Tis where no chisel's tracing tells
The humble sleeper's name,
No storied marble proudly swells
The measure of his fame.

Nor while the pensive moonbeams sleep
Upon the dim blue wave,
Do mourning kindred come to weep
Beside the *soldier's grave*.

But, poised upon her gleaming wings,
The beauteous summer bird,
In sweet and melting strains to sing
His requiem, is heard.

And oft as Spring her garland weaves,
There blooms her dewy rose,
And Autumn strews her yellow leaves
Above his deep repose.

So true is Nature to his tomb,
So true I almost crave,
While musing on the soldier's doom,
To fill a soldier's grave.

A SUNDAY REVERIE.

BY JAMES E. RANDALL.

BEYOND my dingy window-pane,
This beamy Sunday morn,
I watch the redbreast on the vane,
And the ravens robbing corn ;
Hard by, the Alabama boils
Its sallow flood along,
With drift-wood biers and forest spoils—
A melancholy throng !

The rich horizon melts away
To an illumined arch,
With Summer tresses all astray
Upon the brows of March ;
The birds, inebriate with glees,
Seem happiest when they sing,
Thrilling the aromatic trees
With symphonies of Spring.

The pulse of nature throbs anew,
Impassioned by the sun ;
The violet, with eyes of blue,
Is modest as a nun ;
The roses reck not of the strife
That crashes up the North—
Alas ! the mockery of life,
When Death is striding forth.

An alien in this lovely land,
I sound an alien strain,
Until my own fair State shall stand
Inviolat again.

The long-lost Pleiad of our sky
Is glimmering still afar,
And nations yet shall see on high,
That bright and blessed star.

The church-bells toll their solemn chime,
Above the minster eaves,
Knelling some old religious rhyme,
Half-stifled by the leaves.
A thousand miles away, I hear
Those grand cathedral notes,
Which made my youth a fairy sphere,
With cymbal-clashing throats.

Vibrating to each sturdy tone,
My soul remembers well
The mild Madonna's statue-stone
Within its ivory cell ;
The ritual read, the chanting done,
The belfry music rolled—
And all my faith, like Whittington,
Was in the tales it told.

And oh, I feel as men must feel
Who have not wept for years !
Upon my cheek behold the seal
Of consecrated tears.
A mighty Sabbath calm is mine,
That baffles human lore ;
A resurrection of "Lang Syne"
A guiltless child once more !

And Mother's schoolboy, with his mimes,
This beamy Sunday morn,
Forgets the grim, tumultuous times
That hardened him in scorn ;

Forgets terrific ocean days
Beyond the tropic gates,
Where the Magellan clouds down-gaze
On Patagonian straits.

He nothing heeds the long despair
Within the savage swamp,
The jungle and the thicket where
The serpent tribes encamp :
He little heeds the dream of fame,
Its treason or its trust ;
The hope of a sonorous name—
A requiem from the dust.

But oh, he heeds elysian hours
That hint of Long Ago !
Those dreamy days in college towers
He nevermore shall know ;
The home he never more may see,
A paradise to him—
The books he read at Mother's knee,
When her dear eyes grew dim.

Oh, Mother ! Mother ! years must fleet,
Along the battle track,
Ere yet thy lonely heart can greet
Its weary wanderer back ;
A deathless love these tears bespeak,
For thy devotion shed,
With thy pure kisses on my cheek,
Thy blessings on my head !

HOME AGAIN!

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

BY JEFFERSON THOMPSON.

My dear wife awaits my coming,
My children lisp my name,
And kind friends wait to welcome
Me to my own home again.
My father's grave lies on the hill,
My boys sleep in the vale,
I love each rock and murmuring rill,
Each mountain, hill, and dale.
Home again!

I'll suffer hardships, toil, and pain,
For the good times that are to come;
I'll battle long that I may gain
My freedom and my home.
I will return, though foes may stand,
Disputing every rod;
My own dear home—my native land—
I'll win you yet through God.
Home again!

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

[The following beautiful lines were written in the Autumn of 1862, a short time before the last illness of the gifted authoress, the late Miss MARY S. GRASON.]

Our Autumn comes with tender glow;
A golden haze is on the hills,
A purple gloom the valley fills,
The waves in sweeter music flow.

The reaper's merry song is heard
Amid the softly rustling corn,
And thousand fancies bright are born
With whispering wave and song of bird.

We gather round the cheerful hearth
With jest and song and pleasant game,
And, smiling, gaze into the flame
In the sweet pauses of our mirth.

And yet our very laughter seems
More mournful than the saddest sigh;
We think of happy days gone by,
And laughter heard but in our dreams.

Amid the fireside's pleasant hum—
Smile as we will, sing as we may—
We seem to hear the charger's neigh—
The scream of fife—the roll of drum.

And in the glowing coals we see
Some well-beloved, familiar face,
Long missed from its accustomed place;
And cold and still it seems to be.

On old Virginia's hallowed shore
Full many a hero brave doth sleep;
And loving eyes will watch and weep
For loved ones, who may come no more.

No more! although we weeping plead,
At morn and eve, with faltering prayer,
That God will give His angels care
Of those dear heads in hour of need.

No more! oh, coward heart be brave,
For He who hears the raven's cry
Is watching where His children lie,
In martial camp or nameless grave.

MARY S. GRASON.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND.

MY FATHER.

[The following beautiful lines were written by Brigadier-General HENRY R. JACKSON, of Georgia, who was recently operating in the Confederate Army below Richmond.]

THE tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love my early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And hover gently, hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear,
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou can'st stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain,
That only by Thy high command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheeks are sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast;
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

A SOUTHERN SONG.

BY MISS MARIA GRASON.

While crimson drops our hearthstones stain,
And Northern despots forge our chain,
O God! shall freemen strike in vain?

Shall tyrants desecrate the sod
Our fathers hallowed with their blood,
Or cowards tread where heroes trod?

The lowering tempest darkens round;
And at the bugle's silvery sound
The fiery war-horse spurns the ground.

The thunder of his iron tread
Sweeps o'er the dying and the dead;
The trembling earth is blushing red.

'Mid wreathing smoke, and flashing steel,
And blazing cannon's deafening peal,
Our brave battalions charge and wheel.

The maiden sees her lover there!
Far in the battle's lurid glare
He stands, his only shield her prayer.

Oh, may that warrior in his pride
Return with honor to her side,
Or die as Old Dentatus died!

QUEEN ANNE COUNTY, MD.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE CONFEDERATE FLAG, PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY MISS R.,
NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR Flag of my country! all hail to thy bars!
All hail to thine azure field, circled with stars!
There's a halo of glory already thine own,
And it hovers a crown on each patriot son.
To the heavens we've raised thee, where boldly and free
Thy folds can float fearless o'er land and o'er sea:

Every clime must confess thee—thy beauty must wave—
 Proud emblem of Freedom, o'er the land of the brave.
 That land of the free, that home of the brave,
 Is where orange-trees bloom and the palmettoes wave;
 Where the rose and the myrtle undying entwine,
 Ever blooming, ever breathing an incense divine.
 This beautiful emblem of Love and of Truth
 Only mirrors the heart of each daughter and youth,
 While the mothers like Spartans—ay, even the wife—
 Gird their husbands and sons for the battle's mad strife;
 And though tears choke the voice, still they utter the cry,
 "On, on to the rescue!—there conquer or die!"
 Then seeking their altar, to God breathe their prayer,
 "Be *Thou* ever our *shield*, our *cause* be *Thy* care:—
 Though our blood flow as water, let the last drop be shed
 For the glorious Flag we have raised o'er our head."
 Then rising inspired, with a prophetic tone,
 And eyes gleaming fire, they still urge them on:
 "Only *craven hearts* linger, when *cause* is so *just*;
 Look in faith to our motto—'*In God be our trust.*'
 Though thy *garments* be *scant*, and thy *feet* be *unshod*;*
 Though each footprint be marked by thy blood on the sod;
 Though our hearth-stones be scatter'd, our altars thrown
 down,
 And *Desolation* make of their fragments her throne;†—
 Yet up from the ruins comes ever the cry,
 'On, on to the rescue!—let us conquer or die!'
 Recollect it was thus our own Washington strove,
 'Midst the snows of the North, for the Freedom we love.
 Press on in *His* strength, then, and fear not to see
 Our Flag float in triumph o'er our Land of the Free."

* In allusion to taunts of the Federal press in describing the appearance of some Confederate prisoners.

† A threat made by a shoddy orator in the House of Representatives.

Once again, then, my noble Flag—Hail to thy bars !
To thy *Cross*, to thine azure field studded with stars !
May the halo of glory, so radiant now,
Never fade from around thee, nor a patriot's brow.
We have sworn to sustain thee, and boldly and free,
As the breezes that kiss thee, o'er land and o'er sea,
Thou shalt float the *proud emblem* of Freedom for aye,
Or each son of the South for that Freedom will die.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, NOV. 21, 1863.

F. H.

FIRST LOVE.

BY COL. BUCHEING H. JONES, PRISONER OF WAR, U. S. PRISON, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, J.

In the blithesome days of boyhood,
In the unforgotten past,
Stamped upon my heart's fresh surface
Was an image that shall last.
'Twas a form of girlish beauty—
Tresses auburn—eyes of blue ;
And a voice so soft and lute-like
Told a spirit chaste and true.

And I loved that little maiden—
I, a boy of summers ten,
With such passions wild and tender
As one never feels again ;
And the maiden loved the schoolboy—
Owned it by her smothered sighs ;
Trembled 'neath his gaze so ardent—
Blushed and drooped her tell-tale eyes.

Many were the little tokens
Passed between the maid and me,—
Apples, peaches, blushing berries,
Scraps of schoolboy poetry.

Smiles were given—gentle pressures—
Mute, yet eloquent of love—
Silken ringlets neatly braided—
Pencillings of Heart and Dove.

Often sat we in the shadow
Of the great, white sycamore;
Hand in hand went through the meadow
In the halcyon days of yore;
Helped her to the cool and sparkling
Water from the beech-tree spring;
With a thrill of rapture swung her
In the rustic grape-vine swing.

With my quaint, well-whetted “barlow,”
On the beechen’s glossy rind,
Carved, with studied, labored flourish,
Rudely, yet so well defined,
That e’en now, the curious hunter,
Pausing in his search for game,
Reads with ease the rough-edged letters—
The initials of her name.

Saw with flashing eyes th’ advances
Of my schoolfellow—“John Ed.”—
Felt ’twould be a pleasant pastime
To relieve him of his head!
To our young and ardent fancy
Opened up a future bright,
When, released from laws parental,
We our marriage vows should plight.

Thus through many happy summers
Side by side we moved along,
Recking naught of the stern trials
That to older life belong;

Then we parted—I to ponder
Over academic lore—
She was left, a tender budlet,
Opening on the river's shore.

Time sped on, and I, in manhood,
Saw another maiden fair—
Saw, and loved, and wooed, and won her—
Wreathed the orange in her hair.
She, a wife so pure and gentle,
Makes my cup with bliss o'erflow;
Never hath a truer woman
Smoothed the path of man below.

While the idol of my boyhood,
Now a matron staid and true,
Answers to the call for "MOTHER,"
Peering into eyes of blue.
Years have passed—years five-and-twenty—
Since the maiden round my way
Cast the sunshine of her presence,
That shall linger there for aye.

For in hours of quiet slumber
Float before my dreaming brain
Visions of the little maiden
As she floated round me then.
Still the same bright, girlish beauty—
Tresses auburn, eyes of blue—
And the voice so soft and lute-like,
And the spirit chaste and true.

Sylph-like, round my prison pillow
Glides she as in olden time,
Pass again the little tokens
Written o'er the schoolboy rhyme.

Strange it is! yet monthly, weekly,
Dream I of those boyhood hours,
Live again the life I lived then
With the maiden 'mid the flowers.

Such is more than one's experience;
Weary, toiling on our way,
Cherished joys like April sunshine
Brightest gild our morning day.
In the noontime of our manhood,
Backward looking through our tears,
Diamond points amid the darkness—
Flash the joys of boyhood's years!

THE SOLDIER BOY.

BY H. M. L.

I give my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not: but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as cool, as clear of mood
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone, with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains
I give my soldier boy a blade.

LYNCHBURG, MAY 18, 1861.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

[We venture to say that there are few mothers whose hearts will *not* swell responsively to the tender sentiment expressed in the following lyric.]

FATHER! in the battle fray
Shelter his dear head, I pray!
Nerve his young arm with the might
Of Justice, Liberty, and Right!
Where the red hail deadliest falls,
Where stern duty loudest calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild,
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foe rush swift and strong,
Madly striving for the wrong;
Where the clashing arms men wield
Ring above the battle-field;
Where the stifling air is hot
With bursting shell and whistling shot—
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no bloody blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—
Frail and weak in every part—
Wanders from the mercy-seat
After these dear roving feet,
Let Thy tender, pitying grace
Every selfish thought erase;
If this mother's love be wrong,
Pardon, bless, and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from my sight;
When around the cheerful fire—
Gather brothers, sisters, sire—
There I miss my bright boy's face
From his old familiar place,
And my sad heart wanders back
To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—
Waking, wearily to weep—
Often dreaming *he* is near,
Claiming every anxious fear,
Often startled by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannons' smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream, and hope and pray
All the weary hours away;
But I know *his* cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In Thy promise: "As thy day
So shall thy strength be"—alway!
Yet I need Thy guidance still!
Father! let me do Thy will!

If now sorrow should befall—
If my noble boy should fall—
If the bright head I have blessed
On the cold earth find its rest;
Still, with all the mother heart
Torn, and quivering with the smart,
I yield him, 'neath Thy chast'ning rod,
To his country and his God.

THE BOY PICKET; OR, CHARLEY'S GUARD.

NEARLY my footsteps their measured cadence keep,
While my tired comrades are wrapped in slumber deep,
Cheerily on pinion whose range no limits bind,
My truant soul is speeding, floating on the wind,
Nor cold nor hunger heeding, floating on the wind.

Winter's gems are gleaming on crested glade and hill,
As my spirit wanders back and forth at will,
Onward to the cottage, nestling 'mid the trees,
Homeward to the dear ones there, floating on the
breeze—

Sweetest words of joy to hear floating on the breeze.

Starry eyes bend o'er me in calm and holy love,
The sleeping earth beneath me, silence and God above;
A tender spell infolds me, a soft breath stirs my hair:
It is my mother's blessing floating on the air—
Her weary boy caressing, floating on the air.

Hark! the note of warning, the low and muffled hum,
Ere another dawning the battle's crash shall come,
Ere another sunset, ten thousand heart-throes warm,
The battle-fiend shall gather, floating on the storm—
Shall seek Thy presence, Father, floating on the storm.

O, Thou Guide of Israel! my country cries to Thee;
Lead her, Lord! to glory—to truth—to liberty;
Repel the invading spoiler, nor let her banner quail
Until the shout of victory is floating on the gale—
Till Liberty's hosanna is floating on the gale.

Father! hear and pardon Thine erring child to-night,
Clothe my soul in valor, and gird my limbs with might;
Bless, oh bless my mother, my friends beloved and dear:
Father! listen to the cry, floating to Thine ear—
Father! take me if I die, take me to Thy care!

KENTUCKY.

H. W. B

ENLISTED TO-DAY.

[The following lines were found on the body of a young soldier belonging to one of the Alabama regiments in General Lee's army, and are supposed to have been written by his mother, as none but a mother's loving heart could have prompted such exquisite sentiments.]

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day.

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, watched for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew weary of watching, and started
Alone on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year—and this afternoon sitting
At Robby's old window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting,
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day.

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning
The sun making gold of his wreathed cigar smoke,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he eagerly spoke :

"Dear mother, you know how these Northmen are crowing,
They would trample the rights of the South in the dust ;
The boys are all fire ; and they wish I were going."
He stopped, but his eyes said, "O say if I must."

I smiled on my boy, though my heart it seemed breaking ;
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away ;
And answered him, "Willie, 'tis well you are waking—
Go, do as your father would bid you, to-day !"

I sit in the window, and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum ;
And smother the pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bees' hum
Lulls the rose at the porch from her tremulous sighing ;
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall, his young life will be given
For freedom's sweet sake ; and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven,
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND.

BY GEORGE HERBERT SASS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

[¹For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword; neither was it their own arm that helped them; but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them."—PSALM xlii. 3, 4.]

I.

Now blesséd be the Lord of Hosts through all our Southern
land,
And blesséd be His holy name, in whose great might we
stand;
For He who loves the voice of prayer hath heard His
people's cry,
And with His own almighty arm hath won the victory!
Oh, tell it out through hearth and home, from blue Poto-
mac's wave
To those far waters of the West which hide De Soto's
grave.

II.

Now let there be through all the land one grand trium-
phant cry,
Wherever beats a Southern heart, or glows a Southern
sky;
For He who ruleth every fight hath been with us to-day,
And the great God of battles hath led the glorious fray:
Oh, then unto His holy name ring out the joyful song,
The race hath not been to the swift, the battle to the
strong.

* * * * *

III.

From royal Hudson's cliff-crowned banks, from proud Ohio's
flood,
From that dark rock in Plymouth's bay where erst the
pilgrims stood,

From East and North, from far and near, went forth the
gathering cry,
And the countless hordes came swarming on with fierce
and lustful eye.
In the great name of Liberty each thirsty sword is drawn ;
In the great name of Liberty each tyrant presseth on.

IV.

Alas, alas ! her sacred name is all dishonored now,
And blood-stained hands are tearing off each laurel from
her brow ;
But ever yet rings out the cry, in loud and mocking tone.
Still in her holy shrine they strive to rear a despot's
throne ;
And pressing on with eager tread, they sweep across the
land,
To burn, and murder, and destroy—a fierce and ruthless
band.

V.

I looked on fair Potomac's shore, and at my feet the
while
The sparkling waves leaped gayly up to meet glad Sum-
mer's smile ;
And pennons gay were floating there, and banners fair
to see,
A mighty host arrayed, I ween, in war's proud panoply ;
And as I gazed a cry arose, a low, deep-swelling hum,
And loud and stern along the line broke in the sullen
drum.

VI.

Onward, o'er fair Virginia's fields, through ranks of nod-
ding grain,
With shout and song they sweep along, a gay and gal-
lant train.

O, ne'er, I ween, had those broad plains beheld a fairer
sight,
And clear and glad those skies of June shed forth their
glorious light.
Onwards, yea, ever onwards, that mighty host hath
passed,
And "On to Richmond!" is the cry which echoes on
the blast.

VII.

I looked again, the rising sun shines down upon the
moors,
And 'neath his beams rise ramparts high and frowning
embrasures,
And on each proud abattis yawn, with menace stern
and dread,
Grim-visaged messengers of death: the watchful sentry's
tread
In measured cadence slowly falls; all Nature seems at
ease,
And over all the Stars and Stripes are floating in the
breeze.

VIII.

But far away another line is stretching dark and long,
Another flag is floating free where arméd legions throng;
Another war-cry's on the air, as wakes the martial drum,
And onward still, in serried ranks, the Southern soldiers
come,
And up to that abattis high the charging columns tread,
And bold and free the Stars and Bars are waving at
their head.

IX.

They are on it! they are o'er it! who can stay that
living flood?
Lo, ever swelling, rolleth on the weltering tide of blood.

Yet another and another is full boldly stormed and won,
And forward to the spoiler's camp the column presseth
on.

Hurrah! hurrah! the field is won! we've met them man
to man,

And ever still the Stars and Bars are riding in the van.

X.

They are flying! they are flying! and close upon their
track

Comes our glorious "Stonewall" Jackson, with ten thou-
sand at his back;

And Longstreet, too, and gallant Hill, and Rhodes, and
brave Huger,*

And he whose name is worth a host, our bold, devoted
Lee;

And back to where the lordly James his scornful billow
rolls,

The recreant foe is fleeing fast—those men of dastard
souls.

XI.

They are flying! they are flying! horse and foot, and
bold dragoon,

In one reflux mass are mingled, 'neath the slowly
waning moon;

And louder still the cry is heard, as borne upon the
blast,

The shouts of the pursuing host are rising full and
fast:

"On, on unto the river! 'tis our only chance for life!

We needs must reach the gunboats, or we perish in the
strife!"

* Pronounced *Euges*.

XII.

'Tis done! the gory field is ours; we've conquered in
the fight!
And yet once more our tongues can tell the triumph of
the right;
And humbled is the haughty foe, who our destruction
sought,
For God's right hand and holy arm have great deliver-
ance wrought.
Oh, then, unto His holy name ring out the joyful song—
The race has not been to the swift, the battle to the
strong.

A PLEDGE TO LEE.

WRITTEN FOR A KENTUCKY COMPANY, BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, OF KENTUCKY.

WE pledge thee, LEE!
In water or wine,
In blood or in brine,
What matters the sign?
Whether brilliantly glowing,
• Or darkly o'erflowing,
So the cup is divine
That we fill to thee!
Vanquished—victorious,
Gloomy or glorious,
Fainting and bleeding,
Advancing, receding,
Lingering or leading,
Captive or free;
With swords raised on high,
With hearts nerved to die,
Or to grasp victory;

Hand to hand—knee to knee,
With a wild three times three
We pledge thee, LEE!

We pledge thee, chief!
In the name of our nation,
Her wide devastation,
Her sore desolation,
Her grandeur and grief!
Whether thou warrest
Where our need is the sorest,
Or in fortress or forest,
Bilest thy time;
Thou—Heaven elected,
Thou—Angel-protected,
Thou—Brother selected,
Whate'er thy fate be,
Our trust is in thee,
And our faith is sublime.
With swords raised on high,
With hearts nerved to die,
Or to grasp victory,
Hand to hand—knee to knee,
With a wild three times three,
We pledge thee, LEE!

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Go forth and bid the land rejoice,
Yet not too gladly, oh my song!
Breathe softly, as if mirth would wrong
The solemn rapture of thy voice.

Be nothing lightly done or said
This happy day! Our joy should flow
Accordant with the lofty woe
That wails above the noble dead.

Let him whose brow and breast were calm
While yet the battle lay with God,
Look down upon the crimson sod
And gravely wear his mournful palm;

And him, whose heart, still weak from fear,
Beats all too gayly for the time,
Know that intemperate glee is crime
While one dead hero claims a tear.

Yet go thou forth, my song! and thrill,
With sober joy, the troubled days;
A nation's hymn of grateful praise
May not be hushed for private ill.

Our foes are fallen! Flash, ye wires!
The mighty tidings far and nigh!
Ye cities! write them on the sky
In purple and in emerald fires!

They came with many a haughty boast;
Their threats were heard on every breeze;
They darkened half the neighboring seas,
And swooped like vultures on the coast.

False recreants in all knightly strife,
Their way was wet with woman's tears;
Behind them flamed the toil of years,
And bloodshed stained the sheaves of life.

They fought as tyrants fight, or slaves;
God gave the dastards to our hands;
Their bones are bleaching on the sands,
Or mouldering slow in shallow graves.

What though we hear about our path
The heavens with howls of vengeance rent;
The venom of their hate is spent;
We need not heed their fangless wrath.

Meantime the stream they strove to chain
Now drinks a thousand springs, and sweeps
With broadening breast, and mightier deeps,
And rushes onward to the main;

While down the swelling current glides
Our ship of state before the blast,
With streamers poured from every mast,
Her thunders roaring from her sides.

Lord! bid the frenzied tempest cease,
Hang out Thy rainbow on the sea!
Laugh round her, waves! in silver glee,
And speed her to the ports of peace!

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

[A Confederate soldier was found dead, on the battle-field, with the daguerreotype of his wife and child in his hand.]

Go where the dying soldiers lie
Eve blushing closes now her eye,
And weeps to hear their parting sigh.

As angel Death his presence brings,
Night o'er the scene its shadow flings,
The wind a mournful requiem sings.

And lingers in its music low,
To softly kiss the brow of snow,
Of him whose tears no more may flow.

No loving hand with tender care,
Put back the long-neglected hair,
Upon his forehead cold and fair.

Yet stamped in beauty's fairest mould,
Within his icy hand behold,
Familiar faces loved of old.

Amid that scene of pain and strife,
The features of his child and wife,
Smile on the death as though in life.

He fought for freedom, and he died,
Where thickest flowed the crimson tide,
Of old Virginia's flower and pride.

Upon the bloody battle-ground,
He did not see the dead around,
Nor hear the sufferer's moaning sound.

His dying glances only met,
With yearning love and vain regret,
The loved his soul can ne'er forget.

The voice that soothed his infant years,
And blessed his childhood's smiles and tears,
Came back as in the olden years.

And where his home in beauty lies,
His name is wafted to the skies,
And loving hearts and anxious eyes

Shall watch within the open door,
As in the happy days of yore, :
For him whose steps shall come no more.

In vain when o'er it twilight steals,
His child beside its mother kneels,
And love his cherished name reveals.

The tones that gladdened once his hearth,
No more in music on the earth,
Shall mingle with their joy or mirth.

He fought for Freedom, and afar,
Where shines her bright immortal star,
He lives where peace and glory are.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

BY WM. GORDON M'CABE.

[After the battle of Malvern Hill, a soldier was found dead fifty yards in advance of any officer or man, his musket firmly grasped in the rigid fingers, *name unknown*, simply "2 LA." on his cap.]

I.

SWEET Malvern Hill is wreathed with flame,
From serried ranks the steel is gleaming ;
Our legions march to death and fame,
With battle-flags right wildly streaming.
Each hero bares his manly breast,
And gallant hearts are fiercely beating ;
With steady tramp they line the crest,
O'er which an iron hail is sleeting.

II.

Up loom the bastions, grim and large,
Through battle-smoke that's low'ring near them ;
The little drummers roll "the charge,"
And dying comrades raise to cheer them.
Twice forty guns, with deadly aim,
Strike down our lines in tones of thunder ;
Yet still they press, with eyes of flame.
Till Valor's self looks on in wonder

III.

But now the human tide rolls back—
A ghastly remnant grim and gory—
And countless heroes mark the track
Which led them up the heights to glory.
But ONE still presses on amain,
Where double-shotted guns are frowning;
Alone, amidst the iron rain,
He nobly wins a hero's crowning.

IV.

Through all the battle-smoke he'd seen
The saintly forms of angel bearing
The laurel crowns, forever green,
To wreath the foreheads of the daring.
And eager for this priceless crown—
The bastions scarce a length before him—
The stalwart form at length goes down,
With Death and Honor bending o'er him.

V.

Brave soldier of our Southern clime,
No stately song nor brilliant story
Shall hand thy name to future time
As one who gained immortal glory.
But Freedom, with her mailed hand,
Has paused to brush a tear of sorrow,
And placed thee with that chosen band
Who freely pour their life's blood for her.

VI.

And Valor with her royal brow,
And Honor with her stately bearing,
Have surely felt a prouder glow,
When musing on thy peerless daring.

O gallant soldier, all unknown !
Though noisy Fame, we know, shall never
Proclaim thy deeds through every zone,
A hero's crown is thine forever !

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND.

THE BATTLE RAINBOW.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON, OF VIRGINIA.

[The poem which follows was written just after the Seven Days' Battle near Richmond, in 1862. It was suggested by the appearance of a rainbow the evening before the grand trial of strength between the contending armies. This rainbow overspread the Eastern sky, and exactly defined the position of the Confederate Army, as seen from the Capitol at Richmond.]

THE warm, weary day, was departing—the smile
Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased ;
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for a while
On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the East.

There our army—awaiting the terrible fight
Of the morrow—lay hopeful, and watching, and still ;
Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with
white,
From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
Blazed and burst from the vapors that muffled the
sun,
Their “counterfeit clamors” gave forth no reply ;
And slept till the battle, the charge in each gun.

When lo ! on the cloud, a miraculous thing !
Broke in beauty the rainbow our host to enfold !
The centre o'erspread by its arch, and each wing
Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blessed omen of victory, symbol divine

Of peace after tumult, repose after pain ;

How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign,

To eyes that should never behold it again !

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,

And its thunder-peals filled all the tremulous air :

Over slippery intrenchment and reddened redoubt,

Rang the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came—

Of mute supplication, and yearning, and dread ;

When day unto day gave the record of fame,

And night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed—the foe had fled back to his ships—

His standard in rags and his legions a wreck—

But alas ! the stark faces and colorless lips

Of our loved ones, gave triumph's rejoicing a check

Not yet, oh not yet, as a sign of release,

Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud ;

Not yet had the Comforter whispered of peace

To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was **given**—the beautiful arc,

With its brilliant profusion of colors, that spanned

The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark

Of the Infinite Love overarching the land.

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,

Through the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's
proud pall,

On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display

Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

THE LADIES OF RICHMOND.

[A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*, who writes with equal grace and facility in verse and prose, thus refers to the ladies of Richmond, who, to do them justice, have fully come up to the measure of his poetic praise in their ministrations to the sick and wounded soldiers during the war.]

Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back, in a serious way:
No more delicate gloves—no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower,
But come—with your souls in your faces—
To meet the stern needs of the hour!

Look around! By the torch-light unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one,
What! paling and trembling already,
Before your dear mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly,
Time presses her lips to each scar,
As she chants of a glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war

Pause here by this bedside—how mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage! Poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now:
Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits moaning, distressed,
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another; a lad—a mere stripling—
Picked up on the field, almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling,
From a horrible gash in the head.

They say he was first in the action,
Gay-hearted, quick-handed, and witty;
He fought, till he fell with exhaustion,
At the gates of our fair Southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years.
Lift him up, in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears.
Touch him gently—most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor shattered hand!
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Who groaned? What a passionate murmur—
“In Thy mercy, O God! let me die!”
Ha! surgeon, your hand must be firmer,
That grapeshot has shattered his thigh.
Fling the light on those poor furrowed features;
Gray-haired and unknown, bless the brother!
O God! that one of Thy creatures
Should e'er work such woe on another!

Wipe the sweat from his brow with your kerchief,
Let the stained, tattered collar go wide,
See! he stretches out blindly to search if
The surgeon still stands at his side.
“My son's over yonder! he's wounded—
Oh! this ball that has broken my thigh!”
And again he burst out, pierced with anguish,
“In Thy mercy, O God! let me die!”

Pass on! It is useless to linger
While others are claiming your care,
There's need of your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy, there.

There are sick ones, athirst for caressing—
There are dying ones, raving of home—
There are wounds to be bound with a blessing—
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death, in its ghastliest view,
The nearest, as well as the farthest,
Is here with the traitor and true!
And crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny, with love at the heart,
You must bind up the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter, nor shrink from your part!

Up and down, through the wards, where the fever
Stalks noisome, and gaunt, and impure,
You must go, with your steadfast endeavor,
To comfort, to counsel, to cure!
I grant that the task's superhuman,
But strength will be given to you
To do for these dear ones what woman
Alone in her pity can do.

And the lips of the mothers will bless you
As the angels, sweet-visaged and pale!
And the little ones run to caress you,
While the wives and the sisters cry "Hail!"
But e'en if you drop down unheeded,
What matter? God's ways are the best!
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take bare of the rest!

THE TWO ARMIES.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Two armies stand enrolled beneath
The banner with the Starry wreath ;
One, facing battle, blight, and blast
Through twice a hundred fields has passed ;
Its deeds against a ruffian foe,
Stream, valley, hill, and mountain know,
Till every wind that sweeps the land
Goes, glory-laden, from the strand.

The other, with a narrower scope,
Yet led by not less grand a hope,
Hath won, perhaps, as proud a place,
And wears its fame with meeker grace.
Wives march beneath its glittering sign,
Fond mothers swell the lovely line :
And many a sweetheart hides her blush
In the young patriot's generous flush.

No breeze of battle ever fanned
The colors of that tender band ;
Its office is beside the bed,
Where throbs some sick or wounded head.
It does not court the soldier's tomb,
But plies the needle and the loom ;
And, by a thousand peaceful deeds,
Supplies a struggling nation's needs.

Nor is that army's gentle might
Unfelt amid the deadly fight ;
It nerves the son's, the husband's hand,
It points the lover's fearless brand ;

It thrills the languid, warms the cold,
Gives even new courage to the bold;
And sometimes lifts the veriest clod
To its own lofty trust in God.

When Heaven shall blow the trump of peace
And bid this weary warfare cease,
Their several missions nobly done,
The triumph grasped, and freedom won,
Both armies, from their toils at rest,
Alike may claim the victor's crest,
But each shall see its dearest prize
Gleam softly from the other's eyes.

RODES' BRIGADE CHARGE AT SEVEN PINES.

W. F. C., VA.

I.

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning,
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light,
Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchred chambers, yet never dismayed,
Down by the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond,
Marched the bold soldiers of Rodes' brigade.

II.

See ye the fires and flashings still leaping,
Hear ye the pelting and beating of storm,
See ye the banners of proud Alabama
In front of her columns move steadily on?

Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade
As it floats through the air amid the torrent of sounds,
Hear ye ! booming adown the red valley
Carter* unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

III.

Twelfth Mississippi, I saw your brave columns
Rush through the channels of living and dead
Twelfth Alabama, why weep your old war horse,
He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines, ye will tell on the pages of glory,
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath the shade,
How the lads of Virginia fought in the red valley,
And fell in the columns of Rodes' brigade.

IV.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels,
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain,
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers,
Weep, for they never will come back again !
Weep ye, but know what a halo of glory
Encircles each chamber of death newly made ;
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Stands forth on the banners of Rodes' Brigade.

V.

Daughters of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers,
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave,
Bring ye some emblem of freedom and victory,
Bring ye some emblem of death and the grave ;
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade,
Come to the deep crimsoned valley of Richmond,
And crown the young chieftain who led his Brigade.

* Captain of a battery that did good service at Seven Pines.

DEJECTED.

BY G. W. ARCHER, M. D.

I.

TURMOIL never, never ending !
Clamor, clangor, gasp, and groan !
Shrieks with screaming missiles blending—
Everywhere are lone ones bending
O'er their dead, with prayerful tone,
Or wail, or moan !

II.

Sick ones dying, hourly dying
In some pest-house, where I keep
Vigils sad, yet hush my sighing ;
Writhing heroes round me lying—
Comely once, each mangled heap—
Oh, I could weep !

III.

Fired of tumult—sick of slaughter—
Gaping graves at every turn,
Dug by Fame for those who sought her—
Hillocks wreathed by many a daughter,
Mother, wife, o'er those they mourn,
Left all forlorn.

IV.

Wan and cheerless—worn and weary !
Years of toil, and hate, and blood—
All is dark with clouds, and dreary !
—Give me back my dream of Faery,
Dreamed in many a quiet wood,
Where none intrude

V.

Child of Hope—thou beauteous vision !
Love, bride, home, and infancy—
All that maketh life elysian !
—War, as with a fiend's derision,
Mocked my fondest fantasy—
Ah me—ah me !

VI.

Give me love, and shady quiet !
With but these, I'll while my life—
Rest millennial ! din, nor riot—
Jail, nor tyrant's fiendish fiat—
Mob nor rabble—drum nor fife—
Rest—rest from strife !

VII.

Dreamer, wake ! thy dream is craven !
What were life, with freedom gone ?
Helmless ship—nor chart nor haven—
Better, far, feed wolf and raven,
Than to fawn, grope, grovel on—
No hope of dawn !

VIII.

Pardon, Freedom ! one so wasted,
Gloomed by years of banishment,
Reft of home-joys, deeply tasted !
Dearer now, as flowers when blasted—
Sweet in their remembered scent,
Untimely shent !

IX.

On the rack ! forgive me, heaven !
For this dream of tortured hours—
If such *dreams* can be forgiven—
Till this cloud of fiends be driven
From our hearths, our fanes, our bowers—
How black it lowers !

X.

That dispelled—return, fair vision !
With thy softest hues and charms.
Worthiest goal of earth's ambition,
When we've struggled through our mission,
To forget life's ills and harms
In woman's arms !

IN THE FIELD, SEPT., 1864.

THE BURIAL OF LATANE.

BY JNO. E. THOMPSON.

[In General Stuart's famous raid around the rear of McClellan's army, Captain Latané was the only man killed. His brother, returning after the fight, carried the body to Dr. Brockenbrough's plantation near by, and left it with Mrs. Brockenbrough to be interred. Mrs. B. sent for a clergyman to perform the funeral rites, but he not being permitted to pass, she read the burial service herself, some ladies of the family, and a few faithful servants, forming a small, sad audience. This scene has been made the subject of a touching picture by Mr. Washington.]

THE combat raged not long, but ours the day ;
And, through the hosts that compassed us around,
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain—
Alone of all his men, amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood—
Hope's halo, like a helmet, round his hair—
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death; and yet, in death how fair!
Even thus he passed through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms, to an immortal
life.

A brother bore his body from the field,
And gave it unto strangers' hands, that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb, and weeping, looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier—
Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere,
That blossomed with good actions—brief, but whole;
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached, with reverent feet, the hero's lowly
grave.

No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight;
But woman's voice, with accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity—touched with pathos—read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power!"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
While the low breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer.
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his
God!

Let us not weep for him, whose deeds endure !

So young, so brave, so beautiful ! He died
As he had wished to die ; the past is sure ;

Whatever yet of sorrow may betide

Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot harm him now, nor fortune touch
him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,

Victrix et Vidua—the conflict done—

Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear

That starts as she recalls each martyred son

No prouder memory her breast shall sway
Than thine, our early lost, lamented Latané !

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

THERE'S a beautiful city, far, far away,

In the land of the myrtle and rose,

The fair land of my birth—which, I hear them say,

Is beleaguered by deadliest foes ;

And my spirit goes forth with those braves to stand,

Who are striking for home and for hearth,

God of mercy ! defend that heroic band,

In this beautiful land of my birth !

'Tis hard, when the pulse of a soldier doth thrill

In the heart of a woman, for there,

While burning in vain, it enkindles the will

Of a soldier to suffer and dare.

When war-bugles sound where the brave win or fall,
Then I burn with the feverish unrest
A ringdove might feel, at the falconer's call,
Reared by chance in some proud falcon's nest!

As one in a light-house, who watches the deep
Through a tempest, my sad spirit seems
A vigil of love o'er that fair land to keep,
Where the red blood is flowing in streams.
Though mingled with tears, yet the sod where it flows
Groweth greener—the butterflies' wings
Are brighter, and even the blush of the rose
Deepens—down by those dark crimson springs.

Yet he in the light-house is void of the power
To fetter the storms as they rove,
No legion of watchers can stay that red shower
Polluting the land of my love.
But there is a light-house beyond the blue steeps
Where the star-lamps eternally burn,
And there dwells a Watcher whose eye never sleeps,
In the darkness to Him let us turn.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

RICHMOND ON THE JAMES.

BY ANNIE MARIE WELBY.

A SOLDIER boy from Bourbon lay gasping on the field
When the battle's shock was over and the foe was
forced to yield;
He fell, a youthful hero, before the foemen's aims,
On a blood-red field near Richmond, near Richmond on
the James.

But one still stood beside him, his comrade in the fray,
They had been friends together through boyhood's happy
day,
And side by side had struggled, on fields of blood and
flames,
To part that eve near Richmond, near Richmond on the
James.

He said, "I charge thee, comrade, the friend in days of
yore,
To the far, far distant dear ones that I shall see no
more,
Though scarce my lips can whisper their dear and well-
known names,
To bear to them my blessing from Richmond on the
James.

"Bear my good sword to my brother, and the badge
upon my breast
To the young and gentle sister that I used to love the
best ;
One lock take from my forehead for the mother still
that dreams
Of her soldier boy near Richmond—near Richmond on
the James.

"Oh, I wish that mother's arms were folded round me
now,
That her gentle hand could linger one moment on my
brow ;
But I know that she is praying where our blessed
hearth-light gleams,
For her soldier's safe return from Richmond on the
James.

"And on my heart, dear comrade, close lay those nut-brown braids,
Of one that was the fairest of all our village maids;
We were to have been wedded, but Death the bridegroom claims,
And she is far, that loves me, from Richmond on the James.

"Oh, does the pale face haunt her, dear friend, that looks on thee?
Or is she laughing—singing, in careless, girlish glee?
It may be she is joyous—she loves but joyous themes,
Nor dreams her love lies bleeding near Richmond on the James.

"And though I know, dear comrade, thou'lt miss me for awhile,
When their faces—all that loved thee—again on thee shall smile,
Again thou'lt be the foremost in all their youthful games,
But I shall lie near Richmond—near Richmond on the James."

And far from all that loved him that youthful soldier sleeps,
Unknown among the thousands of those his country weeps;
But no higher heart nor braver, than his, at sunset's beams,
Was laid that eve near Richmond—near Richmond on the James.

The land is filled with mourning, from hall and cot left lone,
We miss the well-known faces that used to meet our own,

And long, poor wives and mothers shall weep—and
titled dames,
To hear the name of Richmond—of Richmond on the
James.

LOUISVILLE, KY., JULY, 1862.

BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS!

[A Confederate officer, while leading a charge in one of the recent battles before Richmond, fell mortally wounded, exclaiming: "Bury me on the field, boys!"]

BY MISS MARY S. GRASON.

BURY me on the field, boys!
When the deadly strife is o'er,
This trusty blade I'll wield, boys,
For our firesides never more;
Come, raise my head, I scarce can hear
The thundering cannon's roar.

Bury me where the countless dead
In dreamless slumber rest,
Where the charger's iron hoof may tread
O'er the sod that wraps my breast;
Here let me sleep, since victory
Our glorious cause hath blessed.

Yes, lay me here, where these pine-trees wave,
In the evening's solemn hush,
Where stars may shine on my lowly grave,
Where the morning sun may blush;
And I'll be proud to rest, boys,
Where our dauntless columns rush.

Shed not one tear for me—nay, never,
My comrades brave and bold ;
I shrink not back from that dark river
Which flows so icy cold ;
But wish my mother could hold my hand,
And kiss me as of old.

My sight is growing strangely dim,
I feel Death's chilly wing ;
Methought I heard the cradle hymn
My mother used to sing ;
Strange how such pleasant fantasies
This parting hour should bring.

Nay, pause not by my side, boys,
See where our flag on high
Floats o'er the battle's tide, boys—
Haste ! to that standard fly—
And tell my dear old mother, boys,
Her son knew how to die.

Bury him on the field, boys,
By light of the dying sun,
With the sword he used to wield, boys,
For the conflict now is done ;
Nor weep, for that warrior brave, boys,
A double crown hath won.

QUEEN ANNE COUNTY, MD.

MISSING.

IN the cool sweet hush of a wooded nook,
Where the May buds sprinkle the green old sward,
And the winds, and the birds, and the limpid brook,
Murmur their dreams with a drowsy sound ;

Who lies so still in the plushy moss,
With his pale cheek pressed on a breezy pillow,
Couched where the light and the shadows cross
Through the flickering fringe of the willow,
Who lies, alas !
So still, so chill, in the whispering grass?

A soldier clad in the Zouave dress,
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,
One hand thrown up o'er his frank, dead face,
And the other clutching his pulseless heart,
Lies here in the shadows, cool and dim,
His musket swept by a trailing bough ;
With a careless grace in his quiet limbs,
And a wound on his manly brow ;
A wound, alas !
Whence the warm blood drips on the quiet grass.

The violets peer from their dusky beds,
With a tearful dew in their great pure eyes,
The lilies quiver their shining heads,
Their pale lips full of sad surprise ;
And the lizard darts through the glistening fern—
And the squirrel rustles the branches hoary ;
Strange birds fly out with a cry, to bathe
Their wings in the sunset glory,
While the shadows pass
O'er the quiet face and the dewy grass.

God pity the bride who awaits at home
With her lily cheeks, and her violet eyes,
Dreaming the sweet old dream of love,
While her lover is walking in paradise ;
God strengthen her heart as the days go by,
And the long, drear nights of her vigil follow,

Nor bird, nor moon, nor whispering wind
May breathe the tale of the hollow ;
Alas ! alas !
The secret is safe with the woodland grass.

“TRUE TO THE LAST.”

[We give the following pathetic verses to our readers, premising that they were written upon an incident, which occurred in the last battle of one of the author's friends. Having a foreboding of his fate, he penciled, on the plating of his scabbard, the name of his lady love, and the words, “In the face of death, my thoughts are thine.” A faithful comrade removed from his body, and bore to the weeping maiden, this sad token of his constancy. Col W. Steward Hawkins, of Tennessee, is one of the most chivalrous and accomplished gentlemen of the South, and, though a foeman, has won the esteem of his opponents, on the field, and his captors, while in prison, by his noble and manly spirit, his gallant and generous bearing. He is very youthful, and, with the enthusiasm of his years, seems to unite in himself the literary tastes of Sidney, the valor of Bayard, and the endurance of Roderick.]—*New York Knickerbocker*.

BY COL. W. S. HAWKINS.

THE bugles blow the battle-call,
And through the camp each stalwart band,
To-day, its serried column forms,
To fight for God and native land !
Brave men are marching by my side,
Our banners floating glad and free,
But yet, amid this brilliant scene,
I give my thoughts to thee.

The horsemen dashing to and fro,
The drums with wild and thunderous roll,
The sights and sounds—all things that tend
To kindle valor in the soul ;
These are all here, but in the maze
Of squadrons, moved with furious glee,
Still true to every vow we made,
I give my thoughts to thee.

The deep booms smite the troubled air
Each throb proclaims the foeman near,
And faintly echoed from the front,
I hear my gallant comrades cheer—
Wild joy of heroes, marching on,
Through blood, their glorious land to free!
I give to freedom, here, my life,
But all my thoughts to thee.

And yet, beloved, I must not think
What undreamed bliss may soon be mine:
It would unman me in the work
Of guarding well our country's shrine.
Here, on this sword, I write my troth,
These words shall yet thy solace be,
They'll tell how, in this last fierce hour,
I gave my thoughts to thee.

Along the east, the holy morn
Renews life's many cares and joys:
This hour, I hope, some wish for me,
Thy pure and tender prayer employs.
Another beauteous dawn of light
These eyes, alas! may never see;
But even dying, faint, and maimed,
I still would think of thee.

And then, in coming years, that roll,
When scenes of peace and brightness throng,
And round each happy hour is twined
The wreath of friendship, love, and song,
Go to his grave, whose heart was thine,
And by that spot a mourner be,
One tear for him, thy loved and lost,
Whose last thought clung to thee.

SUNSET MUSINGS.

Love of mine, the day is done,
All the long, hot summer day ;
In the West, the golden sun
Sinks in purple clouds away.
Nature rests in calm repose,
Not a zephyr rocks the rose,
Not a ripple on the tide,
And the little boats, which glide
Lazily along its stream,
Flit like shadows in a dream.
Not one drooping leaf is stirred,
Bee and butterfly and bird
Silence keep. Above, around,
Hangs a stillness so profound,
That the spirit awe-struck shrinks
As of Eden days it thinks,
Half expectant here to see
The descending Deity !

Love of mine, when life's fierce sun
To its final setting goes,
All its weary journey done
Varied course of joys and woes,
May there fall a holy calm
Bringing on its wings a balm,
To our hearts, which aching feel :
"Here each grief has set its seal!"
May a stillness soft as this,
Soothe our souls in purest bliss
Till the worry and the strife
Of this fever we call life,

With its pain and passion cease,
And we rest in perfect peace.
Love of mine, may we behold
Eden's visitant of old,
As our last breath dies away,
By us at the close of day !

FANNY DOWNING.

THE YEARNING HEART.

[SONG.]

BY COL. WM. S. HAWKINS.

DEAR one, I seek thee.
At lonely fall of night
Then fast my soul in flight
Wingeth to thee.
Time has no happy hour,
Hope leaves her joyous bower,
And round me shadows lower
So far from thee.
My prayers are with thee.
Still, still my heart is true,
Always its love for you
Faithful shall be.
Sweet days of Peace return,
May Hope's pure light still burn
While here I sadly yearn
Darling, for thee.
Grim bars surround me,
And cruel sentries guard ;
For this I'll seek reward,
Rich heart, from thee.

And when once more in fight
I strive with vengeful might,
Thy tender glance of light
My star shall be.

SUNSHINE.

[The following touching lines were written by a young South Carolinian, a short time before his death, upon the occasion of his mother's opening a shutter to allow the bright rays of the setting sun to illuminate his sick chamber.]

THERE's sunshine in the valley, and
There's sunshine on the hill;
There's sunshine on the glassy lake
And in the sparkling rill;
There's sunshine in the woodland glen
On every leaf and tree,
There's sunshine lavished on the world,
But none of it for me.

There's sunshine in the palace and
Within the peasant's cot;
There's ne'er a nook of earth wherein
The sunshine stealeth not—
The lordly cities, crowded marts,
The hamlet on the lea—
There's sunshine everywhere; but, ah!
There's none of it for me.

I lie upon my couch and hear
The happy world go by—
There's sunshine smiling on each lip
And beaming in each eye.

The mocking bird, the merry child,
The softly humming bee—
Their hearts are full of sunshine,
Why was none of it for me?

Oh, 'twas not meant for me, the joy
That other mortals know ;
It was not meant that I should bask
In sunshine here below,
But, when the gentle hand of death
Shall set my spirit free,
In heaven I'll find that God has made
Some sunshine too for me.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

THE rain is plashing on my sill,
But all the winds of Heaven are still ;
And so, it falls with that dull sound
Which thrills us in the churchyard ground,
When the first spadeful drops like lead
Upon the coffin of the dead.
Beyond my streaming window-pane
I cannot see the neighboring vane ;
Yet from its old familiar tower
The bell comes, muffled, through the shower.
What strange and unsuspected link
Of feeling touched has made me think—
While with a vacant soul and eye
I watch that gray and stony sky—
Of nameless graves on battle plains,
Washed by a single winter's rains,

Where, some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest?
Ah! not the chiefs who, dying, see
Their flags in front of victory,
Or, at their life-blood's noblest cost
Pay for a battle nobly lost,
Claim from their monumental beds
The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot,
By all save some fond few forgot—
Lie the true martyrs of the fight,
Which strikes for freedom and for right.
Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall further tell
Than that so many bravely fell;
And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair, and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
Just such a sky as this should weep
Above them, always, where they sleep;
Yet, haply, at this very hour,
Their graves are like a lover's bower;
And Nature's self, with eyes unwet,
Oblivious of the crimson debt
To which she owes her April grace,
Laughs gayly o'er their burial place.

THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

SING ho ! for the Southerner's meteor flag
As 'tis flung in its pride to the breeze,
From the happy glen and the beetling crag,
'Tis the pride of the land and the seas.

Hurrah ! for the scintillant Cross of Red *
As it waves and glances in light,
Beneath it our brothers grandly tread
To battle for God and Right.

The flag for which Southrons had gladly died
Is the badge of the tyrant now,
And for it no blush of joy or pride
Suffuseth the cheek or brow.

Its stripes are the signs of servitude
Where Power and Hate have wed,
Its once bright stars are quenched in blood
That hireling bands have shed.

Sing ho ! for the Southerner's flag for aye,
And ho ! for its beautiful Cross ;
It shall be the signal of bold array
Where the windy surges toss.

On a traitor's heart be the curses of night
And palsied the craven hand
That fails in the hazard of furious fight
For God and our Native Land.

* The battle-flag of the Confederate States frequently exhibited a red cross upon a blue ground, though the national flag, as finally adopted, had a blue cross upon a ground of red.

Hurrah ! as over the hills it waves
Or is borne on the ocean's breast,
Hurrah ! as it leads our valorous braves,
Or is drooped o'er the Hero's rest.

Whether it greets the uprising sun
Or is bathed in the Western light,
Beneath it shall all our hopes be won
For "God will defend the Right."

CAMP CHASE, OHIO.

COLONEL W. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A.

GONE TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY JOHN ANTROBUS.

THE reaper has left the field,
The mower has left the plain,
And the reaper's hook and the mower's scythe
Are changed to the sword again :
For the voice of a hundred years ago,
When Freedom struck her mightiest blow,
Thrills every heart and brain !

The wayside mill is still,
And the wheel drips all alone,
For the miller's brother, and son, and sire,
And the miller's self are gone ;
And their wives and daughters tarrying still,
With smiles and tears about the mill,
Wave, wave their heroes on !

Yonder with feeble limbs,
A matron with silver hair,
Knelt trembling down on the soldier's path,
And breathed to Heaven a prayer ;

With quivering lips, with streaming eyes,
"O God! preserve these gallant boys,
In battle be Thou there!"

Oh, soldiers! such as these,
Like household memories come,
For a thousand prayers ascend to-day
From those we left at home;
For the red, red field to-night may be
Our couch, our grave—while victory
Shall shout above our tomb!

In battle's bloody hour,
These pictures shall arise
Of mothers, sisters, wives and homes,
And sad and streaming eyes,
And every arm shall stronger be,
For home, for God, for liberty,
And strike while Mercy dies.

HEADQUARTERS, NINTH VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"'Tis the very thing I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead."

He read the list,—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"

"The only son of the Widow Gray,"

Was the proud reply

Of his Captain nigh.

What ails the woman standing near?

Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!

O God! but my heart is sorrow sick!

Is he wounded?" "No! he fell, they say,

Killed outright on that fatal day!"

But see, the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;

Slowly recalled the events of the fight;

Faintly she murmured, "Killed outright!

It has cost me the life of my only son,

But the battle is fought and the victory won;

The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,

And send from the halls of Eternal Day

The light of His peace to illumine her way!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[The following exquisite little poem was written by Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Ga., and originally published, we think, in the *Southern Churchman*. It will commend itself by its touching pathos to all readers. The incident it commemorates was, unfortunately, but too common in both armies.]

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls

Where the dead and the dying lay—

Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—

Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling! so young and so brave!

Wearing still on his pale sweet face—

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—

The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake ;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there ;
Was it a mother's soft and white ?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light ?

God knows best ! He was somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand :
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay—
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
“*Somebody's darling lies buried here!*”

MY ORDER.

BY GORDON M'CABE.

[Said to have been found in the pocket of a wounded soldier, in hospital.]

THIS flower has set me a-dreaming
Of the future for you and for me,
All radiant with golden sunlight,
And as bright as the future must be,

When youth guides the pencil, and Fancy
Holds his colors of crimson and gold,
When Heaven's own blue is above us,
And it seems we shall never grow old.

Sweetly stern the voice that awakes me !
Virginia is calling her sons,
I can hear the tramp of her legions,
And her hill-sides are bristling with guns.

I look at my garb as her soldier,
That is rusty and faded by rain,
And know 'tis no time to be dreaming,
When her foemen are pressing amain.

I will do as did my brave namesake,
Whose sad story our old ballads sing,
When his ladye-love gave him a flower,
Ere he rode to strike for his king.

He placed it beneath his silk-doublet,
With a tender and reverent care :
'Tis "*My Order*," he said, "that forever
I will strive to be worthy to wear."

Charging home with the fiery Rupert,
In the van of old England's best blood,
The gallant went down upon Naseby,
Where the stout-hearted pikemen had stood.

A cut 'cross the beautiful forehead,
The dark love-locks all dripping with gore,
And his lips closely pressed to a flower
That was hid in the scarf that he wore.

So this flower you gave me, dear lady,
I will place 'neath my jacket of gray,
As my "Order" for which to strike boldly,
Charging home, as he did, in the fray.

And if Fate should decree that my life,
Like his to the cause should be given,
I will pray that my soul may be wafted
On this flower's sweet perfume to Heaven.

RICHMOND, VA.

THE JACKET OF GRAY—TO THOSE WHO WORE IT.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride ;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band,
Who rose in defence of our dear Southern land ;
And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it, the jacket of gray !

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,
Commending to Heaven the child of her love ;

What anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say,
When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray

But her country had called him, she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine ;
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy, in his jacket of gray !

Months passed, and war's thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword and lighted the brand ;
We heard in the distance the noise of the fray,
And prayed for our boy, in the jacket of gray.

Ah ! vain all,—all vain were our prayers and our tears,
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears ;
But our treasured one on the cold battle-field lay,
While the life-blood oozed out on the jacket of gray

*Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride ;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

His young comrades found him and tenderly bore
His cold, lifeless form to his home by the shore ;
Oh ! dark were our hearts on that terrible day
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah ! spotted, and tattered, and stained now with gore,
Was the garment which once he so gracefully wore ;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with death's white robes the jacket of gray

We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay,
"He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride ;
For dear must it be to our hearts evermore,
The jacket of gray our loved soldier boy wore.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

HEART VICTORIES.

BY A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

THERE's not a stately hall,
There's not a cottage fair,
That proudly stands on Southern soil,
Or softly nestles there,
But in its peaceful walls
With wealth or comfort blessed,
A stormy battle fierce hath raged
In gentle woman's breast.

There Love, the true, the brave,
The beautiful, the strong,
Wrestles with duty, gaunt and stern,—
Wrestles and struggles long.
He falls, no more again
His giant foe to meet ;
Bleeding at every opening vein,
Love falls at Duty's feet.

O Daughter of the South !
No victor's crown be thine,
Not thine upon the tented field
In martial pomp to shine ;

But, with unfaltering trust
In Him who rules on high,
To deck thy loved ones for the fray,
And send them forth to die.

With wildly throbbing heart,
With faint and trembling breath,
The maiden speeds her lover on
To victory or death ;
Forth from caressing arms
The mother sends her son,
And bids him nobly battle on
Till the last field is won.

While she, the tried, the true,
The loving wife of years,
Chokes down the rising agony,
Drives back the starting tears ;
"I yield thee up," she cries,
"In the country's cause to fight ;
Strike for our own, our children's home,
And God defend the right."

O Daughter of the South !
When our fair land is free,
When peace her lovely mantle throws
Softly o'er land and sea,
History shall tell how thou
Hast nobly borne thy part,
And won the proudest triumph yet—
The victory of the heart.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

DEDICATED TO THE MARYLAND PRISONERS AT FORT WARREN.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

THERE is no day, however darkly clouded,
But hath a brighter sun ;
There is no truth, however falsely shrouded,
But hath its martyrs won ;
No grief that bringeth not some consolation
When the first pang is past,
No loss without its hidden compensation,
To heal or soothe at last.
So in this hour, when even justice slumbers,
Our courage shall not fail—
Might is not right, and strength lies not in numbers,
Nor will the strong prevail.
The few, alas, must suffer for the many,
O brave and chosen few !
The loss of freedom, always sad to any,
Is still more sad for you,
Whose native State is held in base subjection,
A camp for arméd men,
Whose native city waits in proud dejection
Her liberty again.
Be yours the place of honor, yours the crowning,
Yours is the leader's right,
Who, where those wave-washed dungeon walls are frown-
ing,
Have fought the noblest fight.
There, with the shield the Constitution granted,
WALLIS defends our cause ;
And good "KING GEORGE," the fearless and undaunted,
Resists a tyrant's laws.

There SCOTT has shown us how, with faith unswerving,
E'en bondage may be borne ;
How Roman firmness, patient in deserving,
Can never be upturn.
There, round the temples of another HOWARD,
The " Old Line " laurels bloom ;
There BROWN, beneath whose rule all treason cowered
Receives a traitor's doom.
There THOMAS, JORDAN, and a host of heroes,
Do honor to their name ;
While perjured *Seward*, last and worst of Neros,
Sets all the world aflame !
Dear Maryland ! thy children will not shame thee,
Nor aid thy feet to fall ;
Let those who choose to question, dare to blame thee,
Fort Warren answers all.

ADDRESS TO THE EXCHANGED PRISONERS.

BY S. T. WALLIS.

[On the 31st of July, 1862, all the prisoners of war in Fort Warren (about two hundred and fifty soldiers of the Confederate army) embarked for Fortress Monroe, to be exchanged. They left in Fort Warren fourteen gentlemen, who were imprisoned under the designation of "political prisoners." These were all Marylanders by birth; all but one (Mr Winder) were residents in that State when arrested. On their behalf the following lines were addressed to their departing friends.]

THE anchors are weighed, and the gates of your prison
Fall wide, as your ship gives her prow to the foam,
And a few hurried hours shall return you exulting
Where the flag you have fought for floats over your
home.

God send that not long shall its folds be uplifted
O'er fields dark and sad with the trail of the fight—
God give it the triumph He always hath given,
Or sooner or later, to valor and right.

But if peace may not yet wreathe your homes with her
olive,

And new victims are still round the altar to bleed,
God shield you amid the red bolts of the battle,
God give you stout hearts for high thought and brave
deed !

No need we should bid you go strike for your freedom,
You have stricken like men for its blessings before ;
And your homes and your loved ones, your wrongs and
your manhood,

Will nerve you to fight the good fight o'er and o'er.

But will you not think, as you wave your glad banners,
How the flag of old Maryland, trodden in shame,
Lies sullied and torn in the dust of her highways?

And will ye not strike a fresh blow in her name?

Her mothers have sent their first born to be with you,
Wherever with blood there are fields to be won,
Her daughters have wept for you, clad you, and nursed
you,

Their hopes and their vows and their smiles are your
own.

Let her cause be your cause, and whenever the war-cry
Bids you rush to the field, oh, remember her too !
And when freedom and peace shall be blended in glory,
Oh, count it your shame, if she be not with you !

And if, in the hour when pride, honor, and duty
Shall stir every throb in the hearts of brave men,
The wrongs of the helpless can quicken such pulses,
Let the captives at Warren give flame to them then.

LINES WRITTEN IN FORT WARREN.

BY G. W. B.

WILD flowers gathered from the hills,
Sunlit clouds on evening sky,
Shadows dancing o'er the rills,
Brief as these our pleasures die.

Dews that fall from pitying skies
Sparkle in the morning ray,
Tears that dim the watcher's eye
Change to smiles with dawning day.

Good and evil mingle so
In the checkered web of life,
Whether best we do not know,
Joy or sorrow, peace or strife.

Even may these prison walls
Preach a lesson large and free,
Vainly taught in stoic halls,
Better sung by poesy.

Calmly moves the steadfast soul
On its Heaven-appointed way,
Brave and strong in self-control,
Rivet fetters as you may.

Doing battle, like a knight,
'Gainst a host in stricken field;
Treble armed by sense of right,
Christ's red cross upon his shield.

Bright flowers on the ramparts bloom
By the cannon frowning there
Breathing all around perfume
While war's drum-beat rends the air

Lives of captives have shed fragrance
Sweet as breath of summer flowers,
And their deeds a holy radiance,
Such as gild these evening hours.

FORT WARREN, Sept. 3, 1862.

BUTLER'S PROCLAMATION.

[“It is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, *she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town, plying her vocation.*”]—Butler's Order at New Orleans.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Ay! drop the treacherous mask! throw by
The cloak which veiled thine instincts fell,
Stand forth thou base incarnate lie,
Stamped with the signet brand of hell.
At last we view thee as thou art—
A trickster with a demon's heart.

Off with disguise! no quarter now
To rebel honor! thou would'st strike
Hot blushes up the anguished brow,
And murder fame and strength alike.
Beware! ten million hearts aflame
Will burn with hate thou canst not tame.

We know thee now ! we know thy race !

Thy dreadful purpose stands revealed
Naked before the nation's face !

Comrades ! let mercy's fount be sealed,
While the black banner courts the wind,
And cursed be he who lags behind !

Oh ! soldiers, husbands, brothers, sires !

Think that each stalwart blow ye give
Shall quench the rage of lustful fires,

And bid your glorious women live
Pure from a wrong whose tainted breath
Were fouler than the foulest death.

Oh ! soldiers, lovers, Christians, men !

Think that each breeze that floats and
O'er the red field, from mount or glen,

Is burdened with a maiden's sighs ;
And each false soul that turns to flee,
Consigns his love to infamy !

No pity ! let your thirsty brands,

Drink their warm fill at caitiff veins,
Dip deep in blood your wrathful hands,

Nor pause to wipe those crimson stains.
Slay ! slay ! with ruthless sword and will
The God of vengeance bids you "kill !"

Yes ! but there's one who shall not die

In battle harness ! one for whom
Lurks in the darkness silently

Another and a sterner doom !
A warrior's end should crown the brave,
For *him*, strong cord and felon grave !

As loathsome charnel vapors melt,
Swept by the rushing winds to naught,
So may this fiend of lust and guilt
Die like a nightmare's hideous thought.
Naught left to mark the monster's name,
Save—immortality of shame!

THE GUERILLAS.

BY S. T. WALLIS.

AWAKE and to horse! my brothers,
For the dawn is glimmering gray,
And hark! in the crackling brushwood
There are feet that tread this way!

"Who cometh?" "A friend!" "What tidings?"
"O God! I sicken to tell;
For the earth seems earth no longer,
And its sights are sights of hell!

"There's rapine, and fire, and slaughter,
From the mountain down to the shore:
There's blood on the trampled harvest
And blood on the homestead floor!

"From the far-off conquered cities
Comes the voice of a stifled wail,
And the shrieks and moans of the houseless,
Ring out like a dirge on the gale!

"I've seen from the smoking village,
Our mothers and daughters fly!
I've seen where the little children
Sank down in the furrows to die!

“On the banks of the battle-stained river
I stood, as the moonlight shone,
And it glared on the face of my brother,
As the sad wave swept him on !

“Where my home was glad are ashes,
And horror and shame had been there ;
For I found on the fallen lintel
This tress of my wife’s torn hair !

“They are turning the slave upon us,
And with more than the fiend’s worst art,
Have uncovered the fires of the savage,
That slept in his untaught heart !

“The ties to our hearths that bound him,
They have rent with curses away,
And maddened him with their madness,
To be almost as brutal as they.

“With halter, and torch, and Bible,
And hymns, to the sound of the drum,
They preach the gospel of murder,
And pray for lust’s kingdom to come !

“To saddle ! to saddle ! my brothers !
Look up to the rising sun,
And ask of the God who shines there,
Whether deeds like these shall be done.

“Wherever the Vandal cometh,
Press home to his heart with your steel,
And where’er at his bosom ye cannot,
Like the serpent, go strike at his heel.

“Through thicket and wood go hunt him,
Creep up to his camp-fire side,
And let ten of his corpses blacken
Where one of our brothers hath died !

“In his fainting, foot-sore marches,
In his flight from the stricken fray,
In the snare of the lonely ambush,
The debts that we owe him, pay !

“In God’s hand alone is judgment,
But He strikes with hands of men,
And His blight would wither our manhood,
If we smote not the smiter again.

“By the graves where our fathers slumber,
By the shrines where our mothers prayed,
By our homes, and hopes, and freedom,
Let every man swear on his blade—

“That he will not sheathe nor stay it,
Till from point to heft it glow,
With the flush of Almighty vengeance,
In the blood of the felon foe !”

They swore ; and the answering sunlight
Leaped red **from** their lifted swords,
And the hate in **their** hearts made echo
To the wrath in their burning words !

There’s weeping in all New England,
And by Schuylkill’s banks a knell,
And the widows there, and the orphans,
How the oath was kept can tell.

JOET WARREN.

AT FORT PILLOW.

BY JAMES E. RANDALL.

You shudder as you think upon
The carnage of the grim report—
The desolation when we won
The inner trenches of the Fort.

But there are deeds you may not know,
That scourge the pulses into strife,
Dark memories of deathless woe,
Pointing the bayonet and knife.

The house is ashes where I dwelt,
Beyond the mighty inland sea,
The tombstones shattered where I knelt
By that old church in Pointe Coupée.

The Yankee fiends that came with fire,
Camped on the consecrated sod,
And trampled in the dust and mire
The holy eucharist of God!

The spot where darling mother sleeps,
Beneath the glimpse of yon sad moon,
Is crushed with splintered marble heaps,
To stall the horse of some dragoon!

God! when I ponder that black day,
It makes my frantic spirit wince,
I marched—with Longstreet—far away,
But have beheld the ravage since.

The tears are hot upon my face,
When thinking what bleak fate befell
The only sister of our race—
A thing too horrible to tell.

They say, that ere her senses fled,
She, rescue of her brothers cried,
Then feebly bowed her stricken head,
Too pure to live thus—so she died.

Two of those brothers heard no plea,
With their proud hearts forever still—
John shrouded by the Tennessee,
And Arthur at the Malvern Hill.

But I have heard it everywhere
Vibrating like a passing knell,
'Tis as perpetual as the air,
And solemn as a funeral bell.

By scorched lagoon or murky swamp
My wrath was never in the lurch,
I've killed the picket in his camp,
And many a pilot on his perch.

With deadly rifle, sharpened brand,
A week ago, upon my steed,
With Forrest and his warrior band,
I made the hell-hounds writhe and bleed.

You should have seen our leader go
Upon the battle's burning marge,
Swooping like falcon on the foe,
Heading the gray line's iron charge!

The Southern yell rang loud and high
The moment that we thundered in,
Smiting the demons hip and thigh,
Cleaving them to the very chin.

My right arm bared for fiercer play,
The left one held the rein in slack,
In all the fury of the fray
I sought the white man, *not the black.*

The dabbled clots of brain and gore
Across the swirling sabres ran;
To me each brutal visage bore
The front of one accursed man.

All exiles from our ruined marts,
We heard th' undying serpent hiss,
And in the desert of our hearts
The fatal spell of Nemesis.

Throbbing along the frenzied vein
My blood seemed kindled into song,
The death-dirge of the sacred slain,
The slogan of immortal wrong.

It glared athwart the dripping glaives;
It blazed in each avenging eye—
The thought of desecrated graves,
And some lone sister's desperate cry.

BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE

For sixty days, and longer,
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round as in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be the ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days, and longer,
The eye of heaven waxed dim,
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian's prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends of air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
'Mid the silent thrill of hearts ;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled—
Their pure, bright faces raised,
Just for a wondering moment
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed ;

Then turned with silvery laughter,
To the sports which children love,
Thrice mailed in this instinctive thought,
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse—
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of gloom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hand of angels,
These death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of Heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide ;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts,
The people strode with a step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

COLUMBIA, S. C., AUGUST 6, 1862.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

In a sheltered nook on Potomac's shore,
Where the earth is crimsoned with Southern gore,
Sparkles and bubbles a little spring,
Which never ceases its lay to sing
Over a lonely grave.

'Tis a spot that was made for peace and rest,
Where Nature in richest robes is dressed,
Where the birds confidently build their nests,
And the weeping willows wave.

Many a wounded Southern brave
Has dragged himself here his brow to lave,
And to drink of the waters clear and bright,
Which flashed and glanced in the moon's soft light,
Unheeding his anguished moan.
And the carpet of green around it spread,
Has pillowed full many a weary head ;
And many a soul from that grassy bed
Has passed to the dark unknown.

Yet only one hillock, mossy and green,
By that joyous dancing spring is seen,
Where the sighing winds wake a mournful wail,
And the ringdove moans through the evening gale,
And the firs their tall heads rear.
Of the countless hosts who in battle fell,
Or of those whose death-hour none can tell,
Whose souls passed out from this shaded dell,
But *one* lies buried here.

And who was he? a brave young boy,
Of his Southern home the pride and joy ;
The pet and darling of every heart,
That in his bright life had shared a part,
But seventeen summers old.
Oh ! what a terrible grief was theirs,
As back in their souls they crushed their fears,
And sent him forth with prayers and tears
From the parental fold.

Precious as was the boy to all,
They gave him up at his country's call.
Honor to him was dearer than life,
And he panted to enter the field of strife,
 And shine on the roll of fame.
With a crown of blessing on his head,
He on to the field of glory sped,
The blood of his pure young heart to shed,
 And to win himself a name.

Bravely he bore him in the fray,
And wonder-struck were our boys in gray,
To see the youth with flashing eye,
Press on while shouting the battle-cry,
 To the thickest of the fight.
His dauntless mien, his bearing bold,
His face of rare and beauteous mould,
His head with its clustering waves of gold,
 Seemed filling the field with light.

O'er the scene of blood came a joyous cry,
The enemy falter—they fly, they fly!
And as the smoke of battle rose,
In circling wreaths above their foes,
 They were seen from the field to run.
The gallant boy, his proud head raised,
While every feature with triumph blazed,
And now he cried, "May our God be praised
 For the victory we have won."

With kindling cheek and glistening eye,
"Ay, *this*," he said, "were a time to *die*!"
The words from his lips had barely passed,
When a rushing sound came on the blast,
 And the boy fell on the plain.

'Twas a bullet that whistling through the air,
With pitiless blow struck the temple fair,
Right in the waves of his golden hair—
He never rose again.

Rude men shed tears o'er that noble boy,
So suddenly called in his hour of joy,
When closed had seemed the murderous strife,
And saved through all that bright young life,
To shine on glory's roll.
They bore him away to the shaded dell,
And laid him to rest in his narrow cell,
Where the mourning pines sighed out a knell
For the departed soul.

It was meet, they thought, that one so fair
Should be laid in that spot of beauty rare,
Where the birds might warble o'er his grave,
And the foliage green above him wave,
With the bright spring singing near.
And this is why that of all who fell,
Or of those whose death-hour none can tell,
Whose souls passed out from this shaded dell,
But *one* lies buried here.

CHARLESTON, JUNE 7.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

SIC JURAT.

[Ticknor, of Georgia, the true poet, has thus eloquently eulogized, in the lines below, the noble qualities of the sons of Virginia.]

THE knightliest of the knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamps of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold—

The kindest of the kindly band
Who rarely hated ease,
Yet rode with Smith around the land
And Raleigh round the seas !

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Amid embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose ;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of many homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept ! these sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires !
But still the Golden Horse-shoe knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep.

ASHBY.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

To the brave all homage render !
Weep, ye skies of June !
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, O saddened moon !
“ *Dead upon the field of glory !*”—
Hero fit for song and story—
Lies our bold dragoon !

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought 'gainst Moor nor Paynim—
Rode at Templestowe :
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us,
Went he forth, we know.

Never more, alas ! shall sabre
Gleam around his crest—
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,
Stilled his manly breast—
All unheard sweet Nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
Gently wrap his clay !
Linger lovingly around him,
Light of dying day !
Softly fall the summer showers—
Birds and bees among the flowers
Make the gloom seem gay !

There, throughout the coming ages,
When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages—
Mindful of her trust,
Shall VIRGINIA, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
Keep above his dust !

GEN. JOHN B. FLOYD.

BY EULALIE.

THE noble hero calmly sleeps,
Unheeding all life's surging woes ;
An angel-guard its vigil keeps
About his couch of deep repose.

How still that brain, once full of thought,
How calm that pulse which wildly beat—
Grim death the mighty change hath wrought,
And now he lies in rest most sweet.

Hushed to his ear the siren's song,
Hushed is the clarion trump of fame ;
No more applauds the list'ning throng,
His bold tones thrill them not again.

Virginia mourns her gallant son,
Whose voice of wisdom charmed her heart ;
How many a noble conquest won
When he from virtue would not part.

And on the battle's gory field,
When foes assailed our Southern land,
His dauntless spirit would not yield,
But boldly met th' invading band.

What anxious cares his soul harassed,
What sleepless nights his pillow found ;
But now those bitter pangs are passed,
He heeds no more the bugle's sound.

He sleeps in Jesus—blissful sleep!—
His cares forgotten, sorrows o'er ;
With loved ones, where no eye doth weep,
He treads in peace th' eternal shore.

That eagle eye now sweeps through space
And reads the open book of love ;
That voice shall to the Lamb give praise,
While endless cycles onward move !

WOODLAWN, VA., APRIL, 1866.

DIRGE FOR ASHBY.

BY MRS. M. J. PRESTON.

HEARD ye that thrilling word—
Accent of dread!—
Fall like a thunderbolt,
Bowing each head?
Over the battle dun—
Over each booming gun—
Ashby, our bravest one!
Ashby is dead!

Saw ye the veterans—
Hearts that had known
Never a quail of fear,
Never a groan—
Sob 'mid the fight they win,
Tears their stern eyes within?
Ashby, our paladin!
Ashby is dead!

Dash, dash the tear away !
Crush down the pain !
Dulce et decus be
Fittest refrain.
Why should the dreary pall
Round him be flung at all ?
Did not our hero fall
Gallantly slain ?

Catch the last words of cheer
Dropped from his tongue !
Over the volley's din
Let them be rung !
" *Follow me ! Follow me !*"
Soldier ! oh ! could there be
Pæan or dirge for thee
Loftier sung ?

Bold as the Lion's Heart—
Dauntless and brave ;
Knightly as knightliest
Bayard could crave ;
Sweet—with all Sidney's grace—
Tender as Hampden's face—
Who, who shall fill the space
Void by his grave ?

'Tis not one broken heart
Wild with dismay—
Crazed in her agony—
Weeps o'er his clay !
Ah ! from a thousand eyes
Flow the pure tears that rise—
Widowed VIRGINIA lies
Stricken to-day !

Yet charge as gallantly,
Ye whom he led !
Jackson, the victor, still
Stands at your head !
Heroes ! be battle done,
Bravelier every one,
Nerved by the thought alone—
Ashby is dead !

VIRGINIA'S DEAD.

Proud mother of a race that reared
The brave and good of ours,
Lo ! on thy bleeding bosom lie
Thy pale and perished flowers.
Where'er upon her own bright soil
Hosts meet their blood to shed,
Where brightest gleams the victor's sword,
There lie Virginia's dead.

And where upon the crimson field
The cannon loudest roars,
And hero blood for liberty
A streaming torrent pours ;
Where fiercest glows the battle's rage,
And Southern banners spread,
Where minions crouch and vassals kneel,
There lie Virginia's dead.

Where bright Potomac's classic wave
Flows softly to the sea,
And Shenandoah's Valley smiles
In her captivity ;

Where sullen Mississippi rolls,
By foaming torrents fed,
And Tennessee's smooth ripple breaks,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where 'mid dreary mountain heights
The frost-king sternly sate,
As Garnett cheered his followers on,
And nobly met his fate ;
Where Johnson, Lee, and Beauregard
Their gallant armies led,
Through winter snows and tropic suns,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where through Georgia's flowery meads
The proud Savannah flows,
And soft o'er Carolina's brow
Atlantic's pure breeze blows ;
Where Florida's sweet tropic flowers
Their dewy fragrance shed,
And night-winds sigh through orange groves,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

Where sad Louisiana's eye
Looks darkly on her chains,
And proud New Orleans' noble street
The despot's heel profanes ;
Where virtue shrinks in dread dismay,
And beauty bows her head,
Where courage spurns the oppressors' yoke,
There lie Virginia's dead.

'Neath Alabama's sunny skies,
On Texas' burning shore,
Where blooming prairies brightly sweep
Missouri's bosom o'er—

Where bold Kentucky's lion heart
Leaps to her Morgan's tread,
And tyrants quail at Freedom's cry,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where the ocean's trackless waves
O'er pallid corpses sweep,
As, 'mid the cannon's thunder peal,
"Deep calleth unto deep ;"
Wherever Honor's sword is drawn,
And Justice rears her head,
Where heroes fall and martyrs bleed,
There rest Virginia's dead.

THE ASHBYS.*

BY DANIEL BENDINGER LUCAS, OF VA.

AND lo! there galloped through the gate of war
Two brothers, riding side by side, with spurs,
And nodding plumes, and swords that gleamed in air,
And eyes like day when first the sun appears.
They strode their steeds as Neptune strides the sea ;
And mane to mane, they bounded through the Vale,
Like music, or like laughter on the gale,
And smiled at Danger, as more brave than he.

Their long black locks did court our Southern wind,
Which left the orange-buds and citron-grove
To follow them, though often left behind,
'Plaining in soft Æolian sighs of love.
One fatal morning laid the younger low—
No more by rattling hoof of his the fawn
Was startled as she browsed the hill at dawn—
No more his bugle-blast struck terror to the foe.

* Turner and Richard Ashby.

His brother dead, like Leda's Jove-born son
On milk-white steed among the Argive youth,
The ASHBY 'mid his Southern comrades shone,
Craving one immortality for both;
Full oft at dawn Potomac saw him nigh,
His beard upon his charger flowing free—
" (A black-swan's wing upon the frothy sea)
The war-gaze filling all his dark, romantic eye.

By eve the fount far up some Hampshire dell
Laughed in the snowy fetlocks of his steed;
The Star-begotten River knew him well—
Oft broke his image on her rocky bed;
And Tuscarora, with her maiden mien,
Swayed to the horseman as he rode beside,
Silent as she, and deeper than her tide,
A knightly form as ever water-nymph had seen.

Stern only to the foe, his name a spell
Won on the soldier-hearts, and made him dear—
Till off the edge of war the Ashby fell—
Dropped from the cope, and went out like a star
Here lie the twain; their epitaph be this:
"These brothers, struggling one just cause to gain,
One immortality achieved in vain;
And now together sleep in one sweet dream of peace

"They are not Death's! Relinquished all his claim!
Their deeds to History and immortal song,
Their souls to God, their memories to Fame,
Their ashes to Virginia belong!"
Sleep, heroes! with no weight but flowers, sleep!
Your mother, like the Osprey, makes her nest
For you with feathers plucked from her own breast,
Until the trumpet sound—then, Sea-birds! wing the deep!

THE COUNTERSIGN.

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoor-will.
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound ;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track ;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back.
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stop and peer—
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until mine eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerillas into stone ;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the weird old tulip-trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think on other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night—
The deep bay-windows fringed with vine,
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, pure white hand in mine ;

The timid pressure, and the pause
That oftentimes o'ercame our speech—
That time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

So rose the dream—so passed the night—
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the sombre height,
I heard the measured march of men ;
Till, over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,
I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

“Halt ! who goes there ?” my challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line.
“Relief !” I hear a voice reply.
“Advance, and give the countersign.”
With bayonet at the charge I wait,
The corporal gives the mystic spell ;
With arms at port I charge my mate,
And onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
I think, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
Whene'er the angelic sentries call ?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
That when I near the camp divine,
Whether in travail or in pain,
I then may have the countersign.

THE COLOR-BEARER.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE shock of battle swept the lines,
And wounded men, and slain,
Lay thick as lie in summer fields
The ridgy swaths of grain.

The deadly volleys belched their fire,
The raking cannon pealed ;
The lightning-flash of bayonets
Went glittering round the field.

On rushed the gallant "*Twenty-fourth*"
Against the bristling guns,
Whose blaze could daunt or dazzle them
No more than could the sun's.

It mattered not though heads went down,
Though stately steps were stayed—
Though rifles dropped from bleeding hands,
And ghastly gaps were made.

"Close up!" was still the stern command,
And, with unwavering tread,
They held right on—though well they knew
They tracked their way with dead.

As fast they pressed, with laboring breath,
Clinched teeth and knitted frown,
The sharp and sudden cry rang out—
"The color-bearer's down!"

Quick to the front sprang eagerly
The youngest of the band,
And caught the flag still tightly held
Within the fallen hand.

With cheer, he reared it high again,
Yet claimed an instant's pause
To lift the dying man and see
Whose pallid face it was.

"Forward !" the captain shouted loud,
Still "Forward !" and the men
Caught madly up the shrill command,
And shrieked it out again.

But moveless stood the fair-faced boy,
Without a foot's advance ;
Until the captain shook his arm,
And roused him from his trance.

His home had flashed upon his sight—
That blessed and sunny spot ;
He did not hear the crashing shells,
Nor heed the hissing shot.

He saw his mother wring her hands,
He heard his sister's cries ;
And tears were on his girl-like cheek,
And grief was in his eyes.

The touch dissolved the spell—he knew,
He felt the fearful stir ;
He raised his head, and softly said—
"He was my brother, sir !"

Then grasping firm the crimson flag,
He flung it free and high ;
While patriot passion stanch'd his tears,
And drank his sorrow dry.

Between his close-set teeth he spake,
And hard he drew his breath—
"I'll bear this flag to victory,
Or bear it, sir, to death !"

The bellowing batteries thundered on,
The sulph'rous smoke rose higher,
And from the columns in their front
Poured forth the galling fire.

But where the bullets thickest fell,
Where hottest raged the fight,
The steady colors tossed aloft
Their trail of crimson light.

Firm and indomitable still
The "*Twenty-fourth*" moved on—
A dauntless remnant only left—
The brave threescore were gone !

And now once more the cry arose,
Which not the guns could drown—
"Ho, boys ! up with the flag again !
The color-bearer's down !"

They sought to loose his grasp, but fast
He clung with iron will ;
"The arm that's broken is my *left*,
So I can hold it still."

And "*Forward! Forward! 'Twenty-fourth!'*"
Rang out above the roar;
When suddenly the guiding flag
Sank, and was seen no more.

And when the fiery fight was done,
And from the bloody field
The battered "*Twenty-fourth*" withdrew,
Because they would not yield;—

They found a boy whose face still wore
A look resolved and grand—
A rent and riddled flag close clutched
Within his shattered hand.

OUR MARTYRS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE

I AM sitting lone and weary
On the hearth of my darkened room,
And the low wind's *miserere*
Makes sadder the midnight gloom;
There's a terror that's nameless nigh me,
There's a phantom spell in the air,
And methinks that the dead glide by me,
And the breath of the grave's in my hair.

'Tis a vision of ghastly faces,
All pallid, and worn with pain,
Where the splendor of manhood's graces
Gives place to a gory stain;

In a wild and weird procession
They sweep by my startled eyes,
And, stern with their fate's fruition,
Seem melting in blood-red skies.

Have they come from the shores supernal,
Have they passed from the spirit's goal,
'Neath the veil of the life eternal,
To dawn on my shrinking soul?
Have they turned from the choiring angels,
Aghast at the woe and dearth
That War, with his dark evangels,
Hath wrought in the loved of earth?

Vain dream! 'mid the far-off mountains
They lie, where the dew-mists weep,
And the murmur of mournful fountains
Breaks over their painful sleep;
On the breast of the lonely meadows,
Safe, safe from the despot's will,
They rest in the star-lit shadows,
And their brows are white and still.

Alas! for the martyred heroes
Cut down at their golden prime,
In a strife with the brutal Neroes,
Who blacken the path of Time!
For them is the voice of wailing,
And the sweet blush-rose departs
From the cheeks of the maidens, paling
O'er the wreck of their broken hearts.

And alas! for the vanished glory
Of a thousand household spells!
And alas! for the tearful story
Of the spirit's fond farewells!

By the flood, on the field, in the forest,
Our bravest have yielded breath,
But the shafts that have smitten sorest
Were launched by a viewless death.

Oh, Thou, that hast charms of healing,
Descend on a widowed land,
And bind o'er the wounds of feeling
The balms of Thy mystic hand !
Till the hearts that lament and languish,
Renewed by the touch divine,
From the depths of a mortal anguish
May rise to the calm of Thine !

DIED

In the city of Richmond, on the 23d of December, 1863, from wounds received in the first battle before Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, while serving as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, ARTHUR ROBINSON, aged twenty-one years, son of Dr. A. C. and Rosa Wirt Robinson, of Baltimore. Brave amidst danger, cheerful under trials, and kind to every one, the piety which marked his life was brightly manifested during the protracted sufferings of his last illness. Neither the skill of physicians nor the devotion of friends could save him. He was buried in a beautiful spot of his own selection in Hollywood Cemetery, overlooking the falls of the James River.

GONE from the tumult—gone from the strife,
From the evil times that sadden life ;
When the skies are dark with the battle's gloom,
And the air is rent with the cannon's boom :
Gone !

Never again shall the rallying-cry
Waken the gleam of his earnest eye ;
Nor fall again on his straining ear
The ringing swell of his comrade's cheer :
Gone !

In the early flush of his manhood's prime,
When 'neath him were golden the sands of time ;
Hopeful and earnest, brave and true,
With a heart to feel, and a will to do :

Gone !

Weep ! for the tears become ye well,
Whose hearts the worth of the loss can tell ;
And each sacred drop on his grave that falls,
Some charm of his beautiful life recalls :

Gone !

Joy ! after the night, the morning breaks,
The cup of grief the comforter takes ;
And the eye of Faith looks up to the spheres,
Untroubled by sorrows, unstained by tears :

Joy !

Joy ! for the soldier whose fight is o'er ;
Joy ! for the heart that shall ache no more ;
Joy ! that the harp for the sword is given,
And the battle-cries for the songs of Heaven :

Joy !

THE WRECK OF THE "FLORIDA'S" BOAT.

BY "LUOLA."

[On the 19th of July, 1864, Midshipman WILLIAM BEVERLEY SINCLAIR, of Virginia, was in charge of one of the boats of the Confederate States steamer *Florida*, engaged in transporting stores to the ship, at sea. Being too heavily laden, the boat sank. All the crew were saved, except this brave young officer, but eighteen years of age, who seeing one of the crew, who could not swim, struggling in the waves, gave to him an oar, upon which he might have supported himself, and drowned before assistance could be rendered him.]

Oh ! many a youth has fallen,
Out on the battle plain ;
And many a one has met the foe,
To feel a prisoner's chain ;

And many in captivity
Have found a lonely grave ;
But none more noble than the youth
Who sank beneath the wave.

The Florida stood off the coast,
And with a gallant band
He guided o'er the darkling waves,
A boat with steady hand.
Brave hearts were theirs, and stalwart forms,
And sturdy arms and true,
That plied with measured stroke the oar
Along the waters blue.

But heavily they ploughed the deep,
And oft an anxious eye
Was turned towards the distant ship
And to the darkling sky.
But one young heart still hopefully
Mused on the bold emprise,
And gazed upon the Florida
With bright and beaming eyes.

Meanwhile the night came slowly down
Upon a threatening sea ;
The ship still far to windward bears,
Her boat upon her lee.
And still they plied the bending oar,
Brave hearts their strength maintaining ;
"And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing."

But hark ! a cry breaks from the crew—
She sinks ! that gallant bark !
The waves dash o'er her laden sides—
And o'er the waters dark,

One voice alone, still calm and clear,
His parting orders gave ;
And 'neath the pale, dim, starry sky,
They leap into the wave.

And when at midnight's dreary hour,
That little weary band
Tell of the gallant foundered boat,
Fast by their native land ;
All, all are there, save he the pride
Of that bold, daring crew,
Who launched at evening's gleaming hour
Upon the waters blue.

* * * * *

They sought their lonely hammocks
To dream but of the grave,
And of the gallant sailor-boy
Who slept beneath the wave.
And gently as a mother lays
Her cherished ones to rest,
Old Ocean wound his snowy waves
Around his manly breast.

TOO YOUNG TO DIE.

BY JOHN B. SMITH.

[Among those killed in the battles before Nashville, was a beautiful Confederate boy-soldier, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. Shot through the breast, the little hero lay on the bloody field in death, as fair as a woman, and with a form symmetrical as that of an Apollo. Such a youthful victim to the awful horrors of war was indeed a sacrifice calculated to dim the coldest eye with tears, and awaken the most mournful feelings of pity in the stoniest heart.]

On the hard-fought field, where the battle-storm
Had echoed its sullen thunder,
Lay a soldier child with the golden thread
Of his young life snapped asunder.

He had comrades stark, in the great death-sleep,
Lying cold in their bloody places,
But they were bearded men with stalwart frames,
And man's look on their faces.

But this soldier child with his silken locks
O'er his smooth, white forehead sweeping,
With a horrid wound in his brave young breast,
Seemed too fair for Death's grim keeping.

For his beardless face, in its calm repose,
Bore the mark of beauty's finger,
And his fine, sweet mouth seemed the tempting spot
Where a woman's lips would linger.

Like slender shadows on fleecy snow,
O'er his cheek crept the fringing lashes
Of the white closed lids of his great, dark eyes,
All veined with faint azure flashes.

O'er the wounded breast, with a touching grace
His delicate hands were folded,
With a meek, soft clasp, as if for a prayer,
Their dying shape was moulded.

I thought, as beside this warrior child
Mine own young head was bending,
That, perhaps, an angel mother's prayers
Were heavenward then ascending.

That the arm of the Father who dwelleth where
Sweet peace is never ending,
Might be found in the battle's dreaded hour
Her darling boy defending.

I thought how the voice of the false-faced world
Would waft her the mournful story,
With its pompous words for a healing balm,
And its mocking meed of glory.

But that mother's heart with its hopeless grief
And its mighty pain is aching,—
The chaplet of Fame is a withered wreath
When a mother's heart is breaking.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1864.

MISSING.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

Nor among the suffering wounded;
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners—"Missing."
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother read it over,
Until, through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her, all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning-glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Through the window comes that fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragment songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn.

And the rich breath of the garden,
Where the golden melons lie ;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine,
Leaning in her easy chair,
With soft lines upon her forehead
And the silver in her hair ;

Blind to sunshine—dead to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn ;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first born.

How he left her in the spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footstep,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming
As he kissed a last " Good-by,"
Yet she heard him whistling gayly
As he went across the rye.

" Missing !"—Why should *he* be missing ;
He would fight until he fell ;
And if wounded, killed, or pris'ner,
Some one there would be to tell.

" Missing."—Still a hope to cheer her !
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victorious army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum !

So through all the days of Autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Or she will hush the household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

* * * * *

Far away, through all the Autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade;
In the dreary desolation
That the battle-storm has made;


With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves
Lies her noble-browed first born.

"MINDING THE GAP."

BY MOLLIE E. MOORE.

THERE is a radiant beauty on the hills,
The year before us walks with added bloom,
But, ah! 'tis but the hectic flush that lights
The pale consumptive to an early tomb;
The dying glory that plays around the day
When that which made it bright hath fled away!

A mistiness broods in the air—the swell
Of east winds slowly weaving autumn's pall,
With dirge-like sadness wanders up the dell,
And red leaves from the maple branches fall



With scarce a sound ! 'Tis strange, mysterious rest,
Hath nature bound the Lotus to her breast ?

But hark ! a long and mellow cadence wakes
The echoes from their rocks ! how clear and high
Among the rounded hills its gladness breaks,
And floats like incense toward the vaulted sky !

It is the harvest anthem ! a triumph tone,
It rises like these swelling notes of old,
That welcomed Ceres to her golden throne,
When through the crowded streets the charriots rolled.
It is the laborers' chorus, for the reign
Of plenty hath begun—the golden grain !

How cheeks are flushed with triumph, as the fields
Bow to our feet with riches ! How the eyes
Grow full with gladness as they yield
Their ready treasures ! How hearts arise
To join with gladness in the mellow chime,
"The harvest time—the glorious harvest time !"

It is the harvest, and the gathered corn
Is piled in yellow heaps about the field,
And homely wagons, from the break of morn
Until the sun glows like a crimson shield
In the far West, go staggering homeward bound,
And with the dry husks strew the trampled ground.

It is the harvest, and an hour ago
I sat with half-closed eyes beside the "spring,"
And listened idly to its dreamy flow,
And heard afar the gay and ceaseless ring
Of song and labor from the harvesters—
Heard faint and careless as a sleeper hears.

My little brother came with bounding step,
And bent him low beside the shaded stream,
And from the fountains drank with eager lip—
While I, half-rousing from my dream,
Asked where he'd spent this still September day,
"Chasing the wrens, or on the hills at play?"

Backward he tossed his golden head, and threw
A glance disdainful on my idle hands,
And with a proud light in his eye of blue
Answered, as deep his bare feet in the sands
He thrust, and waved his baby hand in scorn—
"Ah, no! down at the cornfield since the morn
I've been
Minding the gap!

"Minding the gap!" My former dream was gone,
Another in its place! I saw a scene
As fair as e'er an autumn sun shone on—
Down by a meadow, large and smooth and green,
Two little barefoot boys, sturdy and strong
And fair, here in the sun, the whole day long,
Lay on the curling grass,
Minding the gap!*

Minding the gap! and the years swept by
Like moments, I beheld those boys again—
And patriot hearts within their breasts beat high,
And on their breasts was set the seal of men,
And guns were on their shoulders, and they trod
Back and forth, with measured step, upon the sod
Near where our army slept,
Minding the gap!

* Our town readers will have to be told that at harvest time in the rural districts, a length or two of the fence is let down to allow the wagons to pass to and fro. To keep cattle out, the children are set "Minding the Gap." This has given our sweet young poetess a text for one of her finest gems.—EDITOR HOUSTON TELEGRAPH.

Minding the gap ! My brothers, while you guard
The open places where a foe might creep—
A mortal foe—Oh ! mind those other gaps—
The open places of the heart—my brothers,
Watch over them !

The open places of the heart—the gaps
Made by the ruthless hands of Doubt and Care—
Could we but keep, like holy sentinels,
Innocence and Faith forever guarding there—
Ah ! how much of woe and shame would flee,
Affrighted back from their blest purity !

No gloom or sadness from the outer world,
With feet unholy, then would wander in,
To grasp the golden treasures of the soul
And bear them forth to sorrow and to sin !
The heart's proud fields ! its harvest full and fair !
Innocence and Love, could we but keep them there,
Minding the gaps !

THE REAPER.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper's begun,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the rays of the dying sun.

At the cottage door, the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair,
While the gentle wind at twilight
Sports with his silvery hair.

A maiden is kneeling beside him,
Her fair young head is pressed,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast!

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,
Of the thrilling blast of trumpet
And the roll of the rattling drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper—
“The end no man can see,
But we gave him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee.”

The lark sings in the meadows,
The jessamine scents the room,
And in the apple orchard
The sweet pink blossoms bloom.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman,
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

* * * * *

The clock stands mute in the corner,
The meadows sleep in the sun,
The maiden's borne from the cottage,
For the task of the reaper's done.

THE SOUTHERN OATH.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

By the cross upon our banner,
Glory of our Southern sky,
We have sworn—a band of brothers—
Free to live or free to die.
We have sworn, as freemen never
Swear, who live to break their vow,
North-men, by the rights denied us,
Ye shall *never* rule us now.

By our dear ones lost in battle,
Best and bravest of our land,
Fighting with your Northern hirelings
Face to face and hand to hand,
By a sacrifice so priceless,
By the spirits of the slain,
Swear we now, our Southern heroes
Shall not thus have died in vain.

Wide and deep the breach between us,
Rent by hatred's poisoned darts;
And ye cannot now cement it
With the blood from Southern hearts.
Streams of gore that gulf shall widen,
Running deep and strong and red,
Severing us from you *forever*,
While there is a drop to shed.

Think ye, we will brook the insults
Of your fierce and ruffian chief,
Heaped upon our dark-eyed daughters
Stricken down and pale with grief?

Think ye, while astounded nations
Curse such malice, *we* will bear
Foulest wrongs, with God to call on,
Arms to do, and hearts to dare?

When we prayed in peace to leave you,
Answering came a battle cry!
Then we swore that oath which freemen
Never swear who fear to die;
North-men, come, and ye shall find us,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Calling to the God of battles,
"Freedom and our native land."

JULY 22, 1862.

OUR PRESIDENT.

A PEOPLE spring to being, in whose bounds
Lie mightiest elements of glory,
All inchoate and enshrouded deep,
In wild confusion and chaotic gloom.
The fitting type of that primeval time,
When Nature, struggling for existence, lay
Waiting her Master's hand. As then in might
Jehovah breathed His spirit into clay,
And made it instinct with His attributes,
So now in our extremest need, He sends
A living soul enshrined in mortal form,
And bids it work His mission. At His word
It conquers self, and trembling, yet obeys.
Grapples vast obstacles, makes darkness light,
Confusion order, weakness strength. Controls,
Restrains, subdues, creates, all in the might
Of one grand intellect, subordinate

To Him, who made it. As creation's Lord
From nothing reared the boundless universe,
So under Him, his servant has evolved
From nothing a great nation, strong and grand,
The wonder of the world, and fit to claim
A name and place among earth's greatest ones.
What tribute can a grateful people pay
To him who bears alone so great a load
Of vast responsibilities for them?
For them—not for himself! Ambition dwells
Not in his spirit! In the strength of right,
He holds the mighty burden which would crush
Less noble natures. Ye, who dare to rail
At such exalted virtue, and find faults
Where all should see perfection, could ye bear
For one short hour what he has borne for years?
Shrink into silence, and no more impugn
The motives of a spirit, whose grand depths
Ye cannot fathom! In the people's hearts
He finds his home. We see in him our head,
And are content to be the hands that work
His wishes. Loving him so well, we trust him
With a faith which knows no change nor faltering.
Reverence, pride, and admiration meet
In him, the savior of his native South!
He is, in his self-abnegation, raised
Above the rest of men. The guardian of
His country's honor, and her hope, he stands
Bound round with blessings and a nation's prayers!
The bow of promise, in the storm of war!
Earth's thorns and brambles strewn beneath his
feet,
Above his head th' immortal crown of heaven!

FANNY DOWNING.

ANTHEM OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

O God! our only King,
To Thee our hearts we bring,
Now hear us while we sing,
God bless our land.

With all Thy bounty yields,
Crown Thou her harvest fields,
And when the sword she wields,
Strengthen her hand.

O'er every enemy
Give her the victory,
Thou madest her—keep her free,
God bless our land.

May Justice, Truth, and Love,
In all her councils move,
That in all good she prove
First of all lands.

Pattern of Excellence,
Bulwark of Innocence,
Freedom's secure defence,
God bless our land.

Thou, in the days of old,
Our fathers didst uphold
When they for right made bold,
Unsheathed the sword.

We for the Liberty,
Which we received from Thee,
Now meet the enemy,
Help us, O Lord.

Thou art the God of might,
God of the Truth and Light,
'Tis in their cause we fight,
Be Thou our aid.

Strike with us 'gainst the foe;
Cause his swift overthrow,
That all the earth may know
Thou art our aid.

WAR-WAVES.

BY CATHERINE GENDRON POTAS, OF CHARLESTON.

WHAT are the war-waves saying
As they compass us around?
The dark, ensanguined billows,
With their deep and dirge-like sound?
Do they murmur of submission?
Do they call on us to bow
Our necks to the foe triumphant
Who is riding o'er us now?

Never! No sound submissive
Comes from those waves sublime,
Or the low, mysterious voices
Attuned to their solemn chime!
For the hearts of our noble martyrs
Are the springs of its rich supply,
And those deeply mystic murmurs
Echo their dying cry!

They bid us uplift our banner
Once more in the name of God,
And press to the goal of Freedom
By the paths our fathers trod.

They passed o'er their dying brothers,
From their pale lips caught the sigh—
The *flame* of their hearts heroic
From the flash of each closing eye!

Up! up! for the time is pressing,
The red waves close around;
They will lift us on their billows
If our hearts are faithful found!
They will lift us high, exultant,
And the craven world shall see
The Ark of a ransomed people
Afloat on the crimson sea!

Afloat, with her glorious banner—
The cross on its field of red,
Its stars, and its white folds waving
In triumph at her head;
Emblem of all that's sacred
Heralding Faith to view;
Type of unblemished honor,
Symbol of all that's true!

Then what can those waves be singing
But an anthem grand, sublime,
As they bear for our martyred heroes
A wail to the coast of Time?
What else as they roll majestic
To the far-off shadowy shore,
To join the eternal chorus
When Time shall be no more!

CANNON SONG.

AHA! a song for the trumpet's tongue!

For the bugle to sing before us,

When our gleaming guns, like clarions,

Shall thunder in battle chorus!

Where the rifles ring, where the bullets sing,

Where the black bombs whistle o'er us,

With rolling wheel and rattling peal

They'll thunder in battle chorus!

With the cannon's flash, and the cannon's crash,

With the cannon's roar and rattle,

Let Freedom's sons, with their shouting guns,

Go down to their country's battle!

Their brassy throats shall learn the notes

That make old tyrants quiver;

Till the war is done, or each TYRRELL gun

Grows cold with our hearts forever!

Where the laurel waves o'er our brothers' graves,

Who have gone to their rest before us,

Here's a requiem shall sound for them

And thunder in battle chorus!

With the cannon's flash, and the cannon's crash,

With the cannon's roar and rattle,

Let Freedom's sons, with their shouting guns,

Go down to their country's battle!

By the light that lies in our Southern skies,

By the spirits that watch above us;

By the gentle hands in our summer lands,

And the gentle hearts that love us!

Our fathers' faith let us keep till death,
Their fame in its cloudless splendor—
As men who stand for their mother land,
And die—but never surrender!

With the cannon's flash, and the cannon's crash,
With the cannon's roar and rattle,
Let Freedom's sons, with their thundering guns,
Go down to their country's battle!

ON A RAID.

BY IKEY INGLE.

WE must lively move to-night, my men, brisk marching's
to be done;
For a stout blow must be struck, and true, by the mor-
row's rising sun:
A blow for Virginia's hearthstones, round which her daugh-
ters sit,
And, weary and sad and famished, toil to fill the soldier's
kit;
A blow for our fallen comrades, for liberty and life,
I will lead, and who'd be near me must be foremost in
the strife;
For 'twill be no oft-tried combat with the rifle's range
between,
But breast to breast and blow for blow with the sabre
swift and keen.
Then on, my lads! no songs to-night; e'en your spurs
too noisy clank:
For a silent night must be our guide to the invader's
trailing flank.

* * * * *

And the *lael Sothoron** kept his word, for his bugles rang
from far,
And his gallant troop swept down in charge, with a shout
and a wild huzza.
Like the storm down the Alpine gorge with its blasting
lightning breath,
Leaving weird waste behind it, and flooding the tide of
death.
At its head, with flashing falchion, rode a *Cavalier* to
life,
A man of mirth to his merry men, but a direful foe in
strife ;
For the stroke of his trusty sabre fell with the force of
the vernal flood,
Like the swoop of the mountain eagle down when the
young ones cry for food.
And his deep blue eye flashed gorgeously, and a joy in
his visage shone,
Like the gleam on the face of the dying saint when his
crown is almost won.
His joy that a frame inured to toil, and a dauntless soul
were lent,
In the cause of Right and Liberty to spend and to be
spent.
'Tis an envied pride the mariner feels—his ship on the
raging sea—
When, at Nature's threat in the tempest tread, e'en atheists
bend the knee—
To feel that *his* skill and compass true can mock at old
Ocean's sport,
A hundred hearts from affliction save, and his bark bring
safe to port ;

* No stranger could look upon the frank, florid face of Stuart, meet the glance of his honest sparkling blue eye, or the warm cordial grasp of his hand, without feeling a positive conviction of the Scottish origin of this *boon cavalier*.

'Tis exulting joy the orator feels as he bends o'er the
 enraptured throng,
By the impetuous tide of his eloquence to his purpose
 borne along ;
But give me the sense that thrills each vein, and wraps
 each nerve with fire,
As the patriot faces his country's foe in his fierce yet
 holy ire,
As he measures each thrust of his trusty sword by the
 depth of his country's wrong,
Yields drop by drop a patriot's blood his country's foes
 among,
Reclaims with each blow of his lusty arm the footsteps
 his childhood trod,
And offers his life for liberty and the altars of his G. M.

* * * * * * *

RICHMOND, VA., 1862.

"THE REBEL SOCK."

BY MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

[A true episode in Seward's raids on the old ladies of Maryland.]

In all the pomp and pride of war
 The Lincolnite was dressed,
High beat his patriotic heart
 Beneath his armored vest ;
His maiden sword hung by his side,
 His pistols both were right,
The shining spurs were at his heels,
 His coat was buttoned tight.
A firm resolve sat on his brow,
 For he to danger went,

By Seward's self that day he was
On secret service sent.
"Mount and away," he sternly cried
Unto the gallant band,
Who all equipped, from head to heel,
Awaited his command ;
But halt my boys, before we go,
These solemn words I'll say,
"*Lincoln expects that every man*
His duty 'll do to-day !"
"We will, we will," the soldiers cried,
"The President shall see
That we will only run away
From Jackson or from Lee."
And now they're off, just four score men,
A picked and chosen troop,
And like a hawk upon a dove,
On Maryland they stoop.
From right to left, from house to house,
The little army rides,
In every lady's wardrobe looks
To see what there she hides.
They peep in closets, trunks, and drawers,
Examine every box ;
Not rebel soldiers now they seek,
But rebel soldiers' socks !
But all in vain, too keen for them
Were those dear ladies there,
For not a stocking nor a sock
Could they find anywhere.
The day wore on towards afternoon,
That warm and drowsy hour,
When Nature's self doth seem to feel
A touch of Morpheus power.
A farm-house door stands open wide
The men were all away,

The ladies sleeping in their rooms,
The children at their play ;
The house-dog lay upon the step,
But never raised his head,
Though crackling on the gravel walk
He heard a stranger's tread ;
Old Grandma in her rocking chair
Sat knitting in the hall,
When suddenly upon her work
A shadow seemed to fall ;
She raised her eyes and there she saw
Our Federal hero stand,
His little cap was on his head,
His sword was in his hand ;
While circling round and round the house
His little army rides
To guard the open kitchen-door
And chicken coop besides.
Slowly the dear old lady rose
And tottering forward came,
And peering dimly through her "specks"
Said, "Honey, what's your name?"
Then, as she raised her withered hand
To pat his sturdy arm,
"There's no one here but grandmamma,
And she won't do you harm ;
Come take a seat and don't be scared,
Put up your sword, my child,
*I would not hurt you for the world,**
She sweetly said and smiled.
"Madam, my duty must be done,
And I am firm as rock !"
Then, pointing to her work, he said,
"*Is that a rebel sock?*"

* A fact.

"Yes, Honey, I am getting old
And for hard work ain't fit,
Though for Confederate soldiers still,
I thank the Lord, can knit."
"Madam, your work is contraband,
And Congress confiscates
This rebel sock, which I now seize,
To the United States!"
"Yes, Honey, don't be scared, you see,
I'll give it up to you."
Then slowly from the half-knit sock
The dame her needles drew,
Broke off the thread, wound up her ball
And stuck her needles in.
"Here, take it, child, and I to-night
Another will begin."
The soldier next his loyal heart
The dear-bought trophy laid,
And that was all that Seward got
By this OLD WOMAN RAID.

GUERILLA.

FROM THE NEW YORK ROUND TABLE

[The following spirited and very original verses were circulating among the scouting parties of rebel partisan horse in the Shenandoah Valley in the Summer of 1864.]

Who hither rides so hard? A scout.
Just after midnight he stole out,
News, comrades! there's his signal shout:
Count!

"One—two—three!"—Three miles in front
Yankees in camp! Call up the hunt!
Now for the chase, the charge, the brunt:
Mount!

She's killed, that staggering, foam-splashed brown;
Her rider, gashed from brow to crown,
Gasps, "Forward!"—clutches—reels—goes down—
Shot!

"Guerilla!"—look! his flickering eyes
Flash "forward!" even where he lies,
And the scout charges as he dies:
Trot!

Well, here's the hill and there's the camp,
And there the drowsy pickets' tramp;
Our brave steeds sniff and smoke the stamp:
Pshaw!

'Tis but a cheer, a plunge, a yell—
Upon them, horse and man, pell-mell—
And then the same old tale to tell:
Draw!

See the stout Major's sorrel fret!
Lord! what a Harry-ing ye'll get,
As wher at Bath—Luray, we met
Yank!

Ride!—we've an Ashby in each man;
Charge!—we've a Gilmor in the van;
Strike!—as a hundred Mosby's can—
"Guer-r-illa!"

COMING AT LAST.

BY GEORGE H. MILES.

Up on the hill there,
Who are they, pray,
Three dusty troopers
Spurring this way?
And that squadron behind them!
Stand not aghast—
Why, these are the rebels, sir,
Coming at last!

Coming so carelessly,
Sauntering on,
Into the midst of us,
Into our town;
Thrice thirty miles to-day
These men have passed,
Stuart at the head of them
Coming at last!

Oh, sir! no gold lace
Burns in the sun,
But each blooded war-horse
And rider seem one.
These men could ride at need,
Outride the blast—
Oh yes, sir, the rebels
Are coming at last!

Circling Mac's army,
Three days at work!
Under that smile of theirs
Famine may lurk.

Out with the best you have,
Fill the bowl fast,
For Jeff.'s ragged rebels
Are coming at last!

FREDERICK COUNTY, MD.

BEYOND THE POTOMAC.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THEY slept on the field which their valor had won,
But arose with the first early blush of the sun,
For they knew that a great deed remained to be done,
When they passed o'er the river.

They rose with the sun, and caught life from his light—
Those giants of courage, those Anaks in fight—
And they laughed out aloud in the joy of their might,
Marching swift for the river.

On! on! like the rushing of storms through the hills—
On! on! with a tramp that is firm as their wills—
And the one heart of thousands grows buoyant, and
thrills
At the thought of the river.

Oh! the sheen of their swords! the fierce gleam of their
eyes!

It seemed as on earth a new sunlight would rise,
And king-like, flash up to the sun in the skies,
O'er the path to the river.

But their banners shot-scarred and all darkened with
gore,

On morning's fresh breeze streaming bravely before,
Like wings of Death's angels swept fast to the shore,
The green shore of the river.

As they march, from the hill-side, the hamlet, the stream,
Gaunt throngs whom the foeman had manacled, teem
Like men just aroused from some terrible dream,
To pass o'er the river.

They behold the broad banners, blood-darkened, yet fair,
And a moment dissolves the last spell of despair,
While a peal as of victory swells on the air,
Rolling out to the river.

And that cry, with a thousand strange echoings spread,
Till the ashes of heroes seemed stirred in their bed,
And the deep voice of passion surged up from the dead,
Ay! press on to the river!

On! on! like the rushing of storms through the hills,
On! on! with a tramp that is firm as their wills,
And the one heart of thousands grows buoyant, and
thrills
As they pause by the river.

Then the wan face of Maryland, haggard and worn,
At that sight lost the touch of its aspect forlorn,
And she turned on the foeman full statured in scorn,
Pointing stern to the river.

And Potomac flowed calmly, scarce heaving her breast,
With her low-lying billows all bright in the west,
For the hand of the Lord lulled the waters to rest
Of the fair rolling river.

Passed! passed! the glad thousands march safe through
the tide.
(Hark, despot! and hear the deep knell of your pride
Ringing weird-like and wild, pealing up from the side
Of the calm flowing river.)

'Neath a blow swift and mighty the tyrant shall fall,
Vain! vain! to his God swells a desolate call,
For his grave has been hollowed, and woven his pall,
Since they passed o'er the river.

TRUE SOUTHERN HEARTS.

It is evening of a sultry day,
And my darlings two on the steps at play—
Mollie loud laughing at Johnny's freaks,
Joy in their eyes and a glow on their cheeks—
Fill all the still air with their merriment
And the ringing shouts their glad tongues vent.
So funny are they, and so gay,
I've half a mind to join their play
And be a child, though my hair *is* gray.
But, along the pavement, bearded and brown,
A stalwart soldier comes marching down,
With a step as even as if the drum
Still tapped the music his firm lips hum—
A stalwart soldier, covered with dust,
But his face is one that *a man* would trust.
He halted, and stood in the shaded way,
And the children paused in their lively play;
Paused, and fixed their sweet brown eyes
Full upon him, with grave surprise.
The handsome soldier gazed for awhile,
And I saw his face light up with a smile
As touchingly tender and fond and deep
As the mother's on her babe asleep
(Driving the fly from its ear's curved tip,
So proud of the dimple by its lip).

Then, with a gesture kind and bland,
He took my darlings with each brown hand :
"Give me a kiss, sweet little pet ;
And you, my boy ;" and his eyes were wet
With noble tears *I* shall never forget,
As he patted their heads, and, rising slow,
With a backward look turned off to go.
Then, seeing me at the window there,
He touched his hat with a frank, fine air,
And, bowing gently his honest head,
"I beg your pardon, madam," he said ;
"But I left at home two dears like these,
And oh, how I miss them from my knees.
In many a dream I've felt them climb
As they used to do, at even time,
To play in my arms, and laugh and toss,
Riding the pony to 'Banbury Cross.'
And you know these wars—I cannot tell when,
If ever, I shall see and caress them again.
My dears, God bless you !" then on he trod,
And I know that prayer was welcome with God.
And I likewise know that "*our Cause*" is gained
While ever by hearts like this sustained ;
For the man who yearns for his fireside prattle
Will never flinch in the tumult of battle,
And the knee that longs for a child's dear touch
Can never be taught to cringe and crouch.
So, noble and brave heart, God bless thee
For this *full* assurance of victory.

THE CAVALIER'S SERENADE.

BY WM. S. HAWKINS, COL. OF CAV. U. S. A., AND PRISONER OF WAR.

Oh, come to the heart that is beating for thee,
By the hope of my Freedom my bride thou shalt be ;
Come, dear one—come, bright eyes—let's gallop away,
Far, far to the southward ere dawning of day.
A proud steed awaits thee, my band's in the vale ;
Then haste thee, love, haste ere the night watches fail.
Along my bold legion together we'll ride,
And my gallants will honor their cavalier's bride.

Oh, fear not that splash where the rivulet gleams ;
All still and unconscious the enemy dreams.
That clang's but a warrior trying his blade :
Their hearts are of iron, then be not afraid.
That light's but the sheen on a bright-barrelled gun ;
That murmur—they talk of the deeds we have done.
Our chargers are matchless, and, bounding along,
Thy beauty shall gladden the chief of the throng.

The moon's pallid beam shineth brightly afar,
And fondly is twinkling our love's happy star.
Then come, dearest, come to my sun-brightened clime,
Where even the waters run rippling in rhyme,
Where the breezes are laden with the odors of flowers
And pleasure and gladness lend wings to the hours ;
When sleeping, my sentries shall watch o'er the lawn,
And my silvery bugle shall wake thee at dawn.

Where the oak throws his shade o'er the wild muscadine,
Where the mock-birds are singing, thy love shall be mine ;
On thee in the greenwood the sun shall not glare,
As thy white hand is wreathing thy soft silken hair.

Thy dark eyes shall glance their encouragement sweet
As my braves sally forth on their coursers so fleet ;
And, returning with captives and spoils to thy side,
Thy kiss shall reward me, my darling, my pride.

The lovers of Southland are tender and true,
And brook no denial when passion they sue.
Then come, love, away to the camps of the free,
The Scout of the Woodland bends only to thee ;
A ladder of silk from thy window is thrown,
One leap, and thy soldier shall hold thee, his own—
Sound the rally, my lads ! then away like the deer,
And guard well the bride of your bold cavalier.

CAMP CHASE, OHIO.

THE RANGER'S PARTING SONG.

BY G. W. ARCHER, M. D.

A MYSTIC spell lures men to dwell
Far, far from wilds away ;
'Mid circles proud in towns to crowd,
Where all but earth is gay ;

Where lamps are stars, and roofs but bars
'Gainst spangled skies above ;
Where woman's breast is coldly pressed,
Naught, naught so cold as *love*.

Away, such haunts ! Be these our wants—
To ramble Nature o'er,
To thread the wood's deep solitudes,
To pluck the prairie flower.

And when shall come our day of doom,
Beneath some cypress laid,
That forest sleep may be as deep
Without the marble's aid.

May heaven grant us to wander thus
'Mid scenes like these we view ;
For here were joy without alloy,
Save parting, love, from you.

That hour is near—but let no tear
Be shed to-night, my love !
One year will fleet, then we shall meet—
Yes, meet no more to rove.

Who would not go to meet the foe,
With hearths and homes the prize,
No more could dare, with manly air,
To gaze in woman's eyes.

But when sweet Peace shall bring us ease
From hardship, toil, and blood,
Your Ranger then will come again
To share your solitude.

Oh, ours shall be a bird-like glee.
As through each wild we roam ;
How gay and green this prairie's cheer
How sweet will be our home.

OUR "COTTAGE BY THE SEA."

WRITTEN IN FORT LAFAYETTE BY A PRISONER.

"I DREAMED that I dwelt in marble halls,"
But 'tis not so, you see ;
For cold and gray are the granite walls
Of "our cottage by the sea."

No balmy gentle zephyrs here,
But "shrill winds whistle free,"
No "lowing kine" nor flowers are here,
In "our cottage by the sea."

But we've bunches of grapes, oh ! heavier far
Than ever you did see ;
And canisters, too, we have, my dear,
But they are not filled with tea.

Such beautiful shells as we have here,
Though not washed up by the sea ;
And marine curiosities one may speer
In "our cottage by the sea."

The wild goose on its southern flight
In lengthening lines we see,
And we hear the houk* in the morning light
In "our cottage by the sea."

We can only dream of marble halls
And beauties of the sea,
Disturbed the while by the sentry's calls
In "our cottage by the sea."

* Houk—cry of the wild goose.

Alas ! alas ! for the "pleasures of hope,"
They're our only pleasure, you see ;
And all we can do is sit and mope
In "our cottage by the sea."

"MAIL DAY IN PRISON."

THE list is called, and one by one
The anxious crowd now melts away,
I linger still and wonder why
No letter comes for me to-day.
Are all my friends in Dixie dead ?
Or would they all forgotten be ?
What have I done, what have I said,
That no one writes a line to me ?

I watch the mails each weary day,
With anxious eyes the list o'er run,
I envy him whose name is called,
But love him more who gets not one ;
For I can sympathize with him,
And feel how keen his grief must be,
Since I'm an exile from my home,
And no one writes a line to me.

Within a quiet, happy home,
Far, far in Dixie's sunny clime,
There dwells a quiet, happy maid,
Who wrote to me in bygone time.
Now, others from their loved ones hear
In tender letters, loving, free,
Yet here I've been for half a year,
And no one writes a line to me.

Will no one write me just a line
To say that I'm remembered yet?
You cannot guess how much delight
I'd feel, could I a letter get;
Could I but hear from some kind friend,
Whose face I ne'er again may see,
Will some one now my anguish end?
If some one doesn't write to me
I'll —— get exchanged!

“ASA HARTZ.”

A CONFEDERATE OFFICER TO HIS LADYE LOVE.

[Major McKNIGHT (“ASA HARTZ”), A. A. G., General Loring's staff, while a prisoner of war at Johnston's Island wrote the following.]

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A bunk have I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
Mine's straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I (?);
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Coarse grub have I;
Pure wines she sips at ease, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
So cannot I;

Bright angels watch around her couch at night—
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles do stretch between
My love and I;

To her, this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I waft a sigh;

And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole!

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
My love and I;

We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then,
Her lovelit eye,

With all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward reb. from Johnston's Isle.

PRISON REVERIES—CALM.

GENTLY rocked on Erie's breast
The silver moonlight calmly sleeps,
While my soul with sad unrest,
A captive's weary vigil keeps.

Gazing from the wavelet smiling
To yon blue and star-crowned dome,
My heavy, heavy heart beguiling,
I think sweet thoughts of friends and home.

The "sweet South wind," with dewy fingers,
Stoops to caress my fevered cheek,
And with pitying softness lingers
Words from that dear home to speak.

Perfumed in the leafy bowers
Of that shaded homestead dear,
Murmuring of its joys and flowers,
Of its welcome, of its cheer.

Telling of a loving mother
Kneeling in her lonely room—
Of sweet sister and of brother
Thinking of the absent one.

Whispering of a dark-haired maiden
Watching from her "window's height,"
With a heart and eye tear laden—
Tears which drop for *me* to-night.

Of my comrades soundly sleeping
On their couch of Southern sward,
Or on lonely picket keeping
Silent watch and wary guard.

Oh, sweet wind my spirit cheering!
Loving wind now floating by!
Homeward hie on pinion bearing
A prisoner's love—a captive's sigh.

O God! who hear'st the earnest sighing
Of the captive and the free,
Unto Thee our hearts are crying—
Father! give us Liberty!

For our country's sacred honor
We are pledged to strike—to die—
Till no hostile heel's upon her;
Father! give her Liberty!

Hear, brothers, comrades ! GATHER, GATHER
Round her azure cross and fold
Trust in *yourselves*, in God our Father,
And strive till hearts and hands are cold.

H. W. B., OF KY.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND, AUGUST, 1863.

A MOTHER TO HER SON IN PRISON.

WRITTEN IN THE RAIL CAR TO BEGUILE THE TIME ON HER WAY TO VISIT HIM.

SHINE, silver moon, o'er land and water,
Shine o'er valley, plain, and hill ;
With thy holy light and beauty
Each darkened heart and homestead fill.
Shine, bright moon, within the prison
Where his watch my darling keeps ;
Give sweet dreams of home and kindred
While his weary spirit sleeps.

Speak, gentle moon, with tender meaning,
To my boy a captive now—
Say, a mother's love and blessing
Hover ever o'er his brow ;
Say, her prayers are ever seeking
For God's blessing on his head,
For Heavenly guard from sin and evil,
For *each day his daily bread*.

Lead, tranquil moon, his thoughts to Heaven,
To Him who lighted moon and stars,
Whose love marks e'en the sparrow's falling,
Whose hand can burst his prison bars,
Can open wide each cell and dungeon
And freedom to the prisoner give,
Can break the chains o' guilt and error
And bid the rescued spirit live.

Oh, quiet moon, thy rays are falling
Upon a world of anguish now,
On fields encrimsoned, homes in ashes,
On men oppressed, on chains and woe ;
But the captive's heavy sighing,
The orphan's cry, the widow's tears,
Are not lost in air or fruitless,
For a pitying *Father* hears.

In the forge the stanchest weapon,
With sturdy blows its temper takes ;
And the "world's broad field of battle,"
Proves the steel—the hero wakes.
In the furnace of affliction
The Lord his noblest children tries—
By tempest fierce and mighty struggle
The "land He loves" he purifies !

The seed-time of a nation passes,
Through cold and storm the germ endures,
With varying skies to grow and ripen,
Till a glorious harvest truth secures.
By oppression's ploughshare furrowed,
Sowed in sorrow, ruth, and tears,
By the blood of martyrs watered,
The yield shall gladden coming years.

O moon ! above earth's conflict shining
Benign and still, serene and pure,
Teach human hearts to cease repining,
To trust, to labor, to endure,
Till the mists of wrong and error
The steady beams of truth shall move,
And the hearts with passion burning
Are filled with justice, peace, and love.

With dauntless heart—with purpose single,
With one thought—one hope—one cry—
A struggling nation's voices mingle :
Father! grant us Liberty!

JOHNSTON'S ISLAND, AUGUST, 1863.

H. W. B., KENTUCKY.

PRISON REVERIES—STORM.

THE storm-capped waves are fiercely breaking
With sullen roll and snowy crest,
Through all their emerald depths awaking
The slumbering ire of Erie's breast.
The storm-reft clouds are fiercely sweeping
Athwart a sky of ebon gloom,
The winds their wildest revel keeping
Shriek to the ear their threat of doom.
And storm-filled thoughts are fiercely swelling
My laboring breast with maddening pain ;
While fettered limbs are loudly telling
My captive fate—my *felon* chain.

A bark before the gale is driving
With canvas torn and splintered mast,
Vain—vain the bold and earnest striving
Of the brave crew to stem the blast.
With blinding glare the lightning flashes ;
From the rent heaven the bolt descends ;
Peal upon peal the thunder crashes,
And to her doom a wreck she bends.
So my helpless soul is drifting—drifting
On to the shoals of blank despair,
No light, no hope the darkness lifting,
No voice to heal the anguish there.

My God ! Thy word the tempest staying
Shall quell the fury of the storm ;
To raging wind and water saying :
 " Thus far—no farther shalt thou come."
In the hollow of Thy hand Thou holdest
The earth, the sea, the heaven above,
And every stranded spirit foldest
 In the broad shelter of *Thy love*.
Father ! upon this proud heart seething
Lay thy calming touch—thy holy will,
Unto these boiling passions breathing,
 " Oh, thou of little faith, *be still*."

My country, on thy head defenceless,
Thy gory breast and stricken form,
A blast more terribly relentless
Is surging now in deadlier storm.
From the wild chaos, O Creator !
Let light, and peace, and freedom rise ;
From the baptism of suffering take her
And bless the bleeding sacrifice.
Over the fiery sea of trial,
Through the wilderness of gloom,
Purified by self denial,
Refined and strengthened lead her on.

Though at her call this heart despairing,
In captive chains shall faint and die,
Its last pulsation shall be bearing
To heaven for her a prayer and sigh.
If in her cause so great and glorious
Whole hecatombs of such shall fall,
Lord ! aid her to defence victorious
Her liberty were worth them all.

EXCHANGE.

EXCHANGE at last ! and the prisons ring
With a glad and gleeful cheer ;
Our fancies fly on splendid wing,
And our cherished hope is near.
The sad-eyed Southrons, wild with joy,
Fling grief and pain away ;
This news—true gold without alloy—
Is sunny as the day.

Out of the shadow into the sun—
And the angels watch the sight ;
The brooding hours of pain are gone,
And darkness yields to light.
From gloom to glee, from woe to weal,
What dastard falters now ;
Palsied the heart that cannot feel,
Accursed the traitor's brow.

So long becalmed on dreary seas,
Shut out from light and land,
Debarred the comforts of the free,
A pale and silent band.
But now the sweet fresh breeze has come,
The flapping sails are filled ;
O dashing spray ! O cresting foam !
And pilots true and skilled.

Speed on, good ship ! thou bearest us
O'er the happiest waves of time ;
To the Future's dreamy islands thus
We float with song and chime.

Forgotten now those mournful days,
The nights so long and drear,
Our very prayers have turned to praise,
And only joy is here.

O captives ! sing your joyful psalm
As the brave bark drives the foam ;
And cheer her way, for she carrieth balm
To many an anxious home.
“O mother land ! we come again,
Thy sons, to strike for thee ;
And welcome battle, toil, and pain,
If only thou art free.”

But no, we should not thus forget
The martyrs left behind
Upon that humble graveyard, yet
With crowded hillocks lined.
Some thoughts will linger, and their fruit
The coming strife shall show ;
War's ghastly tree hath ruddy root
And many a seed of woe.

“CAMP CHASE,” OHIO, MARCH, 1865.

COL. W. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A.

DEAD.

I.

DEAD ! with no loving hand to part
The soft hair back from his pallid brow—
Dead ! and there is no mourning heart
To follow the captive now.

Gone from the prison lone and drear,
With his patient smile and his gentle ways ;
Gone where the jasper walls appear
And the beautiful gates of praise.

II.

Roses ! that bloom by his home in glee,
Whose distant odors are sweetly shed,
Let the dew in each delicate chalice be
As tribute tears to the dead.
And song-birds ! trill to the throbbing eve,
When the shadows are gathering dusk and dim,
A music to soothe our souls that grieve,
And a low, soft dirge to him.

III.

Comrades ! who slept beside him there,
Where the mountain torrents brawl and roar,
Will your dreams to-night, by the camp-fire's glare,
Tell that he comes no more ?
Ah ! the morning will shine with her glory crown,
And the cheery and dimpling air for her breath,
And you will not know that his sun's gone down
In the evening skies of death.

IV.

Mother ! make room 'mid your memories dear
For one that is sadder and sweeter yet ;
There's a new-born joy for thee up there
Where the soul knows no regret.
The leaves of the autumn fall apace,
The better to feed the blossoms of Spring ;
So, from thy life, is shed some grace,
A holier grace to bring.

V.

Sister ! 'twould wring your soul to know
That the cheeks you have kissed are so pale and thin,
And the fire's gone out from the eyes' deep glow,
Where such loving glance hath been.
But the eyes that seem so glazed and dim
Are bright enough in the courts above,
Where the golden harps of the seraphim
Chime to the touch of love.

VI.

Maiden ! upon whose heart to-night
His tokens of faith are proudly pressed,
He waits for thee 'mid the isles of light,
In the mansions of the blessed.
When the summoning angel in splendor came,
And life's star sank in a swift eclipse,
He murmured of you, and your tender name
Seems yet on his silent lips.

VII.

Sepulchre ! thou shalt be holy ground,
Since to thee such peerless charge is given ;
Oh, guard it well, till the heralds sound
The bugle call of heaven.
And Freedom ! though he fell not on thy field,
He still has died for thee and thine ;
Make his record, then, on thy proudest shield,
Where the names of thy truest shine.

COLONEL W. S. HAWKINS, U. S. A.

CAMP CHASE," OHIO, MARCH, 1865.

"THE SILENT MARCH."

[On one occasion during the war in Virginia, General Lee was lying asleep by the wayside, when an army of fifteen thousand men passed by with hushed voices and footsteps, lest they should disturb his slumbers.]

O'ERCOME with weariness and care,
The war-worn veteran lay
On the green turf of his native land,
And slumbered by the way ;
The breeze that sighed across his brow,
And smoothed its deepened lines,
Fresh from his own loved mountain bore
The murmur of their pines ;
And the glad sound of waters,
The blue, rejoicing streams,
Whose sweet, familiar tones were blent
With the music of his dreams :
They brought no sound of battle's din,
Shrill fife or clarion,
But only tenderest memories
Of his own fair Arlington.
While thus the chieftain slumbered,
Forgetful of his care,
The hollow tramp of thousands
Came sounding through the air.
With ringing spur and sabre
And trampling feet they come,
Gay plume and rustling banner,
And fife, and trump, and drum .
But soon the foremost column
Sees where, beneath the shade,
In slumber calm as childhood
Their wearied chief is laid ;

And down the line a murmur
From lip to lip there ran,
Until the stilly whisper
Had spread to rear from van;
And o'er the host a silence
As deep and sudden fell,
As though some mighty wizard
Had hushed them with a spell.
And every sound was muffled,
And every soldier's tread
Fell lightly as a mother's
'Round her baby's cradle bed;
And rank and file and column,
So softly by they swept,
It seemed a ghostly army
Had passed him as he slept;
But mightier than enchantment
Was that magic move—
The spell that hushed their voices—
Deep reverence and love.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ANNIE CARTER LEE,

Daughter of General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., who died at Jones' Springs, Warren
County, N. C., October 20, 1862.

MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust,"
Saviour, in Thy word we trust.
Sow we now our precious grain,
Thou shalt raise it up again.
Plant we the terrestrial root
Which shall bear celestial fruit;

Lay a bud within a tomb,
That a flower in heaven may bloom.
Severed are no tender ties,
Though in Death's embrace she lies ,
For the lengthened chain of love
Stretches to her home above.
Mother! in thy bitter grief
Let this thought bring sweet relief.
Mother of an angel now—
God Himself hath crowned thy brow
With the thorns the Saviour wore—
Blesséd art thou evermore.
Unto Him thou dost resign
A portion of the life was thine.
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Sore the trial, sweet the trust.
Father! thou who seest Death
Reaping grain at every breath,
As the sickle sharp he wields
O'er our bloody battle-fields,
Murmur not that now he weaves
This sweet flower in his sheaves.
Taken in her early prime,
Gathered in the summer time,
Autumn's blast she shall not know,
Never shrink from winter's snow.
Sharp the pang which thou must feel,
Sharper than the foeman's steel;
For thy fairest flower is hid
Underneath the coffin's lid.
O'er her grave thou drop'st no tear,
Warrior stern must thou appear,
Crushing back the tide of grief
Which in vain demands relief.
Louder still thy country cries,
At thy feet it bleeding lies ;

And before the patriot now,
Husband, father, both must bow.
But unnumbered are thy friends,
And from many a home ascends
Earnest, heartfelt prayers for thee,
"As thy days thy strength may be."

A HERO'S DAUGHTER.

(M. C. L.)

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE"

SHE boasts no Amazonian charms,
Minerva's helmet never bound her ;
And though she finds delight in arms,
'Tis—when her father's are around her.

She does not aim to make a mark,
Like Philippa—(as Froissart wrought her) ;
She is no modern Joan d'Arc,
Like Garibaldi's wife or daughter.

And while there meets in her young veins
Ancestral blood—the patriot's, sage's—
Whose fame, rung out in trumpet strains,
Goes gathering glory down the ages ;—

She is not proud, nor cold, nor grand ;
No haughtiness her tone evinces ;
Her heart is open as her hand—
Her hand as liberal as a prince's.

She does not awe you with her eye,
And yet its glance goes straightway through you :
A latent fire to warm you by,
A steady, stellar light to woo you.

Her smile is like the golden day's,
Irradiating every feature;
You catch its influence as you gaze,
And own—"she is a gracious creature."

So genial her responsive mind,
With every varying mood agreeing,
You wonder how she comes to find
The very key-note of your being.

Beneath her sparkling surface-flow,
The breezy freshness and the laughter,
Well deep and strong, an undertow
Of rare and racy wisdom, after.

Sweet, fireside graces all are hers,
The *chatelaine* beside the bodice
Is but one token that avers
She is a very household goddess.

Accepting, with un murmuring lips,
War's stern decree, its griefs, its losses;
And nobler through that blood-eclipse,
And stronger for its burdening crosses,—

She folds no hands in languid pause—
Child of her father—true to duty;
She weeps at heart the dear, "lost cause,"
Yet fills the busy hours with beauty

Her heroism holds in view
Our people's strife for life the lesser,
Yet bitterer one! There's work to do,
And well she does it: so—*God bless her!*

CHRISTMAS—1863.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

How grace this hallowed day?
Shall happy bells from yonder ancient spire
Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire,
Round which the children play?

Alas! for many a moon
That tongueless* tower hath cleaved the Sabbath air
Mute as an obelisk of ice, a glare
Beneath an Arctic moon.

Shame to the foes that drown
Our psalms of worship with their impious drum!
The sweetest chimes in all the land lie dumb
In some far rustic town.†

There let us think they keep
Of the dead yules, which here beside the sea
They've ushered in with old world English glee,
Some echoes in their sleep.

How shall we grace the day?
With feast and song and dance and antique sports,
And shouts of happy children in the courts,
And tales of ghost and fay.

Is there indeed a door
Where the old pastimes, with their cheerful noise,
And all the merry round of Christmas joys,
Could enter as of yore?

* St. Michael's, the oldest church in the Southern States. The chime of bells was imported before the Revolution.

† Even there they did not escape Sherman. His soldiers built a fire upon them—which completely ruined them. Recently they were sent to England to be recast.

Would not some pallid face
Look in upon the banquet, calling up
Dread shapes of battle in the wassail cup,
And trouble all the place?

How could we bear the mirth,
While some loved reveller of a year ago
Keeps his mute Christmas now, beneath the snow,
In cold Virginian earth?

How shall we grace the day?
Ah! let the thought that on this holy morn
The Prince of Peace, the Prince of Peace was born,
Employ us while we pray.

Pray for the peace, which long
Hath left this tortured land, and haply now
Holds its white court on some far mountain's brow,
There hardly safe from wrong.

Let every sacred fane
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God;
And, with the cloister and the tented sod,
Join in the solemn strain.

With pomp of Roman form,
With the grave ritual brought from England shore,
And with the simple faith which asks no more
Than that the heart be warm.

He, who till time shall cease
Shall watch that earth where once not all in vain
He died to give us peace, will not disdain
A prayer whose theme is peace.

Perhaps, ere yet the spring
Hath died into the summer, over all
The land the peace of His vast love shall fall
Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means ;
Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every way ;
Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
And shape the coming scenes.

Peace in the quiet dells,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men ;
Peace in the wood and in the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vale ;

Peace in the crowded town,
Peace in the thousand fields of waving grain,
Peace in the highway and the flowery lane,
Peace on the wind swept down.

Peace on the farthest seas,
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland gleams,
And peace in every breeze ;

Peace on the whirling marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace ! God of peace ! peace, peace in all our homes
And peace in all our hearts !

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY JOHN DICKSON BRUNS, M. D., OF CHARLESTON.

"GOOD-WILL and peace, peace and good-will !"
The burden of the Advent song ;
What time the love-charmed waves grew still
To hearken to the shining throng.
The wandering shepherds heard the strain
Who watched by night the slumbering fleece,
The deep skies open the refrain,
"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace !"

And wise men hailed the promised sign
And brought their birth-gifts from the East,
Dear to that mother as the wine
That hallowed Cana's bridal feast.
But what to these are myrrh or gold,
And what Arabia's costliest gem,
Whose eyes the Child divine behold,
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem.
'Peace and good-will, good-will and peace !'
They sing, the bright ones overhead ;
And scarce the jubilant anthems cease
Ere Judah wails her first-born dead.
And Rama's wild, despairing cry
Fills with great dread the shuddering coast ;
And Rachel hath but one reply—
"Bring back, bring back my loved and lost."
So, down two thousand years of doom
That cry is borne on wailing winds,
But never star breaks through the gloom,
Nor cradled peace the watcher finds ;
And still the Herodian steel is driven,
And breaking hearts make ceaseless moan,
And still the mute appeal to Heaven
Man answers back with groan for groan.
How shall we keep our Christmas tide,
With that dread past, its wounds agape
Forever walking by our side,
A fearful shade and awful shape ?
Can any promise of the spring
Make green the faded autumn leaf ?
Or who shall say that time will bring
Fair fruit to him who sows but grief ?
Wild bells ! that shake the midnight air
With those dear tones that custom loves,

You wake no sounds of laughter here,
Nor mirth in all our silent groves ;
On one broad waste, by hill or flood,
Of ravaged lands our music falls,
And where the happy homestead stood
The stars look down on roofless halls.

At every board a vacant chair
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appear
Those well-loved forms that will not die
We lift the glass, our hand is stayed—
We jest, a spectre rises up—
And weeping, though no words are said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup.

And pledge the gallant friend who keeps
His Christmas Eve on Malvern's height ;
And him, our fair-haired boy, who sleeps
Beneath Virginia snows to-night.
While, by the fire, she musing broods
On all that was and might have been,
If Shiloh's dank and oozing woods
Had never drunk that crimson stain.

O happy yules of buried years !
Could ye but come in wonted guise,
Sweet as love's earliest kiss appears,
When looking back through wistful eyes,
Would seem those chimes whose voices tell
His birth-night with melodious burst,
Who, sitting by Samaria's well,
Quenched the lorn widow's life-long thirst.

Ah ! yet I trust that all who weep,
Somewhere, at last, will surely find

His rest, if through dark ways they keep
The child-like faith, the prayerful mind ;
And some far Christmas morn shall bring
From human ills a sweet release
To loving hearts, while angels sing—
“Peace and good-will, good-will and peace !”

MARY.

SHALL I whisper a name that was lovely of old,
When the tale of the infant Redeemer was told,
The honored of God, in her sorrow sublime,
Still haunting the heart through the twilight of Time ?

O'er the star-light of Judah the night-mists were chill,
On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay still,
When it woke on the midnight, so solemn and dim,
With the flame of a star and the sound of a hymn.

And bright with the lustre, and sweet with the tone
Of the angels that sang, and the glory that shone,
Its echoes are soft through the haze of the years
With the breath of her sigh and the dew of her tears.

And still at the altar, and still at the hearth,
From the cradle of Christ to the ends of the earth,
As gentle in glory, as steadfast in gloom,
It serves at His side, as it waits at His tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blessed,
From the morning of life till the morrow of rest ;
And its fulness of meaning, its music shall keep,
While a Mary shall watch, or a Mary shall weep.

LINES

BY CYRILLE MERLE

"I AM the resurrection,"

Read the priest in solemn tone;
The footsteps sounded nearer,
Nearer the sob and groan.

They bore a soldier's coffin
Where flowers' sweetness poured;
Amidst the leaves and blossoms
Rested his cap and sword.

Sheer by the chancel-railing
They put their burden down;
The light from the painted window
Fell on it like a crown.

The noble burial ritual
Stirred every true heart there,
And the deep organ-music
Filled the enchanted air.

But I, in fancy, wandered
Far from the quiet church,
Past serried ranks, by banners
Where victory's eagles perch.

Instead of the hush of the people
And the priest's true words and high,
I felt the rush of an army,
Heard the pealing battle-cry.

Instead of the summer sunshine
And the organ's "golden tongue,"
The cannon blazed destruction
And a blast from the trumpet sprung.

Instead of the confined soldier
I saw a soul, new-born,
Enter the holy city
With God's whole armor on.

COLUMBIA, 1863.

CHARLESTON.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

CALM as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds
The city bides the foe.

As yet behind their ramparts stern and proud
Her bolted thunders sleep;
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpé frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some orient jungle crouched,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, whose bright glances would grow dim
At sight of bleeding wound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she proudly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof and spire and dome
Across the tranquil bay.

Ships through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine
From some frail floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she, still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest on the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles
As fair and free as now?

We know not : in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed His doom ;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
Her triumph—or her tomb.

JANUARY, 1863.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

BY FANNY MURDAUGH DOWNING.

THE sun has fallen ; cold and deep
The night wind moans in murmurs low.
We've marched all day as only those
Who follow Stonewall Jackson go.

I bore it all with patient strength,
And cheered my men with spirits light ;
Bear with me, if within my heart
I feel a little sad to-night.

I'm thinking of my distant home,
That Eden spot of earth to me,
And something comes across my eyes
I do not care my men to see.

I shut them tight, while o'er my mind,
As in the old magician's glass,
My life, with all its varied scenes,
In fitful shadows seems to pass.

I see myself a happy child,
With spirit light, untouched by pain ;
I laugh and shout in sportive glee,
A merry-hearted boy again.

The boy has changed into a man ;
A glowing beam from heaven above
Illumes my life, and on it sheds
The golden light of youth's first love.

A fairy vision fills the glass,
And holds my sense in rapt delight :
I see her in her loveliness
As on our happy bridal night.

From out her snowy, mist-like veil
Her soft eyes shine with starry ray ;
While pearls and orange-blossoms gleam
On neck and brow more pure than they.

We kneel before the altar now,
I hold her little trembling hand,
And vow a faith for life and death,
Then seal it with a golden band.

Oh, life of love and happiness,
Oh, days of pure, unearthly bliss,
How dark your purple memory makes
The horrors of a night like this.

I want you, darling—oh, I faint
And shrink before my bitter cup;
Come cheer me with your higher thoughts.
Come bear my drooping spirit up.

She comes, she takes me to her heart,
And, in low accents, soft and mild,
She lulls my wearied frame to rest,
And soothes me like a little child.

She fills my soul with aims sublime,
She cheers me; then, her mission wrought,
She kneels and prays to God for me,
And leaves me all alone with thought.

Not drooping now, but all imbued
With might to suffer and be strong,
To shape my life in noble acts,
In shielding right and crushing wrong.

The trumpet sounds. To arms! my men;
Our haughty foes in triumph come.
We'll meet them with a welcome fierce,
Our battle cry, "The loved at home!"

MAXCY GREGG.

BY C. G. P.

Long have I lingered by the lovely mount
Where our great hero lies,
To hear some gifted bard, in song, recount
His deeds of high emprise;

Some great historic minstrel sweep the string
And downward fling
A requiem, telling of a nation's grief,
Bringing the soul relief—
Or chant of praise, to roll for aye along
A deathless tide of song,
Spreading and deep'ning—till our rising youth,
Laved by its sacred wave, reflect his crystal truth.

No sound or voice was heard,
Save "cherup" of a bird
Sharp—falling in the still—or to ear attent
The far-off river lent
The pleasant music of its soothing moan
Rushing o'er bed of stone.

All hushed—but now a note
Seems on the breeze to float,
Borne upward from the city—spreading fair
Beneath the golden air
Of the rich sunset hour;
No voice of strength or power,
But the sweet tribute of a youthful heart*
Ready to do his part:
Who, since the great heroic bards are mute,
Strikes, with the hand of love, his garland-dighted lute

"'Twas in the winter wild"
They bore her dauntless child
Back to his mother on his spotless shield,
And laid him to his rest
Within her yearning breast,
Where, like a happy child, he now reposes;
And, as in days of yore,
His morning gambols o'er,

He lay, all flushed and happy from his toy,
And slept their darling boy.
Between his parents so in death he lies
'Neath Carolina's skies ;
While Spring, her crown of roses
Half shaded in a drapery of woe,
Comes on with footsteps slow
To scatter flowers upon the triple mound
Soft swelling from the ground,
Where *they*, whose love was stronger far than Death,
Wait the reviving breath
Of that fresh morn when bursting graves shall yield
The precious seed laid up, to bloom in heavenly field.

Struck down in noon of life.
Amid the battle strife
What great eclipse fell then upon the State.
How dimly broke the morn—
How sad—whose early dawn
Came ushered in with tidings of *thy fate*.
Carolina, in her darksome grief,
Bowed low her stately head and sought in tears relief.

Patriot and statesman true !
Long shall thy country rue
The keen-eyed watchman, wont from silent tower
With calm prophetic gaze
To scan the rising haze
That o'er the sunny South began to lower,
Presaging that the hour was nigh
When a terrific storm should sweep across the sky.

It came, with bloody hue.
Thy sword—the tried and true—
Leapt from its scabbard where it long had lain ;
And in thy grasp of might,
All glowing for the fight,

Streamed like a meteor o'er the gory plain.
Each soldier hailed its cheering ray,
And followed, with a shout, where'er it led the way

Quick at its chieftain's call
He left the council hall,
With statesmen met to save the commonweal—
Ready for any fate,
So he could check the hate
Of foes vindictive in their deadly zeal.
But not on Carolina's soil
Was he to meet the blow that eased him of his toil.

'Twas 'neath *thy* saddened eyes
He paid *that* sacrifice,
Virginia! But his last fond sigh was given
To his loved home afar,
His true soul's polar star;
For *her* he rendered back his life to Heaven,
And cheerfully his languid eye
Saw through the film of death her independence nigh

A pure, immortal fame
Gilds thy heroic name,
Which soon the polished marble shall record;
Thank God, we there may write,
With pencil dipped in light,
"He placed his hope in the Eternal Word,
And on his Saviour's bleeding breast
Laid his war-wearied head in calm and peaceful rest."

JOHN PELHAM.

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps ;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds ;
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field ;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessed soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed ;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown ;
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown.

KELLEY'S FORD, MARCH 17, 1863.

THE BAND IN THE PINES.

(HEARD AFTER PELHAM DIED.)

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease !
Cease with your splendid call ;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud, triumphant strain ;
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar ;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more.

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease !
Or the heart will melt in tears
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips
And the voices of old years.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

LINES TO LEE.

(Written at the time of Hooker's invasion.)

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, OF KENTUCKY.

THEY are pouring down upon you—
Gallant Lee—

As streams from mountain sources
Seek the sea.

Four serried lines advancing
With swords and banners glancing,
With horses plumed and prancing
Fast and free—

Bugles blowing—banners flowing,
For a nation's overthrowing,
'Tis a wonderful *out* going
Jubilee !

As came the haughty Persian,
Press they on !
But we have not yet forgotten
Marathon !

And through the memory passes,
With all its mighty masses,
The battle of Manassas
Lost and won !

Bugles blowing—banners flowing,
For a nation's overthrowing,
All the North to battle going
Back to run !

Now God in Heaven be with you,
Noble chief,
For the time of your probation
Waxes brief—

Your foeman thrice outnumber
The army clad in umber,
Whom no pomps of war encumber,
 "Light and Lief"—
Bugles blowing—banners flowing,
We take comfort in the knowing,
Sometimes after great cock-crowing
 Come to grief!

May you turn the tide of battle,
 Dauntless Lee!
Hurling back the wreck of armies,
 Like the sea.
Your force is scant and meagre,
Compared to the beleaguer,
But every heart is eager
 To be free!
"Bugles blowing—banners flowing"
Can make no braver showing
Than the South to battle going
 Under thee!
Than the South the North repelling,
While her mighty heart is swelling,
And every pulse is glowing
With the fame of thy bestowing,
 Robert Lee!

OUR FLAG.

BY MR. K., OF HAMPSHIRE COUNTY, VA.

Our battle-flag! behold it wave,
In the young morning's roseate light,
Above the noble and the brave,
Oft gathered 'neath its folds in fight.

By bravest of the brave 'twas borne,
As symbol of their patriot trust ;
Its starlight beauties all unshorn,
Its bright folds never trailed in dust.

Our *battle-flag* ! Heaven's cross is there,
Untarnished by the battle's breath ;
And still doth ever glorious bear
Lee's legend—"Liberty or death."

He who beneath its folds hath trod,
A pilgrim to young Freedom's shrine,
Hath marked its cross point up to God ;
Its stars our loves and hopes combine.

Our battle-flag ! while Freedom's hand
Shall strike in Freedom's cause the blow,
And high hearts of the Southron's land
With filial pride and honor glow,—

Until this storm of war be o'er
And independence nobly won,
In triumph still, on sea and shore,
Our battle-flag ! float on, float on.

CHARADE.

[The following charade is given, not so much for its poetical beauty, as for the name which it suggests.]

MY FIRST is seen on a field of green,
And a lucky elf is he,
The joy and sport of all the court,
Though a SQUIRE of low degree.
He has no gold (though I am told
He strips the richest bare),
But four gray suits and a pair of boots,
Whilst kings his playmates are.

He's rarely LOW, he'd have you know,
E'en when he maketh GAME ;
He wields the power of court and BOWER—
Oh, guess that GALLANT's name.
The tenderest tie that you or I
May ever hope to own,
A precious trust of dust to dust,
Is by my SECOND shown.
My whole shall cause the world to pause
And gaze with wondering eyes—
A living NAME, a deathless FAME,
A soldier brave and wise.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

[We reproduce a lyric which was extremely popular in many parts of the South. The unknown author draws a picture which addresses itself at once to the eye, and through the eye to the heart. This poem deserves to be preserved among the literary relics of the times. Every Southerner and Northerner of taste will read it with interest.]

COME! stack arms, men; pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fires bright ;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows them well :
Says he, "That's Bank's—he's fond of shell ;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!

Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!

Attention! it's his way:
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God—
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod;
Amen!" That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!

Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off! We'll win
His way out ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him e'er the morn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright glances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his columns whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score!"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band;
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
Than get in "Stonewall's Way."

THE LONE SENTRY.

BY JAMES E. RANDALL.

[The Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond, in a sermon in memory of the much loved and lamented Stonewall Jackson, narrates the following incident:—"Previous to the first battle of Manassas, when the troops under Stonewall Jackson had made a forced march, on halting at night they fell on the ground exhausted and faint. The hour arrived for setting the watch for the night. The officer of the day went to the General's tent, and said: 'General, the men are all wearied, and there is not one but is asleep. Shall I wake them?' 'No,' said the noble Jackson; 'let them sleep, and I will watch the camp to-night.' And all night long he rode round that lonely camp, the one lone sentry for that brave, but weary and silent body of Virginian heroes. And when glorious morning broke, the soldiers awoke fresh and ready for action, all unconscious of the noble vigils kept over their slumbers."]

'Twas at the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still;
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill.
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds
To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and sombre brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow.
The wistful glance peered o'er the plain
Beneath the starry light;
And, with the murmured name of God,
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul,
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight

Which gave him to the angel host
Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
With one resistless moan ;
While up the Valley of the Lord
He marches to the Throne.

He kept the faith of men and saints
Sublime and pure and bright ;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.

Brothers ! the midnight of the cause
Is shrouded in our fate ;
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire and lust and hate.
Be strong, be valiant, be assured,
Strike home for Heaven and Right !
*The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,
And guards the camp to-night.*

RIDING A RAID.

AIR—"BONNY DUNDEE"

'Tis old Stonewall the Rebel that leans on his sword,
And while we are mounting prays low to the Lord ;
Now each cavalier who loves honor and right,
Let him follow the feather of Stuart to-night.

Come, tighten your girths and slacken your rein ;
Come, buckle your blanket and holster again ;
Try the click of your trigger and balance your blade,
For he must ride sure who goes riding a raid.

Now gallop, now gallop, to swim or to ford ;
Old Stonewall, still watching, prays low to the Lord.

Good-by, dear old Rebel ; the river's not wide,
And Maryland's lights in the windows do shine.
Come, tighten your girths and slacken your rein ;
Come, buckle your blanket and holster again ;
Try the click of your trigger and balance your blade,
For he must ride sure who goes riding a raid.

Then gallop, then gallop by ravine and rocks,
Who would bar up the way takes his toll in hard knocks
For with these points of steel up the lines of old Penn,
We have made some fine strokes and will make 'em again.
Come, tighten your girths and slacken your rein ;
Come, buckle your blanket and holster again ;
Try the click of your trigger and balance your blade,
For he must ride sure who goes riding a raid.

STONEWALL JACKSON ON THE EVE OF BATTLE. A PICTURE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WARFIELD.

In the camp the waning watch-fire
Throws a dim and lurid glare
O'er a band of soldiers.
One above is watching there ;
One above with God communing
Kneels beside them in the dust,
Crying on the God of battles,
Craving justice from the *just*.

Wrestling, even as Jacob wrestled
With the angel of the tent ;
Strong to bear and quick to suffer,
Yet, with forces almost spent.

Waiting, watching for the morning,
Yearning for the break of dawn,
When the glorious truth should triumph
And the shadows be withdrawn.

High that face, and stern and dauntless,
As it meets the advancing horde ;
Lowlier than the lowliest bondsman,
As it bows before the Lord.
See, the hands on high are lifted,
Trembling in their meek despair ;
And the eyes, with bright'ning gifted,
Drop beneath the might of prayer.

Snows upon the head have fallen,
Such as winter never poured,
Since the strong heart woke to battle,
Since the true hand grasped the sword ;
But the trust shall prove unshaken
Be the conflict lost or won,
Firmly placed from youth to manhood
In Jehovah and his Son.

STONEWALL'S SABLE SEERS.*

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, BEECHMORE, OLDHAM COUNTY, KY.

"I'll tell you wat, ole Cato,"
Quoth Cuff by the bright camp-fire,
"We's gwine to hab a battle ;
Nebber min' dis mud an' mire,
Nebber min' dis rain wat is fallin'
Enuff to melt de stones,
We's gwine to hab a battle,
I feels it in my bones.

* From a well-authenticated anecdote.

"You passes fur a prophit—
I'se heerd dat all my life ;
An' you gibs me de name ob 'Foolish'
Before my berry wife.
But fur all dat, I tells you
(Does you hear me, Cato Jones?)
We's gwine to hab a battle,
I feels it in my bones."

Then up arose old Cato,
That swart, yet reverend sage,
With hair as white as lamb's wool,
And the stiffened limbs of age ;
Yet stately in his presence
And stalwart in his frame,
A man in his Maker's image,
And worthy his Roman name.

He grasps his thorn-stick tightly
As he stood above the fire,
With a face in which derision
Was blended well with ire ;
Then, gazing down on Cuffy
With an eye intense with scorn,
He spoke these words of wisdom—
"*You feels it, try a horn !*"

"Does you tink de great Commander
Gibs such as you to know
His orders to *his* captins
In de night time, Cuffy Crow?
You hears de masta prayin',
You listens wen he groans
And dats de way dis battle
Am stirrin' in your bones.

"I seed your bead eyes twinklin',
About de crack ob day,
When de masta stopped his groanin'
And 'posed his mind to pray;
But I tought you knowed your manners
Too well to see or hear
De soldier in de presence
Ob his hebbently brigadier.

"He prayed like dat old King David
Wat loved de Lord so well;
He called on de God ob battles
To cus dem houns ob hell.
I felt my har uprisin',
Like Job's, upon my head,
When he 'voked de precious sperits
Ob our ole Virginny dead.

"No organ in white folks' churches
Ebber pealed so grand a sound
As de masta's voice discoursin'
'Bout habbin 'Satan bound.'
He prayed like dat holy Samuel
Wat broke de pride ob Saul;
Den I knowed de white trash Linkum
Boun' to hab anoder fall.

"Dis day dese words am proven,
We goes to meet de foe;
It takes no nigga prophit
To guess dat, Cuffy Crow.
For whenever de masta's wakeful,
And whenever he prays and groans,
Why dem dat lies by his camp-fire
Feel battle in dere bones."*

* One of Stonewall Jackson's serving-men made these very observations.

TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY JAMES D. BLACKWELL.

Flow on, thou bright river ! flow on to the deep,
And soothe with thy murmurs the dead in their sleep !
Through a country thou flowest of valor and truth,
Where fair is each maiden and gallant each youth.

Not the wave of Illipsus, that saw in its pride
The glory of Athens thrown back from its tide ;
Not the stream of Euratas or Tiber may be
More worthy of record, fair river, than thee.

Bright river ! how oft has thy swift-gliding wave
Drunk deep of the blood of the true and the brave ;
And thy banks, fringed with woodlands, re-echoed afar
The tread of vast legions, the thunders of war.

But the combat is ended, the storm hath passed o'er,
And thy waters with life-blood are crimsoned no more ;
But long shall their murmurs in memory tell
Of the heroes who fought and the martyrs who fell.

STONEWALL JACKSON MORTALLY WOUNDED.

("The Brigade must not know, sir.")

"Who've ye got there?"—"Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."

"Good boy ! He'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?"—"A crippled courier, Major ;
Shot by mistake, we hear.

He was with Stonewall."—"Cruel work they've made here ;
Quick with him to the rear !"

"Well, who comes next?"—"Doctor, speak low, speak low,
sir ;

Don't let the men find out.

It's STONEWALL!"—"God!"—"The brigade must not know,
sir,

While there's a foe about."

Whom have we *here*—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?

A grand, dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm :

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how clingeth
That banner to his bier !

The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark ! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear !

What have we left ? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.

Living, he laid the first stones of a nation ;
And dead, he builds it yet.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY H. L. FLASH.

Nor midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the Vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town ;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing with the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's promised land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth;
But broke the house of bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South.

O gracious God ! not gainless in the loss,
A glorious sunbeam gilds the sternest frown ;
And while his country staggers 'neath the cross,
He rises with the crown.

MAY 10, 1863.

SACRIFICE.

I.

ANOTHER victim for the sacrifice !
Oh, my own mother South,
How terrible this wail above thy youth,
Dying at the cannon's mouth
And for no crime, no vice,
No scheme of selfish greed, no avarice,
Or insolent ambition, seeking power,
But that, with resolute soul and will sublime,
They made their proud election to be free—
To leave a grand inheritance to time,
And to their sons and race, of liberty.

II.

Oh, widowed woman ! sitting in thy weeds,
With thy young brood around thee, sad and lone,
Thy fancy sees thy hero where he bleeds,
And still thou hear'st his moan.

Dying he calls on thee, again, again,
With blessing and fond memories. Be of cheer;
He has not died, he did not bless in vain:
For, in the eternal rounds of God, HE squares
THE account with sorrowing hearts; and soothes the
fears,
And leads the orphans home, and dries the widow's
tears.

CHARLESTON MERCURY.

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT.-GEN. JACKSON. A DIRGE.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD, OF KENTUCKY.

Go to thy rest, great chieftain,
In the zenith of thy fame,
With the proud heart stilled and frozen,
No foeman e'er could tame;
With the eye that met the battle,
As the eagle's meets the sun,
Rayless beneath its marble lid,
Repose, thou mighty one!

Yet ill our cause could spare thee,
And harsh the blow of fate
That struck its stanchest pillar
From 'neath our dome of State.
Of thee as of the Douglas,
We say with Scotland's king,
"There is not one to take *his* place
In all the knightly ring!"

Thou wert the noblest Captain
Of all that martial host
That front the haughty Northman
And put to shame his boast;

Thou wert the strongest bulwark
To stay the tide of fight,
'The name thy soldiers gave thee
Bore witness of thy might.

That name was worth a legion
In charge or battle call,
'Twas joy to see the cravens fly
At the shouting of "Stonewall!"
'Twas pride to mark thy phalanx
Sweep onward like a blast
That clears the leaves of autumn
From the forest, fierce and fast.

'Twas glory—'twas derision
To mark the bloody rout,
When, as signal for the panic,
The Southron yell rang out;
And thou, O mighty leader!
Breasting the battle's van,
Didst seem amid its sullen roar
More demi-god than man.

Go, warrior, it is over,
No more shall bugle note
Arouse thee, stern and prayerful,
Nor banner o'er thee float;
Nor the sound of shell and cannon
Make music in thy ear
In the sultry tide of battle—
Thou liest on thy bier.

Yet we may not weep above thee,
This is no time for tears;
Thou wouldst not brook their shedding,
O saint among thy peers!
Couldst thou look from yonder heaven,
Above us smiling spread,

Thou wouldst not have us pause for grief
On the blood-stained path we tread.
Not while our homes in ashes
Lie smouldering on the sod,
Not while our houseless women
Send up wild wail to God.
Not while the mad fanatic
Strews ruin in his track,
Dare any Southron give the rein
To feeling, and look back !
No, still the cry is *onward*,
This is no time for tears.
No, still the word is *vengeance*,
Leave *ruth* for coming years.
We will snatch thy glorious banner
From thy dead and stiffening hand
(The one thy foeman spared the grave)
And bear it through the land.
And all who mark it streaming—
O soldier of the cross !
Shall gird them with a fresh resolve
Of loyalty for loss.
Whilst thou, enrolled a martyr,
Thy sacred mission shown,
Shalt lay the record of our wrongs
Before the *eternal Throne*.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL STONE-
WALL JACKSON.

BY THE EXILE.

AY, toll ! toll ! toll !
Toll the funeral bell !

And let its mournful echoes roll
From sphere to sphere, from pole to pole,
O'er the flight of the greatest, kingliest soul
That ever in battle fell.

Yes, weep! weep! weep!

Weep for the hero fled!

For death, the greatest of soldiers, at last
Has over our leader his black pall cast,
And from us his noble form hath passed
To the home of the mighty dead.

Then toll! and weep! and mourn!

Mourn the fall of the brave!

For Jackson, whose deeds made the nation proud,
At whose very name the enemy cowed,
With the "crimson cross" for his martial shroud,
Now sleeps his long sleep in the grave.

His form has passed away;

His voice is silent and still;

No more at the head of "the old brigade,"
The daring men who were never dismayed,
Will he lead them to glory that never can fade—
Stonewall of the Iron Will!

He fell as a hero should fall;

'Mid the thunder of war he died.

While the rifle cracked and the cannon roared,
And the blood of the friend and foeman poured,
He dropped from his nerveless grasp the sword
That erst was the nation's pride.

Virginia, his mother, is bowed;

Her tread is heavy and slow.

From all the South comes a wailing moan,
And mountains and valleys re-echo the groan,
For the gallant chief of her clans has flown,
And a nation is filled with woe.

Rest, warrior ! rest !

Rest in thy laurelled tomb !

Thy mem'ry shall live through all of earth's years,
And thy name still excite the despot's fears,
While o'er thee shall fall a nation's tears ;
Thy deeds shall not perish in gloom.

RICHMOND ENQUIRER, JULY, 1863.

"IN THE DARK."

BY ISA CRAIG, OF ENGLAND.

He is down ! He is struck in the dark
By command of his own ;
By the men who had stood, as he said,
"Like a wall"—each live stone
Moving into the death gap, thus builded
As soon as o'erthrown.
And their fire flashes swift at his word :
He who meets it unknown
In the dark.

Every man who fired shot then, obeying
The General's command,
With hot heart is thinking, "It may be
His blood's on *my* hand."
Every man to his fellow is turning,
Such comfort to gather
As each finds in assurance that all
To a man had died rather
In the dark.

And strong in their hearts the assurance
That *he* would say : "Wherefore,
My own men I've marched with and fought with
And wrestled in prayer for,

Stand ye thus self-accused? Know ye not
That ye did but perform
The will of the Lord and your duty?
And both must be done
In the dark.

"Take this arm! take this life! they are Thine,
Life and work, soul and sword;
If my death serve the best, be it so—
Thou, not Death, art the Lord."
Thus the soul of the soldier arose
To his Father in heaven,
As he lay yielding up unto Him
The life he had given
In the dark.

"Was this cause I have led Thine in truth?
With strong crying and tears
I have plead, with my soul, O my God!
And the right still appears
That the State *must be free* to serve Thee.
Search Thou out our confessions!
That howe'er we may err by the way
We may reach thy conclusions
In the dark."

"It was no deed of ours," said his foes,
With a strange exultation
That none of *their* side had laid low
This one man of the nation.
They claim him—not one side or other,
But *both*, now he's gone—
As brethren, their hero, their brother.
And still they fight on
In the dark.

THE FUNERAL DIRGE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

MUFFLED drum and solemn bugle !
Sound a dirge as on ye move ;
Never soldiers mourned a chieftain
Worthier of their trust and love.
As ye look your last upon him,
Swear to fight as he has fought,
Swear to follow up the victory
By *his* life so *dearly* bought.

'Twas no Northman's hand that slew him,
No such honor shall they claim ;
Those who would have *died* to save him
Smote their leader as he came
Conq'ring t'wards them in the darkness—
They mistook him for that foe
He bade them strike—alas ! *too* watchful ;
All their anguish *none* can know.

Bravest chieftain ! good as valiant.
Who, his sword, like Aaron's rod
Held as powerless, unless guided
By the strength and power of God.
Eve of battle never found *him*
Making vain and idle boasts,
But in humblest mood beseeching
Victory from the "Lord of Hosts."

As the mighty shade of Theseus
Led the Athenian armies forth,
Southrons, when ye go to battle
With the fierce hordes of the North,

Let the spirit of your hero
Stand where erst he stood in life,
Cheering you to win or *perish*
In the thickest of the strife.

Southern ranks will never falter,
Southern hearts will never faint,
Guided, guarded by the spirit
Of a hero and a *saint*.

Stand ye firm—the name deserving
By your mighty Stonewall won;
Let his fame, on morn of battle,
Be your valor's *rising sun*!

Kneel,—as erst ye saw him kneeling,—
Southern soldiers; learn to *pray*—
Jackson prayed—if ye would conquer,
Lo! an angel points the way.
On! where his bright form is leading,
There behold your banner wave;
Soldiers! follow on—to freedom,
Or a freeman's honored grave.

MAY 20, 1863.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. M. J. PRESTON, OF LEXINGTON, VA.

A SIMPLE, sodded mound of earth,
With not a line above it—
With only daily votive flowers
To prove that any love it;
The token flag that, silently,
Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
The hero's dreamless slumbers.

No name? no record? Ask the world—
The world has heard his story—
If all its annals can unfold
A prouder tale of glory?
If ever merely human life
Hath taught diviner moral—
If ever round a worthier brow
Was twined a purer laurel?

Humanity's responsive heart
Concedes his wond'rous powers,
And pulses with a tenderness
Almost akin to ours;
Nay, not to ours—for us he poured
His life—a rich oblation;
And on adoring souls we bear
His blood of consecration.

A twelvemonth only since his sword
Went flashing through the battle;
A twelvemonth only since his ear
Heard war's last deadly rattle.
And yet have countless pilgrim feet
The pilgrim's guerdon paid him;
And weeping women come to see
The place where they have laid him.

Contending armies* bring, in turn,
Their meed of praise or honor;
And Pallas here has paused to bind
The cypress wreath upon her.
It seems a holy sepulchre
Whose sanctities can waken
Alike the love of friend or foe—
The Christian or the Pagan.

* In the month of June, 1864, this singular spectacle was presented at Lexington, of two hostile armies in turn reverently visiting the grave of Stonewall Jackson.

They come to own his high emprise
Who fled in frantic masses
Before the glittering bayonet
That triumphed at Manassas ;
He witnessed Kernstown's fearful odds,
As on their ranks he thundered,
Defiant as the storied Greek
Amid his brave three hundred.

They will recall the tiger spring,
The wise retreat, the rally ;
The tireless march, the fierce pursuit
Through many a mountain valley.
Cross Keys unlocks new paths to fame,
And Port Republic's story
Wrests from his ever-vanquished foes
Strange tributes to his glory !

Cold Harbor rises to their view,
The Cedar gloom is o'er them,
Antietam's rough and rugged heights
Stretch mockingly before them.
The lurid flame of Fredericksburg
Right grimly they remember,
That lit the frozen night's retreat
That wintry, wild December.

The largesse of this praise is flung
With bounty rare and regal ;
Is it because the vulture fears
No longer the dead eagle ?
Nay, rather far accept it thus :
A homage true and tender,
As soldier unto soldier's worth—
As brave to brave will render !

But who shall weigh the wordless grief
That leaves in tears its traces,
As round their leader crowd again
Those bronzed and veteran faces?
The "old brigade" he loved so well—
The mountain men who bound him
With bays of their own winning, ere
A tardier fame had crowned him.

The legions who had seen his glance
Across the carnage flashing,
And thrilled to catch his ringing "charge"
Above the volley crashing;
Who oft had watched the lifted hand
The inward trust betraying,
And felt their courage grow sublime
While they beheld him praying.

Good knights, and true as ever drew
Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
For love of martyred Poland;
Or knelt with Cromwell's "Ironsides,"
Or sung with brave Gustavus,
Or on the field of Austerlitz
Breathed out their dying "aves."

Rare fame! rare name! if chanted praise,
With all the world to listen,
If pride that swells a nation's soul—
If foeman's tears that glisten—
If pilgrim's shining love—if grief
Which naught can soothe or sever,
If these can consecrate, this spot
Is sacred ground forever.

SPRING.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair ;
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee ;
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side appears the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may see, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And, near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west-wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlight rains,
And every gladdening influence around
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring, kneeling on the sod,
And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.

BY "ARTEESKE"

Oh! lightly tread; 'tis hallowed ground
Your footstep presses now.
A hero sleeps beneath this mound;
With deepest reverence bow!

A nation glorifies his name,
His soul *lives* with his God;
A proud, exalted, peerless fame
Breathes o'er his hallowed sod.

A charm, a spell 'round his great name
Shall linger through all time;
Succeeding ages shall proclaim
His life, his death sublime.

'Tis here he lies, here Jackson sleeps
In this his lowly bed;
The nation gathers 'round and weeps,
And mourns its noble dead.

Hope breathes a sigh, Grief drops a tear,
The hero is no more;
Faith gently whispers, Cease all fear,
He's only "gone before."

His soul on high, in realms of light,
Basks in a Saviour's love ;
He mounts on Glory's pinions bright
To plead our cause above.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

"OVER THE RIVER."

BY J. DAFFORE.

[Dr. Hunter Maguire thus concludes his account of the last moments of Stonewall Jackson: "Then his manner changed, and he murmured, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the trees.'"]

"OVER the river, over the river,
There where the soft-lying shadows invite ;"
And fanned by the south wind the forest leaves quiver,
And fire-flies dance through the sweet summer night.

"Soldiers and comrades ! we'll cross that broad river,
Far from the tumults of trumpet and drum,
And the cannon's deep boom, and the fierce squadron's
shiver,
As they reel in their saddles. Then come, brothers,
come.

"Over the river, over the river,
Come ere the sun goeth down in the west ;
Angel forms beckon us, sent to deliver
The weary from labor, to offer him rest."

-Over the river, a fathomless river,
In the land where no shadow is needed nor seen,
Where the leaves of the forest trees wither, no, never,
And the fruits are all golden, the pastures all green.
From the couch where the warrior lay stricken and dying
He saw in a vision the country so fair—

All its streams and its valleys, its mountains outlying,
And the city whose gates are of pearls rich and rare.

Over the river, the dark-flowing river,
Death bore the hero and victor and saint ;
Great in earth's conflict, and greater than ever
When they had left him all bleeding and faint.

Waiting to cross it, all radiant with glory,
Strong in the faith which is born of pure life ;
Bequeathing a name to the record of story
That tells of bold deeds in the patriot's strife.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY (MRS. VON WEISS).

SOFTLY, mournfully, slowly
Droppeth the rain from the eaves,
It falls on the head of the drooping flowers,
In the hearts of the withered leaves.

Sadly, mournfully, slowly,
Over the darkening hills,
The funeral clouds are gathering low
As the rain from the sky distils.

My tears could fall as sadly
For pleasant days that are past ;
And dark as the clouds on the lovely hills
Are the shadows around me cast.

But holier far in its sadness
Is the desolate autumn time
Than the light that parcheth the fainting flowers
In the fulness of summer's prime.

Holier, gentler, and purer,
Are thoughts that hallow the heart,
Which hath seen the buds of its hope decay
And the light of its joy depart.

For they were the April flowers,
And these are the golden sheaves—
The sad, sweet thoughts on the hearts that fall,
As droppeth the rain from the eaves.

RICHMOND, VA.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

INSCRIBED TO QUEEN VICTORIA, BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

FROM our ancient moss-veiled forests,
Jasmine bowers, savannahs green,
From the South a voice comes pleading,
Pleading to thee, gracious Queen!
From our broad palmetto thickets,
From each deep and fragrant vale,
Groves of orange and magnolia,
Now breathes forth a plaintive wail.
From the graves of many heroes,
While their life-blood soaks the sod;
From the hearts that mourn them, turning
In their wretchedness to God.
From our fair homes desolated
By a selfish tyrant's greed,
From the noble bosoms bleeding,
And from those that still must bleed,
Plaintive comes a sad voice pleading,
Wafted to thee o'er the sea,
From a proud, brave, tortured people,
Struggling fiercely to be free.

Struggling not for gain or conquest,
But to *strike* the foes who spoil
Roof-trees, firesides, homes and altars,
And to drive them from our soil.
Thus it is we stand exalted
High before the world to-day,
Thus that twenty million Northmen
We have proudly held at bay.
Like the great Goliath, boasting
Of their wondrous power and might,
Went these Northmen forth exultant
And defiant to the fight.
Thus we met them, few to many,
Strong beneath the Almighty's wing,
As that youth who slew Goliath
With a pebble from a sling.
Years of bitter strife have left us
Full of strength and prowess still,
Wearing freedom's mail, whose breastplate
Is a freeman's iron will.
And our prayer is not for treasure,
Not for aid by sea or land,
But to stand among the nations
Where we have won a *right* to stand.
By the crown whose gems have gathered
Brightness since they graced thy brow,
By that royal heart, so tender,
Hear us, sovereign lady, now.
When the British Lion greets us,
All the world will find a voice
To hail us then, a nation making
Death or liberty her choice !

JANUARY, 1863.

NIL DESPERANDUM—TO THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

BY IKKEY INGLE.

WHEEL in the rut? then shoulder to the wheel;
Make muscle and sinew nerve-force feel!
In the slough of Despond sinks the nation's weal?
Let purpose speak in cannon's peal!
Learn to will and to do!

The ship's yet steady, the tempest sweeps past,
No leak's discovered, unsprung's the mast;
Let new spars be fitted, the seamen stand fast,
Beware but of breakers, she'll weather the blast,
Her helmsman is true.

Bare the brawny arm, the anvil full swing!
Hands to the bellows, fresh fuel bring;
Iter, Iterumque, make the anvil sing—
Not cotton, nor gold, but labor is king.
Unite will and might!

Hand to the plough! Let us never look back!
Hold the reins steady, make the thong smack;
Strike deep the furrow, and hold fast to the track,
Sow the seed! The harvest! oh, let it not lack
Fruit for posterity!

Remember the past, and rival its fame;
Barter not birthright for sorrow and shame!
Bequeath what was willed thee, thine honor, thy name.
To the true, death or victory are but the same
Keys to eternity.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

INSCRIBED TO THE FRIEND WHO SENT THEM—BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

LADY! the fair blossoms you have culled for me to-day,
Modest, dainty, vestal lilies, clustering on the path of May,
A deep and tender meaning to my haunted heart may
 bring,
With their faint, delicious breathings from the bosom of
 the spring.

They mind me of a home beloved, *my home* in by-gone
 years,
Then beautiful beyond compare, now dark with blood and
 tears ;
They mind me that a storm of strife has strewn my na-
 tive shore
With wrecks of hope and happiness, lost, lost, forever-
 more.

Lady! they prate of battles, they tell thee of the war,
And thou dost read of, nay lament, its horrors from afar;
But oh! thy heart would grieve like mine, did that red
 deluge flow,
Dividing thee from cherished scenes, and friends of long
 ago.

*I have wept above your lilies, for they lure my heart
 away,
'Mid memories of the light and love of many a bygone
 May,
'Neath warm, bright skies, when joy was throned on every
 beaming brow,
The sun shines on, mocking our gloom of desolation now.

Woe to the then thrice blessed, who now must suffer and
endure ;
Woe to the countless bleeding hearts no earthly hope can
cure ;
Woe to that cry of carnage, making all the airs of spring,
Like the voice of grief in Ramah, with lamentations ring.
Fled is the guardian spirit of a land once blessed and
good ;
His white plume soiled with battle smoke, his banner
steeped in blood.
And lo ! one universal prayer from North and South
should pour :—
“ O Father ! send the angel *Peace* to dwell with us once
more.”

ROCHESTER, MAY, 1864.

PAGE-BROOK.

FROM “THE LAND WE LOVE.”

THERE is dust on the door-way, there is mould on the wall,
There's a chill at the hearth-stone, a hush through the
hall,
And the stately old mansion stands darkened and cold--
Where the leal, loving hearts that it sheltered of old ?
No light at the lattice, no smile at the door,
No cheer at its table, no dance on its floor ;
But “glory departed” and silence alone,
“Dust unto dust” upon pillar and stone.
No laughter of childhood, no shout on the lawn,
No footstep to echo the feet that are gone ;
Feet of the beautiful, forms of the brave,
Falling in other lands, gone to the grave.

No anthem of praises, no hymn rising clear,
No song at the bridal, no wail at the bier ;
All the chords of its symphonies scattered and riven,
Its altar in ashes, its incense in heaven.

'Tis life's deepest sadness, thus lonely to stand
'Mid the wreck of a HOME once the pride of the land ;
Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
The melody stilled in its desolate heart.

Yet softly the sunshine still rests on the grass,
And lightly and swiftly the cloud-shadows pass ;
And still the broad meadow exults in the sheen,
With its foam-crest of snow and its billows of green.

And the verdure shall creep to the mouldering walls,
And the sunlight shall sleep in the desolate halls ;
And the foot of the pilgrim shall find to the last
Some fragrance of home at the shrine of the past.

F. O. TICKNOR.

A PRISON SCENE.

BY COL. HAWKINS, C. S. A.

LAST night a comrade sent in haste
For me to soothe his fearful pain ;
He felt Death's power advancing fast,
He knew that hope was vain.
God's promises I read again,
Till Faith's sweet light shone from his eye ;
Sole gleam—for sorrow filled me then
As shadows fill the sky.

A dreary place that hospital—
Where dim lamps break the solemn gloom,
And nurses move with slow footfall,
Like spectres, through the room.

Above those cots all miseries blend,
On each some form of suffering lies;
Some groan, some sleep, but here one friend
Puts on the angel's guise.

Scarcely I heard the bugle's call,
Scarce felt the night-wind's heavy breath;
I only saw the shadows fall
And the ghastly chill of death,
Save where a pallid splendor lay
Upon his brow, like martyr's crown—
The sweet foreshadowing of the day
In which life's star goes down.

I hear his piteous tones implore,
And heed his hand's hot clinging grasp—
Pale hands, alas! that nevermore
Shall feel love's answering clasp.
His frenzied spirit flies from pain,
He thinks himself once more at home—
“Dear wife! dear child! I'm here again;
Close to me, closer come!

“I could not lag where country led,
The voice of wrong could not beguile;
You would not have me stay, you said,
If honor ceased to smile.
Ah! many fall in this wild strife;
But Freedom holds their memories dear,
And makes a gem of every life—
For the crown *she* yet shall wear.

“And many a time when raged the fight
I've seemed to see *her* through the smoke,
With smiles that shone in tearful light,
Bless every valiant stroke.
I'm hurt and tired now—so place
Our little darling by my bed;

One hand, my own, to your embrace,
And one on Baby's head."

His voice was hushed—short grew his breath,
The glazing eyes closed slowly o'er,
The bloodless lips were kissed by Death—
They'll speak of love no more.
One clammy hand I held in mine
And o'er it breathed my fervent prayer ;
Beneath the other seemed to shine
His baby's golden hair.

LINES ON CAPTAIN BEALL.

BY COL. HAWKINS, C. S. A.

[Lines written on the wish expressed by Captain Beall, that his body should not be carried to the Valley until his mother could write upon his tomb, "He died in defence of his country."]

MAKE not my grave in the Valley yet,
'Neath the sod of an alien let it be
Till my mother can write, with tears of pride,
On my tomb these simple words : "He died,
Dear land ! defending thee."

Not there where the blackened homesteads are,
And the tokens of deathless wrong ;
Not the place where a pall is upon the land,
All scourged by sword and scarred by brand,
And hushed is every song.

Not there where the church-yard's turf is torn
By the hoof of a vile and ruthless foe
Shall his grave be made ; for a Northerner's hate
That sacred spot would desecrate,
A fiendish wrath to show.

In days of Rome as dangers fled,
When friendly Curtius leaped to save,
The eager votaries sought to share,
And blessed with garlands rich and fair
The hero's honored grave.

But he, more grand and noble still,
Uncheered by any loud acclaim,
In the might of his undaunted soul
Drank freely sorrow's keenest dole,
And faced the brink of shame.

Yet ere he plunged, the angels swift
Along their earthly pathway trod ;
They smote away the bitter cup,
And bore the star-crowned martyr up
On their pinions back to God.

And Nature mourns that valiant heart,
For there, upon his Northern tomb,
The flowers of spring shall wave above
His ashes in their bloom.

"SOLDIERS' LETTERS."

THE mail ! the mail !
And sun-burned cheeks and eager eyes
Come crowding round the captain's tent ;
Each outstretched hand receives the prize
For fond perusal meant.
Unless distressing news be told,
These letters naught of pain convey ;
For friends at home will never scold
The lad that's far away.

The mail! the mail!
And toil-stained palms are closing there
On dainty missives, fresh and fair,
By lily fingers folded.
For kindly thoughts pursue the youth
Who battles with his country's foe;
Nor soiled attire nor guise uncouth
Prevents their genial flow.

The mail! the mail!
A father's words of pride and cheer,
A mother's trembling admonition,
A sister's blessing—oh! how dear—
A brother's generous wishing.
And many missives, frank and bright,
From early friends and neighbor boy;
Each page a volume of delight,
A brimming cup of joy.

The mail! the mail!
And stillness rules the boisterous throng,
And "silence half an hour" prevails,
The heaven of those who wait so long
The coming of the mails.

MY FRIEND.

[Written by Col. W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A. (prisoner of war at Camp Chase), a friend of a fellow-prisoner who was engaged to be married to a Southern lady. She proved faithless to him. The letter arrived soon after his death, and was answered by Colonel H. in the following lines.]

Your letter came, but came too late,
For heaven had claimed its own;
Ah, sudden change! from prison bars
Unto the Great White Throne.

And yet, I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read these tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady !
Through so many a weary hour ?
Have you other lovers with you
In that silken, dainty bower ?
Did others bow before your charms,
And twine bright garlands there ?
And yet, I ween, in all the throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
Awhile before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon that pallid face.

"Her love," said he, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah ! trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing !
For when these valleys fair, in May,
Once more with blooms shall wave,
The Northern violets shall blow
Upon his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear ;
Though to the last he kissed with love
This tress of your soft hair.

I did not put it where he said,
For, when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gain it—fearful thought !
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle, light and small ;
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall.

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear,
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier.
Still, I forgive you ; Heaven knows,
For mercy you'll have need,
Since God his awful judgment sends
On each unworthy deed.

To-night, the cold wind whistles by,
As I my vigils keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude, plank coffin holds him now,
Yet death gives always grace ;
And I had rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms are very gay
With wit, and wine, and song ;
And you are smiling just as if
You never did a wrong.

You hand, so fair, that none would think
It penned these words of pain ;
Your skin, so white—would to God your soul
Were half so free of stain !

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend,
Than you in all your glee ;
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come ;
He chose his way—you, yours—let God
Pronounce the fitting doom !

CAMP CHASE, DECEMBER, 1861.

THOU AND I.

DEWY night has fallen, love !
All around lies hushed in sleep ;
Forth to thee my fancies rove,
Sweet commune to keep.

Dreaming thou again art mine,
Feel thy kisses on my face ;
Turn to lay my hand in thine,
Find an empty place.

Waking from that dream's delight,
To these thoughts all others yield :—
"I within my chamber bright,
Thou on tented field !

"I upon my downy bed,
Rosy-curtained, fair to see ;
Frozen ground supports thy head,
Stars, thy canopy "

On my pillow soft and fair,
Turning restlessly, I see
Little head with golden hair
Where thine used to be.

Baby fingers at my breast,
Baby breathings, soft and calm,
Bring my stricken spirit rest—
Would thou sharedst their balm!

As the hours roll on, I try
To relieve my aching heart;
All in vain! for fancy's eye
Sees thee as thou art.

Sees thee weary, faint, and worn,
By the camp-fire waning low,
Snatching hasty sleep till morn
Bid thee onward go.

Sees, throughout the wintry day,
On the crisp, new-fallen snow,
Thy dear feet upon their way,
Bleeding as they go.

Know that, when the march is o'er,
Frightful dangers, far more great,
In the battle's awful store
Gaping on thee wait.

Then I rise, and kneel in prayer,
Wrestling with my God, that He
Make thee His especial care,
Bring thee safe to me.

Or, if so He hath decreed
Thy dear form to death be given,
That thy patriot spirit, freed,
He receive to heaven.

Pray to bear with strength and grace
All His holy will may be ;
Wipe the hot tears from my face,
Sleep again, to dream of thee.

FANNY DOWNING.

THE HERO WITHOUT A NAME.

BY COL. W. B. HAWKINS, PRISONER OF WAR.*

I LOVED, when a child, to seek the page
Where war's proud tales are grandly told,
And to read of the might of that former age,
In the brave, good days of old;
When men for Virtue and Honor fought
In serried ranks, 'neath their banners bright,
By the fairy hands of beauty wrought,
And broidered with "*God and Right!*"
'Twas there I read of Sir Launcelot true,
Whose deeds have been sung in a nobler strain ;
And of Roderic the Bold, who his falchion drew
In the cause of his native Spain ;
And, in thought, I beheld gay Sidney ride,
His white plume dotting the field's expanse ;
And Bayard, who came like the swirl of the tide,
As he struck for the lilies of France.
On the crags of Scotland then I saw,
With his hair of golden hue, Montrose ;
And the swarthy Douglas, whose name was law
In the homes of his English foes.
There was Winkelried, in the Swiss-land famed ;
And the mountaineers' boast—devoted Tell—

* By the close of the war, Colonel Hawkins was liberated from prison, and returned home to die.

Before whose patriot shaft, well-aimed,
His country's tyrant fell.

'Neath Erin's flag, with its glad sunburst,
Was Emmett, the first in that martyr van,
Whose blood makes sacred the gibbet accursed,
Where they died for the rights of man.
There was Light-Horse Harry, the first in the fray,
There was Marion leading his cavaliers,
And Washington, too, whose grave to-day,
Is the shrine of patriot tears.

These splendid forms were part of the throng
That delighted me, moving in pageant grand,
Through the wastes of time and the fields of song,
From the legends of every land.

But little I hoped myself to see
A spirit akin to these stately men ;
Or dreamed that great hearts, like theirs, could be
In a prison's crowded pen.

Yet, I've seen in the wards of the hospital there,
A hero, I fancy, as peerless of soul ;
A pale-faced boy, whose home is fair,
Where the waters of Cumberland roll.
On his narrow cot, in that narrow room,
Where the music he hears is the sigh and the groan,
He lies through the day's long pain and gloom,
But he never makes a moan!

They hewed him down with their blades of steel,
Where the troopers charged from the camp of the foe;
But he was not killed—although I feel,
It would have been better so ;
For my heart within me is very sad,
As I sit and hold his wasted hand,
And hear him tell of the days that were glad,
In our own dear sunny land.

There are hours, again, in his fever's heat,
When his restless fancies fly to his home :
And he talks of the scythe in the falling wheat,
And the reapers that go and come ;
Of his boyish mates, in their frolicsome glee,
In the cedar glades and the woodland dim ;
And how he carved there on many a tree,
A name that was dear to him ;

Of the sweet wild roses that scatter the light,
Through the open door and the window-pane ;
And October's haze, on the far-off height,
And the quiet country lane ;
Of the rivulet's splash, and the song of birds,
And the corn rows, standing like men with spears ;
Of his mother's tones, and her loving words—
And his cheeks are wet with tears.

And I seem to see her, as autumn leaves
Like shadows fall in the lonely glen,
And the swallows come home to those silent eaves,
Where *he* shall not come again.
And then I rejoice that she cannot see,
How the blight has stained her fairest bloom ;
I am glad her footstep will never be
Beside his Northern tomb.

And I think of another who watches too,
When the early stars are bright on the hill,
Nor dreams that his heart, so confiding and true,
Will soon be forever still.

Ah ! many, in vain, to their hopes shall cling,
Through the dreamy morn and the mournful eve ;
And memory alone shall its solace bring,
To a thousand hearts that grieve.

My comrade will last but a little while ;
For I see on every succeeding day,

A fainter flush, but a sweeter smile,
Over his features play.
And he knows that until he is under the sod,
These walls, little better, shall shut him in;
But his soul puts trust in the Lamb of God,
That taketh away all sin!
And somehow I think, when our lives are done,
That this humble hero, without a name,
Will be greater up there, than many a one
Of the high-born men of fame.
And I know I would rather wear to-day,
The crown that is his, with its fadeless bloom,
Than Roderic's helm, so golden and gay,
Or Sidney's snow-white plume!
O prisoner boy! that I were as near,
As you are now to that "shining shore,"
Where the waters of life and of love are clear,
And weeping shall come no more.
It cannot be now; yet, in God's own time,
When He calls His weary ones home to rest,
May I join with you in the angel chime—
Like you be a welcome guest!

IN MEMORIAM.

[Here are some beautiful lines on the death of a genial poet and gallant soldier, Col W. S. Hawkins, C. S. A., who became favorably known to Northern readers while confined as a prisoner of war. At the time of his death, Col. Hawkins had in preparation a volume entitled, "Behind the Bars." The lines come to us from Nashville, Tennessee.]

I.

Not now (alas for us!), not now
Our warrior-poet dreams of fame
Behind those "bars" where gleamed a brow
Lit up with glory's lambent flame.

II.

Mute witnesses those bars have been
To noble deeds and lofty strains ;
There resignation dwelt unseen,
And manly impulse bound in chains.

III.

There self-reliance reached its height,
And gentle self-denial came
Through many a dark and bitter night
To twine *immortelles* round his name.

IV.

And there, when Vice, in horrid tones
With foulness shocked the shuddering air,
Blaspheming through impotent groans,
He stilled the tempest oft with prayer.

V.

There, too, when squalid ignorance groped
In wan despair for death's release,
He soothed and cheered till lost ones hoped,
And, dying, blessed the words of peace.

VI.

The prison-house that holds him now,
All windowless and dark for aye,
No friendly glimpses may allow,
For bars eternal close the way.

VII.

"Dust unto dust" is God's decree,
The noblest cannot but fulfil ;
Yet wide, unbounded liberty
His franchised soul inherits still.

VIII.

Oh! free to sing and soar away,
Untrammelled by one earthly bar;
Back to the source of endless day
His spirit speeds from star to star.

POLK.

BY H. L. FLASH.

A FLASH from the edge of a hostile trench,
A puff of smoke, a roar,
Whose echo shall roll from the Kennesaw hills
To the farthestmost Christian shore,
Proclaims to the world that the warrior-priest
Will battle for right no more.

And that, for a cause which is sanctified
By the blood of martyrs unknown—
A cause for which they gave their lives,
And for which he gave his own—
He kneels, a meek ambassador,
At the foot of the Father's throne.

And up to the courts of another world,
That angels alone have trod,
He lives, away from the din and strife
Of this blood-besprinkled sod—
Crowned with the amaranthine wreath
That is worn by the blessed of God.

IS THIS A TIME TO DANCE?

[These lines were written with reference to the ball held in a room in Chattanooga, just fitted up for a hospital.]

THE breath of evening sweeps the plain,
And sheds its perfume in the dell,
But on its wings are sounds of pain,
Sad tones that drown the echoes' swell;
And yet we hear a mirthful call,
Fair pleasure smiles with beaming glance,
Gay music sounds in the joyous hall—
O God! is this a time to dance?

Sad notes, as if a spirit sighed,
Float from the crimson battle-plain—
As if a mighty spirit cried
In awful agony and pain;
Our friends we know there suffering lay,
Our brothers, too, perchance,
And in reproachful accents say,
“Loved ones, is this a time to dance?”

Oh, lift your festal robes on high—
The human gore that flows around
Will stain their hues with crimson dye—
And louder let your music sound,
To drown the dying warrior's cry!
Let sparkling wine your joy enhance,
Forget that *blood* has tinged its dye,
And quicker urge the maniac dance.

But stop! the floor beneath your feet
Gives back a coffin's hollow moan,
And every strain of music sweet
Wafts forth a *dying soldier's groan*.

O sisters, who have brothers dear
Exposed to every battle's chance,
Brings dark Remorse no forms of fear
To fright you from the heartless dance?

Go, fling your festal robes away!
Go, don the mourner's sable veil!
Go, bow before your God, and pray!
If yet your prayers may aught avail.
Go, face the fearful form of Death,
And trembling meet his chilling glance!
And then, for once, with truthful breath,
Answer, *Is this a time to dance?*

THE BURIAL OF BRIG.-GEN. M. JENKINS

(At Summerville, Whitsunday, May 15, 1864).

BY C. G. P.

BRING blossoms from the rosy beds of May,
Bay from the woodland, myrtle from the bowers,
And arbor-vitæ, whose enduring leaf
Symbols the life eternal; and let fair hands
Weave them in garlands to adorn the mound
Where sleeps the brave and true. Sweet his repose,
Near the maternal bosom, from whose fount
He drew the virtues that made up his life.
A few short weeks ago, that silent breast
Throbbed with a holy joy, when to her heart
The mother pressed her young, heroic son,
And bade him, with her blessing, go again
And battle for his country. Far then seemed
Their day of meeting—but God brought it near.

Here is no martial note or organ's swell,
To honor, with its wild or solemn strain,

Our hero's burial ; only one lone bird
Pours on the fragrant air a shower of song.
Sing on, sweet warbler ! for what holier note
Can charm him to his rest than thine, Heaven-taught,
And flowing like the angel's from a breast
Wholly at peace with God. Heart-soothing strain !
How different from the noisy din of strife—
The war-trump and the cannon's awful roar !
Glide softly to the mourners' sorrowing hearts,
And fit them for the promise of *this day*—
The comforter sent forth to all who weep,
And bearing dews of healing on his wing.

One blessed Sabbath, when the Lenten fast
Was drawing to its close, and streaks of light,
As heralding the glorious Easter morn,
Began to pierce the gloom, we saw thee bow
Within this temple, and on bended knee
Receive in reverent hand the bread divine,
And carry to thy lips the wine of life,
Which to the heart of faith is heavenly food.
We little deemed it thy *viaticum*,
And that by Whitsuntide thy mortal frame
Would have been given to the silent dust,
With tears of kindred and a nation's grief.
We thought to see thee in the coming time,
When meek-eyed peace has once more blessed our land,
Wearing the laurel-wreath thy valor won,
And clothed in garments of prosperity ;
Living to good old age, with "troops of friends,"
And children's children gathered round thy hearth—
Thy warm, bright Southern hearth—to hear thee tell
Of deeds of prowess by our heroes wrought
In the great struggle—but, with modest grace,
Setting aside thine own. We fondly dreamed ;
But God has willed it otherwise. Farewell !

True soldier of thy country and of Christ.
With what assuréd hope we leave thee here
To wait the archangel trump! Thy spirit fled
Upon the shout of triumph—and the sound
Took a seraphic sweetness, as thy soul,
Nearing the gate of Paradise, was met
By throngs of white-robed spirits, bearing palms,
And singing hymns of victory and peace.

IN MEMORIAM

OF OUR RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD, LEONIDAS POLK, LIEUT.-GEN., C. S. A.

PEACE, troubled soul! The strife is done.

Thy life's fierce conflicts and its woes are ended.
Time is no more, eternity begun;

Faith merged in sight, hope with fruition blended.
Peace, troubled soul!

The warrior rests upon his bier,

Within his coffin calmly sleeping;

His requiem the cannon peals,

And heroes of a hundred fields,

Their last sad watch are round him keeping.

Joy, sainted soul! Within the veil

Of heaven's great temple is thy blissful dwelling,
Bathed in a light to which the sun is pale,

Archangels' hymns in endless transport swelling.
Joy, sainted soul!

Back to her altar, which he served,

The Holy Church her child is bringing;

The organ wails, then dies away,

While kneeling priests around him pray,

As *De Profundis* they are singing.

Bring all the trophies which are stored
For him at once so great, so good—
His Bible and his well-used sword,
His snowy lawn, not "stained with blood."
No! pure as when, before his God,
He laid its spotless folds aside,
War's path of awful duty trod,
And on his country's altar died.

O Warrior-Bishop! Church and State
Sustain in thee an equal loss;
But who would call thee, from thy weight
Of glory, back to bear life's cross!
Thy faith was kept, thy course was run,
Thy good fight finished; hence th' accord,
"Well done, O faithful child! well done;
Taste thou the pure joys of thy Lord."

No dull decay, nor lingering pain,
By slow degrees consumed thy breath;
A glowing messenger of flame
Translated thee by fiery death.
And we, who in one common grief
Are bending low beneath the rod,
In this sweet thought may find relief:
"Our holy Father walked with God.
He is not; God has taken him!"

FANNY DOWNING.

JULY 2, 1864.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF MISSION RIDGE.

BY J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO.

WHEN the foes, in conflict heated,
Battled over road and bridge,
While Bragg sullenly retreated
From the heights of Mission Ridge—

There, amid the pines and wildwood,
Two opposing colonels fell,
Who had schoolmates been in childhood,
And had loved each other well

There, amid the roar and rattle,
Facing Havoc's fiery breath,
Met the wounded two in battle,
In the agonies of death.
But they saw each other reeling
On the dead and dying men,
And the old time, full of feeling,
Came upon them once again.

When that night the moon came creeping
With its gold streaks o'er the slain,
She beheld two soldiers, sleeping,
Free from every earthly pain.
Close beside the mountain heather,
Where the rocks obscure the sand,
They had died, it seems, together,
As they clasped each other's hand.

LEE TO THE REAR.

[The following poetic version of a remarkable and well-remembered incident in one of the Wilderness fights, is from the pen of John R. Thompson, formerly editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," Richmond, Va.]

DAWN of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."
Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

Suddenly, ere uprose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave;
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to
regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured;
Slaughter infernal rode with Despair—
Furies twain—through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still, with their loud, deep bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away ;
And, with every murderous second that sped,
A dozen brave fellows, alas ! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space,
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that !

“Follow me ! Steady ! We’ll save the day !”
This was what he seemed to say ;
And, to the light of his glorious eye,
The bold brigades thus made reply :—

“We’ll go forward, but you must go back,”
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track ;
“Go to the rear, and we’ll send them to h—— !”
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting the dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
His banners rent and his columns riven
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o’er a field of a ruddier dye ;
And the brook ran on with a purple stain
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o’er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is dressed
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides—
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The Gray-bearded man in the black slouch hat.

A ONE-ARMED SOLDIER'S STORY.

I.

I've been dreaming
That amid a battle-storm
A woman's slender form
Lay across my buried arm.

Idle seeming ;
For the Flag no longer flying,
The missing arm is lying
Where the whippoor-will is crying
And the turtle-dove is sighing

On the mountain.

Sigh on ! The cord that bound us
To these blackened fields around us
Is severed. It was spoken,
When the golden bowl was broken

At the fountain.

Wistful dove with drooping wing,
'Tis meet that thou shouldst sing,
For the gayer birds of spring
Have northward turned the wing—
Poor birds ! they cannot sing

Down in Dixie !

II.

Where the Sunland forest pride
Woos his snowy-breasted bride,
Where the sea-birds skim the tide,
And the moss-draped river-side
 Gently shaketh
Grandiflora from her slumber
Beneath the velvet umber,
And her green-mailed knights in number
 First awaketh ;
I met a little maiden,
With amber jasmine laden,
A little sun-kissed maiden,
Olive-tinted beauty rare,
With rippling elfin hair,
Southern type beyond compare,
 Born in Dixie.

III.

I had loved her long ago,
But my arm was lost, you know,
And my wife might shudder, so
I muttered hoarse and low,
 With emotion,
“We were young, and wide the world !”
Then I laughed, my senses whirled,
“She was free !” The sky was turning,
And my bitter words were burning,
 Earth and ocean—
Then I swore ! Her eyes were set
In a mist of liquid jet—
“May my right hand—” I forget,
I feel it grasping yet
My good sword—’twas a debt
 Freely given ;

Sword and arm are on the grass
At Missionary Pass—
They would not part, alas !
Bones pave up the rugged pass
 Up to heaven !
Wild madman ! to believe,
She kissed my empty sleeve
 Ere she fled !
If she kissed it for my sake,
How strange a wish to make—
 She were dead !

IV.

I saw her once again
Spoke of a trifling pain
On my heart—a little chain
 Heavy wearing ;
I had worn it through the war,
A sixpence “brak in twa”—
 Fool and daring !
Touched the white palm where it lay,
The wide world swooned away
 And fell dead !
While I dreamed a woman's form
Leaned upon my missing arm,
Smiling through the battle-storm,
 And her head
Was veiled and bridal-crowned,
Orange blossoms sprang around
From a red, ploughed battle-ground
 Far in Dixie !

V.

Thank God ! I lived again.
Her kiss, O blessed pain !
Filtered through each waking vein,
 Mine forever !

Death! freeze my quivering heart,
If we twain must walk apart,
 Quickly sever!
The roses were aflame
In her cheeks. I breathed her name,
While heaven went and came
 From her eyes;
From the clear, chased goblets fine,
In their limpid, blue white shine,
I quaffed the red-brown wine
 Of melted sighs!
Mine evermore to cleave,
Mine nevermore to leave,
 Wholly mine!
Strange the welling flood that rushes
Down my sleeve in living flushes
 Red and warm;
Strange that amid the whirls
Of the ebon-tinted curls
I distinctly feel each finger
Unclasp the sword to linger
 Round her form!
God defends her from all harm
With that unseen spirit arm,
 Lost for Dixie!

VI.

Thou gorgeous Golden Rod,
With thy swaying, sleepy nod,
Beneath the winter's sod
 Hiding sober;
Thou lithely-fashioned thing,
Thy yellow hair may fling
On the hazy, lazy wing
 Of October!

Wake and tender my love-blessing !
Where the witching curls are pressing
Spotless throat in light caressing,
 Nestle tricky ;
And when thy bloom is rarest,
Kiss her softly, if thou darest,
And proudly, if thou carest
To crown thyself the fairest
 Flower in Dixie !

VII.

Ah ! the king-vine need not bend
O'er his tea-set to defend
 Its adorning ;
For the timid-bounding fawn
On the spangled emerald lawn
Does not lightlier greet the dawn
 Of the morning.
Topaz-colored buttercup
Nectar-laden brimming up,
Fit for the king to sup,
 Now no malice ;
By my faith, the crownéd head
Might on sweeter sweets be fed
Could he taste her lips instead
 Of thy chalice !
Bright sea-shell ! swiftly seek
Deeper rouge ; an olive cheek
 Is abloom !
Tangled sweet-brier ! thou must fill
Rarer vases to distil
 Thy perfume.
It is meet a Southern maiden
Should with thy sweets be laden,
 Lovely Dixie !

VIII.

O sun-loved sky of ours !
Call the aromatic flowers
To steep their limbs in showers.
Early wake the orange-bowers,
 Bluest sky !
Invite the jasmine vine
Her brightest cups to twine
Round and round our wedding-shrine ;
Fill them up with golden wine,
To the brim in amber shine,
 By and by !
Bid the grand old forest pride,
With the sweet-breathed bay beside,
Launch their white boats on the tide,
That the love-lamps safe may glide
Down the river for my bride,
 Won in Dixie !

GREENEVILLE, ALA.

MISS I. M. PORTER.

THE BROWN BRIDGE.

THE Brown Bridge spans the streamlet, and
The evergreens, from hand to hand,
Arch the road-way's snow-white sand.
A picture ! and I loved the same
Till Mary there to meet me came,
And left my picture but a frame !
An *oval* such as might entwine
The mild Madonna of a shrine
From some old master's hand divine.
And ever since, in passing there,
The same sweet phantom haunts the air,
With azure eyes and floating hair.

Grow on, ye evergreens ! and throw
Soft shadows on the dust below ;
And ye, dark waters ! murmur low
Of *other* streams, *not* dark or wide,
So Mary, with my joy, that died,
Shall meet me on the other side.

JULY 26, 1866.

F. O. TICKNOR.

GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY TENELLA.

THERE he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-
like son,
Second unto none in glory, equal of her Washington.
Gazing on his line of battle, as it wavered to and fro
'Neath the front and flank advances of the almost-con-
quering foe—
Calm as was that clear May morning, ere the furious
death-roar broke
From the iron-throated war-lions crouching 'neath the
clouds of smoke ;
Cool, as though the battle raging was but mimicry of
fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle, and each regiment a knight.
Chafing in reserve beside him, two brigades of Texans
lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day
Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmoved they
silent stand,
Longing, eager for the battle, but awaiting his command
Suddenly he rode before them, as the forward line gave
way,

Raised his hat with courtly gesture, "Follow me, and save
the day!"
But, as though by terror stricken, still and silent stood
that troop,
Who were wont to rush to battle with a fierce avenging
whoop;
It was but a single moment, then a murmur through them
ran,
Heard above the cannon's roaring, as it passed from man
to man:
"You go back, and we'll go forward!" now the waiting
leader hears,
Mixed with deep, impatient sobbing, as of strong men
moved to tears.
Once again he gives the order: "I will lead you on the
foe!"—
Then, through all the line of battle, rang a loud, deter-
mined "No!"
Quick as thought, a gallant Major, with a firm and vice-
like grasp,
Seized the General's bridle, shouting, "Forward, boys!
I'll hold him fast."
Then again the hat was lifted: "Sir, I am the older man;
Loose my bridle, I will lead them," in a measured tone
and calm.
Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excite-
ment hot,
In a quivering voice the Texan: "No, by God! sir, you
shall not!"
By them swept the charging squadron, with a loud, ex-
ultant cheer—
"We'll retake the salient, General, if you'll watch us from
the rear."
And they kept their word right nobly, sweeping every foe
away,

With that grand gray-head uncovered, watching how they
 saved the day ;
But the god-like calm was shaken, which no battle-shock
 could move,
By this true, spontaneous token of his soldiers' childlike
 love.

"THE CAVALIERS' GLEE."

BY CAPTAIN BLACKFORD, OF GENERAL STUART'S STAFF.

AIR—"THE PIRATE'S GLEE."

Spur on ! spur on ! we love the bounding
 Of barbs that bear us to the fray ;
"The charge" our bugles now are sounding,
 And our bold Stuart leads the way.
 The path to honor lies before us,
 Our hated foemen gather fast ;
 At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,
 And we'll defend them to the last.

Spur on ! spur on ! we love the rushing
 Of steeds that spurn the turf they tread ;
We'll through the Northern ranks go crushing,
 With our proud battle-flag o'erhead.
 The path of honor lies before us,
 Our hated foemen gather fast ;
 At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,
 And we'll defend them to the last.

Spur on ! spur on ! we love the flashing
 Of blades that battle to be free ;
'Tis for our sunny South they're clashing,
 For household gods and liberty.
 The path of honor lies before us,
 Our hated foemen gather fast ;
 At home bright eyes are sparkling for us,
 And we'll defend them to the last.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

WE could not pause, while yet the noontide air
Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,
The funeral pageant fitly to prepare—
A nation's grief revealing.

The smoke, above the glimmering woodland wide
That skirts our southward border, in its beauty,
Marked where our heroes stood and fought and died
For love and faith and duty.

And still, what time the doubtful strife went on,
We might not find expression for our sorrow;
We could but lay our dear, dumb warrior down,
And gird us for the morrow.

One weary year ago, when came a lull,
With victory, in the conflict's stormy closes,
When the glad Spring, all flushed and beautiful,
First mocked us with her roses—

With dirge and bell and minute gun, we paid
Some few poor rites—an inexpressive token
Of a great people's pain—to JACKSON'S shade,
In agony unspoken.

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
When STUART to the grave we bore might tell,
With hearts all crushed and bleeding.

The crisis suited not with pomp, and she,
Whose anguish bears the seal of consecration,
Had wished his Christian obsequies should be
Thus void of ostentation.

Only the maidens came, sweet flowers to twine
Above his form so still and cold and painless,
Whose deeds upon our brightest record shine,
Whose life and sword were stainless.

They well remembered how he loved to dash
Into the fight, festooned from summer bowers ;
How like a fountain's sprays his sabre's flash
Leaped from a mass of flowers.

And so we carried to his place of rest
All that of our great Paladin was mortal :
The cross, and not the sabre, on his breast,
That opes the heavenly portal.

No more of tribute might to us remain—
But there will come a time when Freedom's martyrs
A richer guerdon of renown shall gain,
Than gleams in stars and garters.

I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years—now near at hand, now distant—

My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

I hear from out that sunlit land, which lies
Beyond these clouds that gather darkly o'er us,
The happy sounds of industry arise
In swelling, peaceful chorus.

And, mingling with these sounds, the glad acclaim
Of millions, undisturbed by war's afflictions,
Crowning each martyr's never-dying name
With grateful benedictions.

In some fair future garden of delights,
Where flowers shall bloom and song-birds sweetly
warble,

Art shall erect the statues of our knights
In living bronze and marble :

And none of all that bright, heroic throng,
Shall wear to far-off time a semblance grander—
Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song,
Than this beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tells us of the Cid
That after death he rode erect, sedately,
Along his lines, even as in life he did,
In presence yet more stately :

And thus our STUART, at this moment, seems
To ride out of our dark and troubled story
Into the region of romance and dreams,
A realm of light and glory—

And sometimes, when the silver bugles blow,
That ghostly form, in battle reappearing,
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,
In victory careering !

SAVANNAH FALLEN.

BY ALETHEA S. BURROUGHS, OF GEORGIA.

I.

Bowing her head to the dust of the earth,
Smitten and stricken is she ;
Light after light gone out from her hearth,
Son after son from her knee.
Bowing her head to the dust at her feet,
Weeping her beautiful slain ;
Silence ! keep silence for aye in the street,
See ! they are coming again.

II.

Coming again, O glorious ones !
 Wrapped in the flag of the free ;
Queen of the South ! bright crowns for thy sons,
 Only the cypress for *thee*.
Laurel, and banner, and music, and drum,
 Marches, and requiems sweet ;
Silence ! keep silence ! Alas ! how they come ;
 Oh ! how they move through the street.

III.

Slowly, ah ! mournfully, slowly they go,
 Bearing the young and the brave,
Fair as the summer, but white as the snow,
 Bearing them down to the grave.
Some in the morning, and some in the noon,
 Some in the hey-day of life ;
Bower nor blossom, nor summer nor June,
 Wooing them back to the strife.

IV.

Some in the billow, afar, oh ! afar,
 Staining the waves with their blood ;
One on the vessel's high deck, like a star,
 Sinking in glory's bright flood.*
Bowing her head to the dust of the earth,
 Humbled but honored is she,
Lighting the skies with the stars from her hearth,
 Who shall her comforter be ?

V.

Bring her, oh ! bring her the garments of woe,
 Sackcloth and ashes for aye ;
Winds of the South ! oh, a requiem blow,
 Sighing and sorrow to-day.

* Captain Thomas Pelot, C. S. N., killed at the capture of the "Water Witch."

Sprinkle the showers from heaven's blue eyes
Wide o'er the green summer lea ;
Rachel is weeping, O Lord of the skies !
Thou shalt her comforter be.

OH ! NO, HE WILL NOT NEED THEM AGAIN.

TO REV. A. J. RYAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN., THE FOLLOWING STANZAS ARE AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND, J. D. SULLIVAN.

[These stanzas are founded upon the following facts, related to me by a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable. On the morning of the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, Major-General Patrick Cleburne, C. S. A., while riding along the line encouraging his men, beheld an old friend, a captain in his command, his feet bleeding from cold and other causes. Alighting from his horse, he asked the captain to "please" pull off his boots. The captain did so, when General Cleburne then told him to try them on ; this the captain also did. General Cleburne then mounted his horse, told the captain he was tired of wearing them, and could do very well without them. He would hear of no remonstrance, and bidding the captain good-by, rode away. In this condition he was killed, and in this condition he was found.]

Oh ! no, he'll not need them again,
No more will he wake to behold
The splendor and fame of his men ;
The tale of their vict'ries is told.
No more will he wake from that sleep
Which he sleeps in his glory and fame,
While his comrades are left here to weep
O'er *Cleburne*, his grave and his name.

Oh ! no, he'll not need them again,
No more will his banner be spread
O'er the fields of his gallantry's fame ;
The soldier's proud spirit is fled.
The soldier who rose 'mid applause
From the humble-most place in the van—
I sing not in praise of the cause
But rather in praise of the man.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
He has fought the last battle without them;
For barefoot he, too, must go in
While barefoot stood comrades about him.
And barefoot they proudly marched on,
With blood flowing fast from their feet;
They thought of the past vict'ries won,
And the foes that they now were to meet.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
He is leading his men to the charge—
Unheeding the shells or the slain,
Or the shower of bullets at large.
On the right, on the left, on the flanks,
He dashingly pushes his way;
While with cheers, double-quick, and in ranks,
His soldiers all followed that day.

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
He falls from his horse to the ground;
Oh, anguish! oh, sorrow! oh, pain!
In the brave hearts that gathered around.
He breathes not of grief, nor a sigh,
On the breast where he pillowed his head;
Ere he fixed his last gaze upon high,
"I'm gone, but fight on, boys!" he said.*

Oh! no, he'll not need them again,
But treasure them up for his sake;
And oh! should you sing a refrain
Of the memories they still must awake,
Sing it soft as the summer-eve breeze,
Let it sound as refreshing and clear—
Though grief-born, there's that which can please
In thoughts that are gemmed with a tear.

* A Confederate officer, within a few feet of Gettysburg when he fell, says his last words were: "I'm killed, boys, but fight it out!"

THE MOTHER TO HER SON IN THE TRENCHES
AT PETERSBURG.

BY W. D. PORTER.

THE winter night is dark and chill,
The winter rains the trenches fill—
Oh ! art thou on the outposts still,
My soldier boy ?

Thy mother's heart is sick with fear,
The moaning winds sound sad and drear,
The foeman lurks in ambush near
My soldier boy.

One treacherous shot may lay thee low ;
My stricken heart, with such a blow,
Nor rest nor peace again would know,
My soldier boy !

Thy tender years and soft brown eyes
Ill-suited seem to such emprise,
But in thy soul the manhood lies,
My soldier boy !

I think by day and dream by night,
I start at tidings of the fight,
And learn thee safe with such delight,
My soldier boy !

Cheerful and bright, thou dost essay
To chase my every fear away,
And turn the darkness into day,
My soldier boy !

In thee I gave what most I love ;
For thy return, thou weary dove !
I lift my fervent prayer above,
My soldier boy !

Temper the wind to my dear child,
O God ! and curb the winter wild,
And keep in Thy embraces mild
My soldier boy.

THE CHIMES OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY TENELLA.

[The chimes of St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, Va., were presented by Judge Perkins, of Louisiana, in memory of his daughter, Miss Nannie May Bailey : and, though uninjured by the shells which struck the church, were not rung during the bombardment of the place, except at the funeral of the militiamen who fell at the beginning of the siege.]

WHEN first, St. Paul's, your sweet-toned chimes
Shed music on the air,
They seemed an angel's pleading voice
Which called us unto prayer ;
An angel who had left this earth
To sing a heavenly strain,
But in the music of your bells
Spoke unto us again.
Now loud and clear, then low and sweet,
You touched each listener's heart,
Till every rising, falling note
Seemed of its life a part.
You rang a clear, a joyous peal
The blushing bride to meet,
Then let your softest, sweetest note,
The baptized infant greet.
You rang, alas ! a solemn dirge
The mourner's grief to tell,
Then let the ransomed spirit's joy
A glorious anthem swell,
That while you bore aloft the wail
Of those who wept below,

Sweet comfort to their bleeding hearts
Might from your music flow.
Alas ! your bells were silenced all,
Hushed by relentless foes,
Though once above the battle's din
Your solemn protest rose.
You tolled amid the cannon's peal
When to our doors the tiger crept,
And mothers mourned their half-grown sons,
While babes their grandsires wept.
Yes ! let the foe in scorn exclaim
We robbed the cradle and the grave,
All ! all that woman's heart could give
Old Blandford's daughters freely gave.
And now, when every hope is crushed,
With bleeding hearts they kneel,
And fancy that your chimes, St. Paul's,
Can only requiems peal !

JULIA JACKSON.

[“ We placed her lovely little picture just where her father's eyes fall on it.”]

On our simple parlor wall,
Where the softest shadows lie
And the golden sunbeams fall
With a shimmer as they fly,
Four pictured patriots stand,
Who from out our Southern land
Passed through Death's tumultuous river
To their recompense and rest.
Foremost he whose noble name
To the future will go down
With a never-fading fame
And an ever-glorious crown.

While the South her vigil keeps
O'er her cherished dead, and weeps,
She will point to Stonewall Jackson
As her brightest and her best.

Next, the servant of the Lord,
Who laid down his pastoral crook
And the consecrated sword
In his sacred fingers took ;
While his bishop's robes remained
In their purity unstained,
And the God he worshipped took him
By a swift and glorious death.

Then the warrior brave and true,
Blamed by cruel tongues, and crossed
In his dearest hopes, who threw
For a mighty stake which lost,
Broken-hearted passed away
In the thickest of the fray,
When the martyr, Sydney Johnson,
Yielded up his gentle breath.

Never belted knight of old,
Never form of kingly guise,
Held a merrier, manlier soul
Than this one which smiling lies,
While the blue eyes beam so clear,
That we almost start to hear
Stuart's peal of mellow laughter
Like a rich bell fill the air.

In this group of mighty dead
Is a lovely little child,
With her sweet lips flushing red
And her soft eyes beaming mild.

On her baby brow appears
Sadness more than suits her years ;
But it may be that the shadow
Of her father's grave rests there.

So beautiful and wise,
In her rich yet simple dress,
And we gaze with tender eyes
On her winning loveliness,
Feeling every Southern heart
In his child may claim a part,
And pour out upon his daughter
All the love we to him bore.

Fair Baby ! it is best
That around your tender feet
This band of spirits blessed
In a guardian watch should meet ;
While upon your gentle head
Your great father's glance is shed
With the saintly, solemn aspect
Which in life his features wore.

Oh, sweet, cherished child ! if love
And most fervent prayers can bring
Richest blessing from above
In your earthly path to spring,
May you know God's perfect peace
Till a long life's journey cease
And your father's arms enfold you
On an ever-blesséd shore.

THE LITTLE ROSALIE

A LITTLE leaf from the rose's heart !
And a little pen of pearl,
To write a little bit of a rhyme
For a little bit of girl :
A rhyme for the little humming-bird,
And the little honey-bee,
And for all that sing to the flowers of spring
For the little Rosalie.

The violet's dyes are in her eyes,
The violet's velvet in
The dainty dimples about her mouth,
The dimple upon her chin:
And never a nectar humming-bird,
And never a honey-bee,
That may ever sing to a sweeter thing
Than our little Rosalie.

Ah, yes ! we think of the star-ward palms
Over the orient seas !
Ah, yes ! we drink of the blended balms
Of the sweet Hesperides !
We crooning here in the fading hours,
With the humming-bird and bee,
A little song with the flowers along,
For the little Rosalie.

F. O. TICKNOR.

SUMTER IN RUINS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

YE batter down the lion's den,
But yet the lordly beast goes free ;
And ye shall hear his roar again,
From mountain height, from lowland glen,
From sandy shore and reedy fen,—
Where'er a band of freeborn men,
Rears sacred shrines to liberty.

The serpent scales the eagle's nest,
And yet the royal bird, in air,
Triumphant wins the mountain's crest,
And sworn for strife, yet takes his rest,
And plumes to calm his ruffled breast,
Till, like a storm-bolt from the west,
He strikes the invader in his lair.

What's loss of den, or nest, or home,
If, like the lion, free to go ;—
If, like the eagle, winged to roam,
We span the rock and breast the foam,
Still watchful for the hour of doom,
When, with the knell of thunder-boom,
We bound upon the serpent foe !

Oh ! noble sons of lion heart !
Oh ! gallant hearts of eagle wing !
What though your battered bulwarks part,
Your nest be spoiled by reptile art,—
Your souls on wings of hate, shall start
For vengeance, and, with lightning dart,
Rend the foul serpent ere he sting !

Your battered den, your shattered nest,
Was but the lion's crouching place ;—
It heard his roar, and bore his crest,
His, or the eagle's place of rest ;—
But not the soul in either breast !—
This arms the twain, by freedom blessed,
To save and to avenge their race !

SEMME'S SWORD.

["Shame," cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea. "To lose my right—my right, when it was in my very grasp. Unmerciful !" — *Amyas Leigh, Kingsley.*]

Into the sea he hurled it,
Into the weltering sea,
The sword that had led so often
The onset of the free ;
And like a meteor cleaving
Its pathway through the watery way,
Went down the gory falchion,
To lie in the depths for aye.

"Go, sword ! no hand of foeman
Shall grasp thy peerless blade ;
On thy path of fire I follow,
With a spirit undismayed,
Even in the hour of anguish,
With my gallant ship a wreck,
The comfort that no captor
Shall ever tread her deck.

"'Tis comfort that in freedom
I draw my latest breath,
And that with ye, my brethren,
I drink the cup of death ;

We have roved the sea together,
We have proved our country's might,
And we leave to the God of battles
The rescuing of the right."

The noble Alabama
Was sinking as he stood,
Her cross and stars still flying,*
Her bulwarks stained with blood;
Down with her band of martyrs
She settled to her doom,
While the coward cannon thundered †
Above her living tomb.

But as a desert courser
Bears his master from the fray,
So the billows bore their hero
On their foaming crest that day.
Forth plunged the gallant Deerhound
To snatch him from the wave,
For the hand that ruled the tempest,
Was stretched above the brave.

BEECHMORE, 1866.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SHENANDOAH.

BY W. WINSTON FONTAINE, OF VIRGINIA.

In early youth, a truant boy,
I wandered over hill and vale;
And in Froissart, with ardent joy,
I read the knightly tale.

* It is acknowledged that she sunk without striking her flag.

† The Alabama was fired on while sinking.

I read Sir Walter's glowing page
Of war against the Paynim foe,
Of Cœur de Lion's martial rage,
Of courtly Ivanhoe.

With flushing face and beating heart,
With kindling spirit rising light,
A fervent wish my lips would part :
"Oh, if I were a knight !"

I wished to be a feudal lord
With burnished armor on my breast,
To charge upon the Moslem horde
With pointed lance in rest.

With favor of my lady-love
Entwined amid my floating plume
Upon a barbed steed to rove
And sing a fair cheek's bloom.

I little deemed the time would come,
When, with ancestral sword in hand,
Amid the bullet's deathly hum,
I'd strike for mother land.

To-night the radiant moonbeams fall,
And dappling light the forest dim ;
I hear the night-hawk's piercing call,
The katydid's weird hymn.

I hear some charger's restive snort,
I hear the sentry's lonely step,
Where many a Southern soldier haught
Lies near me locked in sleep.

And sweetly rolls the Shenandoah
In lucid waters from the West,
As when the Indian maiden's oar
Once touched its silver breast.

My sabre leans against an oak,
My holsters are beneath my head;
And, folded in my martial cloak,
I muse on comrades dead.

Now, from the river's dewy haze,
A band of warriors seem to rise;
And, lighted by the moon's pure rays,
They pass before my eyes.

Three noble youths* ride in the van—
Young Fontaine and the Conrads brave;
Their ebon plumes the breezes fan,
Their crimson pennons wave.

Now squadrons come in grand array,
With neigh of steed, with sabre clank;
Oh! splendid is that line of gray
That skirts the river bank.

There Ashby rides, with knightly grace,
His proudly-prancing, milk-white steed;
The soldier's joy upon his face
Ere daring some bold deed.

His features glow as once they glowed;
His dark brown eyes are fierce and large
As when he pointed with his sword,
And cried, "Virginians! charge!"

And there a form unknown to fame,
A soldier form of tender years—
My lips can never breathe his name
Without fast-falling tears.

There Pelham, in the flush of youth,
The light of victory in his eye.

* Three college-mates of the author. They fell at first Manassas.

And Farley, with his smile of truth,
Go dashing gayly by.

There Jackson, glorious battle-king,
Rides in his grim, gray uniform,
As when his troops made welkin ring
Amidst the bullet storm.

There Stuart, princely cavalier,
With some gay love-song on his lips,
Who led the way, with gleeful cheer,
Upon the bayonet-tips.

But, hark ! but, hark ! the bugle sounds !
Away the phantom horsemen speed ;
And from the ground each trooper bounds
And mounts his battle-steed.

The couriers come ! and hark the cry :
"The foe, the foe is near at hand !"
The squadrons form, with flashing eye,
In martial silence stand.

Virginia's flag in breeze above !
Virginia's soil my feet beneath ;
I draw my sword for her I love,
And State which gave me breath.

IN BIVOUAC, ON THE SHENANDOAH, SEPT., 1864.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

(IN ANSWER TO T. BUCHANAN READ.)

BRIGHT rose the sun on a still fall day
And gladdened fair, smiling homes with his ray ;
For raging battle had spent its breath,
Far off lay the fields of strife and death,

And between them a sturdy force there lay
To hold the invader's foot at bay.
And matrons, and maidens, and childhood's glee
Sank softly to sleep with bird and bee ;
And prayerfully, hopefully closed the day,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But morning brought the sound of strife—
Struggling to save maid, matron, wife ;
Men bared their bosoms their homes to save,
And slowly fell back—or died with the brave.
Inch by inch they disputed the sod,
Yet nearer and nearer the conflict trod ;
Louder and louder rose children's wail,
Woman's firm heart began to fail ;
Yet dearer and dearer their homes still grew,
As nearer and nearer stern Sheridan drew.
Alas, alas, great God! for the day,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Dear, bleeding forms to those homes are borne,
Wives', mothers', and sisters' hearts are torn,
Yet each waning life fondly seeking to save,
Firmly tending each form, the brave by the brave ;
Still striving to utter strong words of cheer,
They speak no complaint, shed no weak tear,
Yet faint and more faint their sad hearts beat
As near and more near come the flying feet ;
And low at their hearthstones they fall and pray,
For Sheridan's only ten miles away.

They turn sad eyes on each loved spot,
Fondly gaze on mansion, hall, or cot ;
Upward to coming winter's sky
Cast a timid glance—cold nights are nigh.
Around their hearths are their children's forms,
Shuddering they think of no shelter from storms ;

And infant's cradle, and ancestor's grave,
Is there no human power can save—
In terror and anguish they whispering say—
From Sheridan, only five miles away?

He comes ! he comes ! the five miles are past—
His charger's feet have borne him fast ;
Black the hue of the fiery steed
Bearing his rider to blackening deed.
He has spurred him over his fallen foe,
And sent hearts to rest with fiendish blow ;
All reckless of suffering, right or wrong,
With foaming steed he has dashed along.
While women and children are breathing prayer,
His oaths profane the surrounding air ;
And shouts proclaim that the miles are past,
At hearthstones Sheridan halts at last.

But say ! what meaneth that lurid glare ?
When God sendeth light on the morning air,
Mildly and calmly His sun shines forth
And ripens to beauty the smiling earth.
But brightening, yet blighting rays now sweep
Over forest and hill-top and valley deep ;
Now wrap with foul light each hall and bower,
Spare no blade of grass, nor fluttering flower.
No roof to shelter the cradle of youth,
No green sod to cover departed worth—
'Tis the glare from the flaming valley wide
In the track of Sheridan's conquering ride.

ANSWER OF A REBEL TO A YANKEE.

[The following lines were written by one that, on flood and field, fought gallantly, and to the last, and bled from many wounds. Evidently, he is not "reconstructed."]

I did not flinch before your sword
In the battle's fiercest hour ;
I will not bend before you now
That I am in your power.

I dare your worst ! I fear you not !
I've but one life to lose ;
And if I mourn my country's lot,
Kind Heaven the tear excuse !

The Southern spirit, warm and true,
Doth still inspire my heart
To bear my trials firmly through,
Till I from life depart.

The sapling weak the winds suborn,
It rises when they've passed ;
The oak is by the roots uptorn,
It bends not to the blast.

MONTAGUE

JOHN PEGRAM.

(Fell at the head of his division, February 6, 1865, aged 33.)

BY W. GORDON M'CABE.

WHAT shall we say now of our gentle knight,
Or how express the measure of our woe
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe ?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell?
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath;
What can we do but point to where he fell,
And like a soldier, met a soldier's death?

We sorrow not as those who have no hope;
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed—
God pardon us, if blindly we should grope,
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet—oh! foolish and of little faith!
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears;
We loved him so; we never dreamed that death
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah! dear, browned face, so fearless and so bright!
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe—
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight,
The eager eyes—the flush on cheek and brow!

No more we'll greet the lithe, familiar form,
Amid the surging smoke, with deaf'ning cheer;
No more shall soar above the iron storm
Thy ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

Ay! he has fought the fight and passed away—
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife!
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,
And careless only of his noble life.

He is not dead, but sleepeth! Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there, amid our great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done,
His face shall shine, as they, with stately tread,
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled! Few and brief
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith!
Lord! we believe; help Thou our unbelief,
And grant Thy servants such a life and death.

THE RETURN.

THREE years! I wonder if she'll know me?
I limp a little, and I left one arm
At Petersburg; and I am grown as brown
As the plump chestnuts on my little farm;
And I'm as shaggy as the chestnut burrs—
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.

The darling! how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace,
For I remember, after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place.
Ah! how the laughing, three-year old, brown eyes—
His mother's eyes—will stare with pleased surprise!

Surely, they will be at the corner watching!
I sent them word that I should come to-night;
The birds all know it, for they crowd around,
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;
And that old robin, with a halting wing—
I saved her life, three years ago last spring.

Three years! perhaps I am but dreaming!
For, like the pilgrim of the long ago,
I've tugged, a weary burden at my back,
Through summer's heat and winter's blinding snow;
Till now, I reach my home, my darling's breast,
There I can toss my burden off, and rest.

* * * * *

When morning came, the early rising sun
Laid his light fingers on a soldier sleeping—
Where a soft covering of bright green grass
Over two mounds was lightly creeping,
But waked him not; his was the rest eternal,
Where the brown eyes reflected love supernal.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY S. T. WALLIS.

PEACE! peace! God of our fathers, grant us peace!
Unto our cry of anguish and despair
Give ear and pity! From the lonely homes,
Where widowed beggary and orphaned woe
Fill their poor urns with tears—from trampled plains,
Where the bright harvest Thou hast sent us, rots—
The blood of them who should have garnered it
Calling to Thee—from fields of carnage, where
The foul-beaked vultures, sated, flap their wings
O'er crowded corpses, that but yesterday
Bore hearts of brothers, beating high with love
And common hopes and pride, all blasted now—
Father of Mercies! not alone from these
Our prayer and wail are lifted. Not alone
Upon the battle's scared and desolate track,
Nor with the sword and flame, is it, O God!
That Thou hast smitten us. Around our hearths,
And in the crowded streets and busy marts,
Where echo whispers not the far-off strife
That slays our loved ones; in the solemn halls
Of safe and quiet counsel—nay, beneath
The temple-roofs that we have reared to Thee,
And 'mid their rising incense—God of Peace!
The curse of war is on us. Greed and hate

Hungering for gold and blood ; ambition, bred
Of passionate vanity and sordid lusts,
Mad with the base desire of tyrannous sway
Over men's souls and thoughts ; have set their price
On human hecatombs, and sell and buy
Their sons and brothers for the shambles. Priests,
With white, anointed, supplicating hands,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath clasped to Thee,
Burn, in their tingling pulses, to fling down
Thy censers and Thy cross, to clutch the throats
Of kinsmen by whose cradles they were born,
Or grasp the brand of Herod, and go forth
Till Rachel hath no children left to slay.
The very name of Jesus, writ upon
Thy shrines, beneath the spotless, outstretched wings
Of Thine Almighty Dove, is wrapt and hid
With bloody battle-flags, and from the spires
That rise above them, angry banners flout
The skies to which they point, amid the clang
Of rolling war-songs tuned to mock Thy praise.

All things once prized and honored are forgot.
The Freedom that we worshipped, next to Thee ;
The manhood that was Freedom's spear and shield ;
The proud, true heart ; the brave, outspoken word,
Which might be stifled, but could never wear
The guise, whate'er the profit, of a lie ;—
All these are gone, and in their stead have come
The vices of the miser and the slave,
Scorning no shame that bringeth gold or power ;
Knowing no love, or faith, or reverence,
Or sympathy, or tie, or aim, or hope,
Save as begun in self, and ending there.
With vipers like to these, O blessed God !
Scourge us no longer ! Send us down, once more,
Some shining seraph in Thy glory clad,

To wake the midnight of our sorrowing
With tidings of Good Will and Peace to men ;
And if the star that through the darkness led
Earth's wisdom then, guide not our folly now,
Oh, be the lightning Thine Evangelist,
With all its fiery, forked tongues, to speak
The unanswerable message of Thy will.

Peace! peace! God of our fathers! grant us peace.
Peace in our hearts and at thine altars ; peace
On the red waters and their blighted shores ;
Peace for the leaguered cities and the hosts
That watch and bleed around them and within ;
Peace for the homeless and the fatherless ;
Peace for the captive on his weary way,
And the mad crowds who jeer his helplessness.
For them that suffer, them that do the wrong—
Sinning and sinned against—O God ! for all—
For a distracted, torn, and bleeding land—
Speed the glad tidings ! Give us, give us peace !

THE SURRENDER OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA—APRIL 10, 1865.

BY FLORENCE ANDERSON, OF KY.

HAVE we wept till our eyes were dim with tears,
Have we borne the sorrows of four long years
Only to meet this sight?
O merciful God ! can it really be
This downfall awaits our gallant Lee
And the cause we counted right?
Have we known this bitter, bitter pain,
Have all our dear ones died in vain?
Has God forsaken quite?

Is this the answer to every prayer,
This anguish of untold despair,
This spirit-scathing blight?

Heart-broken we kneel on the bloody sod,
We hide from the wrath of our angry God,
Who bows us in the dust.
We heed not the sneer of the insolent foe,
But that Thou, O God! should forsake us so,
In whom was our only trust!

Even strong men weep! the men who stand
Fast in defence of our native land,
These gallant hearts and brave;
They wept not the souls who fighting fell,
For the hero's death became them well,
And they feared not the hero's grave.

They have marched through long and stormy nights,
They have borne the brunt of a hundred fights,
And their courage never failed;
Hunger and cold, and the summer heat,
They have felt on the march and the long retreat,
Yet their brave hearts never quailed.

Now all these hardships seem real bliss,
Compared with the grief of a scene like this,
This speechless, this wordless woe;
That Lee, at the head of his faithful band,
The flower and pride of our Southern land,
Must yield to the hated foe.

The conquered foe of a hundred fields,
The foe that, conquering, the laurel yields
Lee's sad, stern brow to grace;
For he, with the pain of defeat in his heart,
Will bear in history the nobler part,
And fill the loftier place.

Scatter the dust on each bowed head,
Happy, thrice happy the honored dead,
 Who sleep their last, long sleep ;
For we who live in the coming years,
Beholding days ghastly with phantom fears,
 What can we do but weep ?

LINES

Written on seeing a photograph, marked, "Photographic Illustrations of the War for the Union.—A rebel soldier killed in the trenches before Petersburg, Virginia, April 15, 1865.

BY A KENTUCKY GIRL.

KILLED in the trenches! How cold and bare
The inscription graved on the white card there.
'Tis a photograph, taken last spring, they say,
Ere the smoke of battle had cleared away,
Of a rebel soldier—just as he fell,
When his heart was pierced by a Union shell;
And his image was stamped by the sunbeam's ray
As he lay in the trenches that April day.

* * * * *

O God! O God! How my woman's heart
Thrills with a quick, convulsive pain,
As I view, unrolled by the magic of art,
One dreadful scene from the battle-plain.
White as the foam of the storm-tossed wave,
Lone as the rocks those billows lave—
Gray sky above—cold clay beneath—
A gallant form lies stretched in death.

With his calm face fresh on the trampled clay,
And the brave hands clasped o'er the manly breas ,
Save the sanguine stains on his jacket gray,
We might deem him taking a soldier's rest.

Ah, no ! Too red is that crimson tide,
Too deeply pierced that wounded side ;
Youth, hope, love, glory, manhood's pride,
Have all in vain Death's bolt defied.

His faithful carbine lies useless there,
As it dropped from its master's nerveless ward ;
And the sunbeams glance on his waving hair,
Which the fallen cap has ceased to guard.
O Heaven ! spread o'er it thy merciful shield,
No more to my sight be the battle revealed !
Oh ! fiercer than tempest, grim Hades as dread,
On woman's eye flashes the field of the dead.

The scene is changed. In a quiet room,
Far from the spot where the lone corpse lies,
A mother kneels in the evening gloom
To offer her nightly sacrifice.
The noon is past, and the day is done,
She knows that the battle is lost or won.
Who lives ? Who died ? Hush ! be thou still—
Thy boy lies dead on the trench-barred hill.

P. F., LEXINGTON, KY. *

THE CONFEDERATE NOTE.

[The following lines were written upon the back of a five hundred dollar Confederate note, by Mrs. J. TURNER, of North Carolina, subsequent to the surrender.]

REPRESENTING nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear Captain, and show it.
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell
Of liberty born, of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day our "promise to pay,"
And hope to redeem on the morrow.

Days rolled by, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the treasurer qual
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay
And each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were over-due;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day
'Twas the best our country could do.

Keep it! it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it passed.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

BY MRS. M. B. CLARKE.

As went the knight with sword and shield
To tourney or to battle-field,
Pledged to the lady fair and true
For whom his knightly sword he drew,

You offered at your country's call
"Your life, your fortune, and your all,"
Pledging your sacred honor high
For her to live, for her to die.
With her you cast your future lot,
And now, without one single spot
To dim the brightness of your fame
Or cast a shadow o'er your name,
You lay your sword with honor down,
And wear defeat as 'twere a crown ;
Nor sit, like Marius, brooding o'er
A ruin which can rise no more,
But from your Pavia bear away
A glory brightening every day.
Above the wreck which round you lies,
Calm and serene I see you rise,
Embodiment of noble pride,
Chastened by sorrow and allied
To disappointment, but to show
How bright your virtues 'neath it glow ;
But who may tell how deep its dart
Is rankling in your noble heart,
Or dare to pull the robe aside
Which Cæsar draws his wounds to hide !

VIRGINIA CAPTA.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

UNCONQUERED captive close thine eye,
And draw the ashen sackcloth o'er,
And in thy speechless woe deplore,
The fate that would not let thee die?

The arm that wore the shield, strip bare ;
The hand that held the martial rein,
And hurled the spear on many a plain—
Stretch—till they clasp the shackles there !

The foot that once could crush the crown,
Must drag the fetters 'till it bleed
Beneath their weight :—thou dost not need
It now, to tread the tyrant down.

Thou thought'st him vanquished—boastful trust,
His lance in twain, his sword a wreck,
But with his heel upon thy neck,
He holds *thee* prostrate in the dust !

Bend, though thou must, beneath his will,
Let no one abject moan have place ;
But with majestic silent grace,
Maintain thy regal bearing still !

Look back through all thy storied past,
And sit erect in conscious pride,
No grander heroes ever died—
No sterner, battled to the last !

Weep, if thou wilt, with proud, sad mien,
Thy blasted hopes—thy peace undone ;
Yet brave, live on—nor seek to shun
Thy fate, like Egypt's conquered Queen.

Though forced a captive's place to fill,
In the triumphal train—yet there,
Superbly, like Zenobia, wear
Thy chains—*Virginia victrix* still !

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

BY MOINA.*

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee !
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon-light,
 Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long,
 It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle-song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—
 Gleamed the sword of Lee !

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear,
That where that sword led they would dare
 To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
 Nor cause, a chief like Lee !

Forth from its scabbard ! how we prayed
 That sword might victor be !
And when our triumph was delayed,

* Author of the "Conquered Banner."

And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! all in vain!

Forth flashed the sword of Lee!
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH.

BY ANNIE KETCHUM CHAMBERS.

DREAMS of a stately land,
Where rose and lotus open to the sun,
Where green ravine and misty mountains stand.
By lordly valor won.

Dreams of the earnest-browed
And eagle-eyed, who late, with banners bright,
Rode forth in knightly errantry to do
Devoir for God and right.

Shoulder to shoulder, see
The crowding columns file through pass and glen!
Hear the shrill bugle! List the rolling drum,
Mustering the gallant men!

Resolute, year by year,
They keep at bay the cohorts of the world;
Hemmed in, yet trusting in the Lord of Hosts
The cross is still unfurled.

Patient, heroic, true,
And counting tens where hundreds stood at first;

Dauntless for truth, they dare the sabre's edge,
The bombshell's deadly burst.

While we, with hearts made brave
By their proud manhood, work, and watch, and pray,
Till, conquering fate, we greet with smiles and tears
The conquering ranks of gray.

O God of dreams and sleep!
Dreamless they sleep—'tis we, the sleepless, dream;
Defend us while our vigil dark we keep,
Which knows no morning beam!

Bloom, gentle spring-tide flowers!
Sing, gentle winds! above each holy grave;
While we, the women of a desolate land,
Weep for the true and brave.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

PEACE.

BY ALTHEA L. BURROUGHS, OF SAVANNAH, GA.

THEY are ringing peace on my weary ear,
No peace to this heavy heart;
They are ringing peace, I hear! I hear!
O God! how my hopes depart.

They are ringing peace from the mountain-side,
With a hollow sound it comes;
They are ringing peace o'er the swelling tide,
While the billows sweep our homes.

They are ringing peace, and the spring-tide blooms
Like a garden fresh and fair,
But our martyrs sleep in their silent tombs.
Do they hear? O God! *do they hear?*

They are ringing peace, and the battle-cry
And the bayonet's work are done;
And the armor bright they are laying by,
From the brave sire to the son.

And the musket's clang, and the soldier's drill,
And the tattoo's nightly sound;
We shall hear no more with a joyous thrill—
Peace, peace they are ringing around.

There are women still as the stifled air
On the burning desert's track,
Not a cry of joy, not a welcome cheer,
And their brave sons coming back.

There are fair young heads in their morning pride,
Like the lilies pale they bow—
Just a memory left to the soldier's bride—
God help, God help them now!

There are martial steps that we may not hear,
There are forms that we may not see,
Death's muster-roll they have answered clear,
They are *free*—thank God! *some are free*.

Not a fetter fast, not a prisoner's chain
For the noble army gone;
No conqueror comes in the heavenly plain—
Peace, peace to the dead alone!

They are ringing peace, but strangers tread
O'er the land where our fathers trod,
And our birthright joys like a dream are fled—
And thou, where art thou, O God!

They are ringing peace! Not here, not here,
Where the victor's march is set;
Roll back to the North its mocking cheer,
No peace to the Southland yet.

ACCEPTATION.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WE do accept thee, heavenly Peace !
Albeit thou comest in a guise
Unlooked for, undesired, our eyes
Welcome, through tears, the kind release
From war, and woe, and want—surcease,
For which we bless thee, holy Peace !

We lift our foreheads from the dust ;
And as we meet thy brow's clear calm,
There falls a freshening sense of balm
Upon our spirits. Fear, distrust,
The hopeless present on us thrust,
We'll front them as we can, and *must*.

War has not wholly wrecked us: still
Strong hands, grand hearts, stern souls are ours,
Proud consciousness of quenchless powers,
A past whose memory makes us thrill,
Futures uncharactered to fill
With heroisms, if we will.

Then courage, brothers ! Though our breast
Ache with that rankling thorn, despair,
That failure plants so sharply there,
No pang, no pain shall be confessed:
We'll work, and watch the brightening west,
And leave to God and heaven the rest.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY "MOINA."

The Rev. J. A. RYAN, Catholic Priest of Knoxville, Diocese of Nashville, Tennessee.

FROM THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," JUNE 24, 1865.

FURL that banner, for 'tis *weary*,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best :
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its fees now scorn and brave it--
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down--'tis tattered,
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner, furl it sadly—
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave ;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner, softly, slowly,
'Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.

"FOLD IT UP CAREFULLY."

A REPLY TO THE LINES ENTITLED "THE CONQUERED BANNER."

BY SIR HENRY HOUGHTON, BART.

[The beautiful lines entitled "The Conquered Banner," have been extensively copied by the Southern press, and are now classed among the favorite poems of that section. The following reply, written in England, comes to us from a friend in Virginia, who says it was sent by the author to a gentleman in that State, and that it has not yet appeared in print.]

GALLANT nation, foiled by numbers,
Say not that your hopes are fled;
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers
One day to avenge your dead.
Keep it, widowed, sonless mothers!
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers!
Furl it with an iron will;
Furl it now, but—keep it still,
Think not that its work is done.
Keep it till your children take it
Once again to hail and make it
All their sires have bled and fought for,
All their noble hearts have sought for,
Bled and fought for all alone.
All alone! ay, shame the story,
Millions here deplore the stain;
Shame, alas! for England's glory,
Freedom called, and called in vain.
Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy.
Till that day, yes, furl it sadly,
Then once more unfurl it gladly—
Conquered banner, keep it still!

ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1865.

OUR FLAG.

I.

Oh, furl that banner! let it play
No more beneath the Southern sky.
The brave who bore it in the fray
Are dead, or weep they did not die:
Die, when it floated proud and high
Where battle pealed its thunder-knell,
And trumpet-shouts of victory
Made death a joy to him who fell.

II.

Oh, furl that banner! would ye now
Its folds of pride and beauty show?
From old Virginia's mountain brow
To Rio Grande's bounding flow,
There's not a spot to call your own;
O'er hill and vale and rolling plain,
Where once its flash of triumph shone,
That flag will never wave again.

III.

Oh, furl that banner while ye can,
While still ye grasp its broken staff!
It bears the conqueror's curse and ban,
He'd tear it down with scornful laugh.
Oh, spare that noy thing the sneers
And scoffings of the Vandal brood—
To-day baptized with falling tears,
And yesterday baptized in blood.

IV.

Oh, furl that banner! E'en the name,
Crushed out beneath the despot's heel,

We dare not breathe—but yet the flame
It woke within is burning still.
We crossed their blades, and braved their fire,
That banner fluttering in the wind;
But fold it up—its stars expire,
Nor leave a ray of hope behind.

v.

But must we furl? Ah! soft and fair
It ripples in the breeze of morn,
A smile upon the rosy air,
A glory on its bosom borne.
It hovers like some gentle dream
That momentary joy imparts;
Alas! we wake to see it stream
O'er darkened homes and broken hearts.

vi.

A mournful beauty now it wears,
While flowing in the wind's caress,
As spotless as when wafted prayers
Asked God in vain its fate to bless.
And shall we furl? No! plant it deep
Where Jackson slumbers in his grave;
Methinks his very dust will sleep
More sweetly 'neath his banner's wave.

vii.

Yea, plant it there! The dewy eve
Shall bathe with tears each battle-stain,
And plaintively the South winds grieve
While dallying with its folds again.
Then consecrate it to the dead—
The flag in storm and conflict rent—
'Twill droop above his lowly bed,
A soldier's fitting monument.

THE DEPARTED YEAR—1865.

YEAR eventful! flown forever
With thy secrets of the past;
Down eternity's broad river
Thou hast disappeared at last.
Now repose, the world forsaken,
In void chaos, endless space,
Till the voice of Time awaken
Thee and all thy kindred race.
Leave thy record with the ages
Of the dread futurity;
Words of joy and darkened pages
Mingled in those annals be.
We who watched thee in thy dawning,
Gave thee welcome to thy right,
Praying thou mightst bring the morning
To our country's starless night.
Starless, save where shone uncertain
Glancing meteors in our sky;
For war's dismal, blood-stained curtain
Hid the future from our eye.
Four long years grim Mars had wielded
O'er our homes the sword and brand,
Many a hopeful heart had yielded
To despair throughout our land.
And dear friends, an untold number,
Rest in humble, hallowed graves;
Naught disturbs their quiet slumber
Where the "branch of olive" waves.
Lo! at length, our eyes beholding,
Saw the fearful carnage cease;
And, with dazzling hues unfolding,
Waved the ensign of fair Peace.

Peace! O sunny land of beauty!
Star-gemmed queen of former might!
Thou who claimst our hearts and duty!
All too dark the gloom and blight
Cast around thee in thy sorrow
By the harsh decree of fate;
Well it was the gleaming morrow
Stayed thy ruin, ere *too late*.

And for *this* can we forget thee,
Year of mourning, fear, and joy?
Though we may not now regret thee,
With thy pleasure and alloy.
Thou shalt live in history, ever,
And in human hearts as well;
Who from memory would sever
All the tales thou hast to tell?

Sadly thou hast waned and perished;
'Mid thy smouldering ashes lie
Hopes and dreams once fondly cherished
In the faded year gone by.
Let us, then, be onward pressing,
While each heart its sunshine wears;
And, with God's and Nature's blessing,
Gather strength for coming years.

Yet a lingering shade of sadness
Fills our hearts when we recall
Scenes of changing grief or gladness,
Hid beneath Time's shadowy pall.
Rest in joyful peace and glory,
With bright hopes upon thy brow;
Year departed! with thy story,
We will bid thee farewell now.

CRUCI DUM SPIRO, FIDO.

BY J. C. M.

You may furl the gleaming star-cross,
That lit a hundred fields ;
And sing your triumphs o'er its loss ;
'Tis all your power yields !
Ay, tear the buttons from the gray,
"Confederate" from our scroll ;
The heart will sear its own decay,
Ere ye can chain the soul !

Furl the red banner—scribe its tale,
And shroud with regal pall !
Thrill the requiem's surging wail,
While ye sound our thrall.
A dauntless race has owned its sway,
That cross baptized in flame,
That shone on Jackson's deathless way,
The Valley-march of Fame !

Ay, live the years that hailed thy light—
Flash immortality !
Labarum waving for the Right,
Claims yet our fealty !
Cruci dum spiro, fido,
Echoes each fiery soul—
The dead yet crown their thousand hills,
And point their hero-roll.

"Subdued !" ye whisper ; catch the gleam
That flashes from the West ;
From the stanch heart of Donelson,
From Shiloh's gory breast !

Mansfield, Belmont, mem'ries bring—
Ojustee and her glades—
And boldly Cleburne's echoes ring
From the kingly realm of shades ;

And Charleston, prouder in her pride,
More haughty in her fall,
Than when upon the stormy tide
She rang th' evangel call !
And last, those faces gaunt and grim,
That caught that April light ;
'Neath that array, with war-smoke dim,
Smouldered heart-fires of might.

Then furl our bannered glory
That erst flamed in the fight,
Ye cannot tomb the story
Burned on its stainless white !
From Sumter's battlements it calls,
When Elliot guarded there,
And each proud fold a hero palls
Whose life nerves our despair !

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1866.

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE."

BY DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS, OF VIRGINIA.

SING us a song for the land we love ;
O Minstrel ! sing us a song,
Sad as that of a mateless dove ;
But make it not, Minstrel, long.

On his viol a master's* mother breathed
The latest sigh from her mouth—
Oh! thus on thy harp, in cypress wreathed,
Catch thou the breath of the South!

But, Minstrel! if thou hast ever an art
To teach men to forget—
Reserve that strain for some other heart,
For the South would remember yet.

But touch not for her one vaunting chord,
Her sons would but *weep* at thy strain;
The dream of her pride was dispelled by the sword,
Her laurels encircle the slain.

The citron shall bloom in the orange-grove,
And the muscadine twine as of yore,
But her dear, darling dead, embalmed in her love,
Shall return for their fruit never more.

Then, tuning thy harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
'Neath a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Catch the breath of the South, like the spirit of God
Poured over thy trembling strings.

MINSTREL

The Song of the South with her free flag furled!
My heart grows mute at the prayer!
For the anthem would trouble the heart of the world
Like the song of a falling star.

And they should remember that 'twas not alone
'Gainst the odds of her Northern foe,
That she struck when the star of her victory shone,
Or sank in her hour of woe.

But the Teuton and Celt, from the Shannon and Rhine,
And the Northman from Ottawa's banks,
Came to barter their blood at Mammon's red shrine,
And filled up the enemy's ranks.

Kildare and O'Neal! these sons would ye call,
Who for gold, in recreant bands,
The chains which are rusting in Erin's soul
Have fettered on Southern hands?

Let the victory, then, to the North remain,
And the shame to the foreign powers;
The South has enough, amid all her pain,
For the honor and glory are ours.

So I'll hang my harp o'er the fresh-turned sod,
On a bough where the rain-crow sings,
Till the breath of the South, like the Spirit of God,
Pours over my trembling strings.

DIXIE.

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE," WITH PERMISSION OF GEN. D. H. HILL.

CREATED by a nation's glee,
With jest and song and revelry,
We sang it in our early pride
Throughout our Southern borders wide,
While from ten thousand throats rang out
A promise in one glorious shout
"To live or die for Dixie!"

How well that promise was redeemed
Is witnessed by each field where gleamed
Victorious—like the crest of Mars—
The banner of the Cross and Stars;
The cannon lay our warriors low,
We fill the ranks, and onward go
"To live or die for Dixie!"

To die for Dixie! Oh! how blessed
Are those who early went to rest,
Nor knew the future's awful store,
But deemed the cause they fought for sure
As heaven itself; and so laid down
The cross of earth for glory's crown,
And nobly died for Dixie.

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
To have no future—all o'ercast—
To knit life's broken threads again,
And keep her mem'ry pure from stain—
This is to live for Dixie.

Belovéd land! belovéd song!
Your thrilling power shall last as long—
Enshrined within each Southern soul—
As Time's eternal ages roll:
Made holier by the test of years,
Baptizéd with our country's tears,
God and the right for Dixie!

FANNY DOWNING.

THE RED, WHITE, AND RED.*

A PARODY ON "THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

BY A. J. BARRY, OF KENTUCKY.

WHEN Southern men first sallied forth
To meet the invaders from the North,
They prayed to God, on bended knees,
Then flung their banner to the breeze,

* Alluding to the first Confederate flag, afterwards superseded by the flag with the cross.

By Freedom christened—flag of dread !
Its colors were *red, white, and red.*

CHORUS.

Oh! here's to the Red, White, and Red,
And the gray-jacket boys,
Who made such a noise ;
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Red !

On Charleston's beach our heroes bore it,
And Sumter's walls went down before it ;
Manassas' fields again beheld it,
Where Beauregard's own hand upheld it.
The Yankees shrieked in wild dismay
And fled before the boys in gray.

Then here's to the Red, White, and Red, &c.

Up rose the sun o'er "Seven Pines,"
Joe Johnston heads our serried lines,
And proudly o'er the *Southern Mars*
Floats the immortal *Stars and Bars*.
At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville
It wars along, triumphant still.

Then here's to the Red, White, and Red, &c.

Again, on Shiloh's crimson plain,
It waved o'er heaps of Federal slain.
In triumph waved—but Sidney fell,
And broken was the magic spell,
Or else that day had been by far
The brightest of the bloody war.

Then here's to the Red, White, and Red, &c

The war is o'er at fearful cost,
Our flag is furled, our cause is lost ;
The boys in gray, alas ! too few
To battle with the hosts in blue.

In vain they fought, in vain they bled,
Their hopes are crushed, their visions fled.

Then here's to the Red, White, and Red, &c.

O'erwhelmed by numbers, the Southrons feel
The pressure of the tyrant's heel;
But never has dishonor's blight
E'er stained or marred their banner bright.
And the noble blood for freedom shed
Hath sanctified the white and red.

Then here's to the Red; White, and Red, &c.

OFF WITH YOUR GRAY SUITS, BOYS!

BY LIEUTENANT FALLIGANT, OF SAVANNAH, GA.

Off with your gray suits, boys!

Off with your rebel gear!

It smacks too much of the cannon's peal,

The lightning-flash of your deadly steel,

And fills our hearts with fear.

The color is like the smoke

That curled o'er your battle-line;

It calls to mind the yell that woke,

When the dastard columns before you broke,

And their dead wore your fatal sign.

Off with your starry wreaths,

Ye who have led our van!

For you 'twas the pledge of a glorious death,

As we followed you over the glorious heath,

Where we whipped them man to man.

Down with the cross of stars!

Too long has it waved on high;

'Tis covered all over with battle-scars,
But its gleam the hated banner mars—
'Tis time to lay it by.

Down with the vows we had made !
Down with each memory !
Down with the thoughts of our noble dead !
Down ! down to the dust where their forms are laid !
And down with liberty !

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

No more o'er living hearts to wave,
Its tattered folds forever furled,
We laid it in an honored grave,
And left its memories to the world.

The agony of long, long years
May in a moment be compressed,
And with a grief too deep for tears
A nation's heart may be oppressed.

Oh ! there are those who die too late
For faith in God, and right and truth—
The cold, mechanic grasp of Fate
Hath crushed the roses of their youth.

More blesséd are the dead who fell
Beneath it in unfaltering trust,
Than we who loved it passing well,
Yet lived to see it trail the dust.

It hath no future which endears,
And this farewell shall be our last ;
Embalm it in a nation's tears,
And consecrate it to the past.

To mouldering hands that to it clung,
And flaunted it in hostile faces,
To pulseless arms that round it flung
The fervor of their last embraces.

To our dead heroes, to the hearts
That thrill no more to love or glory;
To those who acted well their parts,
Who died in youth and live in story.

With tears forever be it told
Until oblivion covers all;
Until the heavens themselves wax old
And totter slowly to their fall.

WEEP! WEEP!

WEEP for a fallen land,
For an unstained flag laid low!
Freedom is lost! let every heart
Echo the note of woe.
Yes, weep! ye soldiers, weep!
'Twill not your manhood stain
To mourn with grievous bitterness
Honor and valor slain.

Weep, friendless woman! weep
For golden days of yore,
For ruined homes, for aching hearts,
For loved ones now no more!
Bravely they fought, and well,
That noble, hero band;
Bravely they fought, and bravely died,
To save a suffering land.

Our Southern soil is red
With the blood of many slain ;
Like sacrificial wine it fell,
But the offering was in vain.
Peace smiles upon our land
(A land no longer free) ;
That Peace should smile o'er Freedom's grave,
And we the smile should see !

Let Southern men now take
A long farewell of fame ;
Let Southern men bow meekly down
To tyranny and shame.
Great God ! that such should live
To hail the fatal hour
That crushes *freedom* in the dust
'Neath Northern hate and power.

But many a patriot's heart
Yet thrills to the war-god's breath ;
And many still would battle on
For freedom, till the death.
Weep ! weep ! but not for those
That lie beneath the sod ;
For they eternal peace have found
Around the throne of God.

"Peace !" "peace !" 'Tis but a word—
A mockery in a name.
Alas, O God ! 'tis but the wreath
That hides the tyrant's chain.
But, if it thus must be,
And freedom ne'er be won,
Then, Father, give us strength to say,
"Thy will on earth be done !"

ALL OVER NOW.

ALL over now ! The trumpet blast,
The hurried trampling to and fro,
The sky with battle-smoke o'ercast,
The flood of death and woe.
All ended now. The siren song
Of Hope's ecstatic lay is hushed ;
And minor chords, in plaintive tones,
Wail out where gayer notes are crushed.

'Neath feathery snow, in hallowed ground,
By far Potomac's rippling stream,
Our loved ones sleep ; the lulling waves
Can ne'er disturb the soldier's dream.
They whisper "Peace"—the dove of peace,
Like Noah's, searches for her nest ,
She folds her wings among the dead,
But with the *living* finds no rest.

All over now ! We gave our all—
Our loved ones, homes, and prayers ;
God wills that we awhile shall wait
In bitterness and tears.
What need of tears ? Why must they flow
When all but life and breath are gone ?
God help us all ! and help the heart
To murmur still, "Thy will be done !"

WEARING OF THE GRAY.

BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

[The editor of the *Citizen*, introducing the following to his readers, remarked that it "has never before been published," but that it "is now being set to music in Louisville, and will make its appearance in a short time"]

Oh, have you heard the cruel news? Alas! it is too true:

Upon the Appomattox, down went our cross of blue—
Our armies have surrendered—we bow to Northern sway,
And forevermore forbidden is the wearing of the gray!

No more on fields of battle waves the banner of our pride,
In vain beneath its crimson folds, our Stuart and Jackson
died;

Like a meteor of evening, that flag has passed away,
And low are they who guarded it, the wearers of the gray.

I met a Mississippian, right hard my hand he wrung,
The tear was in his dauntless eye, and faltering was his
tongue,

As in broken words he told me of that disastrous day,
Which made a badge of infamy the wearing of the gray.

Now, honor to the soldier who still is firm and true,
And shame upon the Southern beast that wears the foe-
man's blue!

While 'round the Blue Ridge rocky peak the evening
mist shall play,

We'll, like our mountains, never leave the wearing of the
gray.

Remember how we scattered them, beneath those moun-
tains old—

How we tamed the powers of the strong, the valor of the
bold,

When thund'ring through the bloody gap, old Longstreet
thrust his way!

Remember this, and ne'er forsake the wearing of the gray.

We have lost all but honor—our banner bears no shame;
Though beaten down by numbers, we keep our ancient
fame;

And though exiles from our country, in foreign lands we
stray,

We'll not forget our early love, but proudly wear the gray.

Now, here's to our companions—the comrades true who
died,

In forefront of the battle, closely fighting by our side!

Though our lips are little used to prayer, yet for their
souls we'll pray,

For they fell beneath our banner, for wearing of the gray.

But a day may yet be coming, boys, in future rolling
years,

Which may bring revenge and triumph—may wipe away
our tears—

When the azure cross shall float again, no more to pass
away,

And the token of our victory be—the wearing of the gray.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

MENS INVICTA MANET.

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE,"

The Sunny South ! the Sunny South !
The land that gave us birth ;
Where brightest hopes have cheered our youth—
The land of *generous* worth.

The Sunny South though cast in gloom,
Still land of beauteous flowers,
Exhaling fragrance o'er our *doom*
With sweet, refreshing powers.

The Sunny South ! now almost *mute*,
Still land of precious store,
Where Nature yields her choicest fruit
With sweetness crimsoned o'er.

The Sunny South ! awake ! awake !
Rise, like your mountains, rise !
The birds sing sweetly for your sake,
Beneath bright genial skies.

The Sunny South ! be high your aim—
Adorn your golden prime ;—
Unconquered minds you still can claim,
And make your lives sublime.

The Sunny South ! heroic, grand !
Where *high-souled men* did dare
To bleed and die !—a noble band—
For home, and for the Fair.

The Sunny South ! let virtues blend
In thee, all lands above :
When God propitious smiles will lend,
And bless the land we love.

CONFEDERATE GRAY.

FROM "THE LAND WE LOVE," WITH PERMISSION OF GEN. D. H. HILL.

You'RE like your master, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds, my suit of gray ;
I'll smooth you free of crease and fold,
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight—
Forgetting all that's lost and gone—
Let me recall the visions bright
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
Do battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
Thrice noble, and without one stain.
I gave for it my good right arm ;
I'd gladly give it o'er again.

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam ;
And, as its splendor blazed on high,
Fade like the fancies of a dream.

Then darkness, such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land ;
And yet we know our woe was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Gray clothes, you fill my heart with tears,
Though to my eyes they may not spring,
Recalling our four glorious years
And all the memories they bring.

Our cause is lost, our hopes are fled,
The land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead—
You are the only vestige left.

For all we hoped and planned and thought,
And all we suffered and achieved,
In our Confederate gray was wrought—
Well may it be with laurel wreathed.

Old suit! once more you will be worn,
When I am in my coffin laid.
Upon the Resurrection morn
I wish to stand in you arrayed.

When with hosannahs loud and sweet,
Beatified with bliss intense,
Our Southern soldiery shall meet,
Confederate in the highest sense.

Gray suit! I look on you with pride—
Such pride as manly hearts may take—
As with our cause identified,
And doubly precious for his sake,

My martyred general; for he wore
Such clothes about the kingliest soul
That God from his eternal store
Enshrined within a human mould.

I know he wears the garments now
That moth and rust can ne'er assail,
A diadem upon his brow
To which earth's brightest crowns are pale.

I know that in him angels trace
Such glory as on Moses shone,

Reflected from his Master's face,
As close he stands beside the throne.

Yet still I love, by memory's ray,
To see him as he used to be,
Clad in his well-worn suit of gray,
The synonyme of victory.

The greatest victory he wrought
Was when, at Heaven's supreme behest—
The faith well kept, the good fight fought—
He went triumphant to his rest.

Across death's river, dark and fleet,
And storming in tumultuous strife,
Forever left Earth's noontide heat,
And rested by the tree of life.

There's little left to live for now,
Old suit! for such as you and I;
And, but to Heaven's decrees I bow,
I'd gladly, like my general, die.

But long as God may choose to give
The simplest duty as my task,
I'm willing in his strength to live,
And try to do it. All I ask,

Is when my pilgrimage is made,
And I am numbered with the dead,
To join in heaven the old brigade,
With STONEWALL JACKSON at its head.

FANNY DOWNING.

CHARLOTTE, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

OUR FAILURE.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

YES, we have failed ! That iron word
Drove never home its bolt of fate
More ruthlessly, than when it barred
All egress from the prison gate
That closed upon our sad estate,
And left us powerless—in the dark
A world's reproach, a nation's mark.

Failed ? Ay, so grievously that pain
Is put aside in pure amaze,
As, at our weary length of chain
And steel-girt path we stand, and gaze
With dark distrust of coming days,
And marvel if we be the same
Who lit the Christian world to flame.

The same who owned this lovely land
Now lying waste—a tyrant's spoil—
And saw its stately dwellings stand
'Mid waving fields of fertile soil,
Enriched by swarthy sons of toil—
The princes of a proud estate—
Now stricken, sterile, desolate.

The same ! Where be our legions now ?
Where stand our homes so fair and proud ?
Where rings each step, where beams each brow,
Of those we loved—our martyr crowd,
To home and country nobly vowed,
Of sons and brothers ? Where the hope
That wreathed our splendid horoscope ?

And where the banner which on high
We flung, with all the pride of race,
An emblem from our Southern sky,
Snatched from its sovereign dwelling-place,
Our deeds of arms to gild and grace—
The flag our breezes loved to toss,
Our ark of strength—our Southern Cross?
All buried in one common grave
Are these, the glories of the past;
Let the swamp-cypress o'er it wave,
The bittern sail, the eagle rave,
The simoom sweep, the midnight blast
Make requiem meet! The die is cast,
And we—who counted ill the cost,
Who ventured all—have staked and lost!
What marvel, then, if in the burst
Of an incredulous despair,
When fate has seemed to do its worst,
And all proved false that seemed so fair,
Such words as these should mock the air?
And that, mistrusting fate and fame,
We question, "Are we still the same?"
Oh, morbid doubt! Oh, words of wind!
I cast ye forth as little worth.
Forgive them, Omnipresent Mind!
Forgive them, brothers! bound on earth
To one poor heritage of dearth,
And hear conviction's voice proclaim
The potent truth, "We are the same!"
The same who faced the Northern hosts
With dauntless hearts and shining spears;
The same who laughed to scorn their boasts,
And proved the few the many's peers,
And did in days the work of years.

O'erwhelmed—not conquered—overrun,
And desolated, and undone.

Yet still the same, the very same—

Believe it, tremble and believe,

O tyrants! who with sword and flame

Advanced to slaughter and bereave,

Then *stayed* to torture and deceive—

Are we, who with a faith sublime

Endure our fate, abide our time.

BEECHMOOR, KY.

THE RUINS OF COLUMBIA TO THOSE OF PORT- LAND.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

How feel you, toppled from your height,
And black and ruined with the blight
Which fire leaves, his signal stamp,
Where'er his crimson cohorts tramp?
How felt you when the warning knell
Upon your frightened city fell,
And women's shrieks and children's cries
Went pealing up the ensanguined skies?
How felt you when the fiery stream
Leaped madly roaring, while its gleam
Lit up pale faces, sick with care,
Or rigid in their dumb despair?
Ours is the right to question so,
For all that fire can do we know
By fierce experience—fire whose birth
Sprang up from demons loosed on earth.
We looked upon a fearful sight,
When on that bitter winter's night
A brutal general gave command:
“Burn down Columbia;”—sword in hand

His ruffian soldiers forward sprang,
And soon the defenceless city rang
With cries and curses, prayers and groans,
And crashing roofs, and falling stones,
And soldiers' yells of wild desire,
Commingled in a sea of fire
Which hissed and blazed and raged and roared
As fast its molten torrent poured
On church and convent, store and street,
In billows of devouring heat.
Far from the doom they could not stay
The afflicted angels fled away,
While powers of darkness burst their chain
And Sin and Satan reigned again.
Meanwhile they pilfered—warriors bold—
All that was precious: gems and gold,
And priceless pictures, books as rare,
Wrenched jewels out of woman's ear,
Snatched diamond rings from fingers slight,
Took silken robes and ribbons bright,
Nay, stole—as many a mother knows—
Even new-born babies' tiny clothes!
Brave knights! How high their pride must mount,
As they these doughty deeds recount
To listening school-marms, and display
The trophies which they bore away,
Boasting, their soup—these valiant loons—
Is better sipped from stolen spoons.
Some sights we saw to thrill one through,
And prove what woman's pride can do.
Composed amid such frightful scenes,
Our women stood so many queens;
And though the cheeks were wan and pale,
Their flashing eyes made cowards quail,
And showed them, in their strength sublime,

The daughters of our Southern clime.
We saw the proudest of our land
Beside their blazing mansions stand,
And, with a scorn no words can show,
Hurl back defiance to the foe.
"Go on, vile wretches ! steal and slay ;
Our brave Confederates are away ;
So you, who fly their sabre's flash
Like howling hounds before the lash,
Make war on women at your will
And wreak your fiendish malice. Still
The day of reckoning dawns on high ;
Wade Hampton and his chivalry
Will pay our debt !" They paid it well,
As many a Northern home can tell.
We heard the white-veiled novice shriek
Within her convent cell, then seek
The Virgin's aid, with stifled breath,
To 'scape from insult worse than death.
We saw old men, who-frantic stood,
Their snowy locks besmeared with blood,
Striving to form a shelter frail
For some death-stricken infant pale,
Beat down and trampled by the throng
With mocking curse and obscene song.
And one we saw, who late had been
As pure as dew-drops, when their sheen
Bedecks the rose-bud's pearly brow
With crystalline perfection, now
A gibbering idiot, mouthed and smiled
And chattered like a little child.
Her brave boy-brother near her lay,
Gasping his murdered life away.
We saw the priest struck to the ground
Beside the altar, while around

The ribald soldiery pressing up,
Filled high the Eucharistic cup
With sacramental wine, then drained
From hands with human blood all stained.
Would that the Saviour's plea might win
Forgiveness of such heinous sin,
And for the accurséd wretches plead
Their ignorance of each impious deed!
In vain the wish, in vain the plea,
Though drunken with demoniac glee
They knew full well the work they wrought,
And knowledge fresh enjoyment brought.
Such sights we saw that awful night!
And yet, from our exalted height
Of desolation, we can throw
A pity for your puny woe—
Contemptuous pity! All the fame
That Portland knows, from money came;
And all she lost by wreck or pain
Mere money can buy back again.
Our loss—O God! what earthly ore
Our priceless treasures can restore!
Ruins of Portland! keen the smart,
Yet ours is far the better part.
No grand, historic past is yours,
No future glówing with the stores
Of glorious memories—in decay
You and your city pass away.
While, as the coming ages gleam,
COLUMBIA'S woes shall be the theme
Of song and story; bards shall tell
How the fair Southern city fell—
Fell but to rise and blaze sublime,
A star upon the brow of Time.

HERE AND THERE.

A CONTRAST.

I.

THERE's clashing of arms in the Sunny South,
There's hurrying to and fro,
And the young men flock to the dauntless chief
Who will lead them against the foe

The ledger is closed on the merchant's desk,
And the printer has left his case,
The cavalier mounts the horse from the plough,
The ranks of the squadron to grace.

From the hut of logs in the piny woods
Behold there is coming forth
The rustic, with rifle, trusty and true,
To do battle against the North.

There is never a quiver upon his lip,
There is never a tear or a sigh,
And there's pride in the voice from the window
That cheers while it bids "good-by."

She will till the soil till he comes again;
He can leave her no money to hire
A strong arm to guide the home-made plough
Or cut wood for the winter's fire.

II.

Martial music is heard in the busy North,
Though the battles are far away;
There's a call for five hundred thousand men
To go forth to the deadly fray.

The "speaker" appeals to the youthful and brave
The minister echoes the call,
And the "poster" proclaiming the "bounty"
Looks down from each fence and wall.

Then the laborer, pausing in his work,
The tempting challenge reads,
And ciphering proves, with a stick in the dust,
That the bounty his hire exceeds.

Exceeds his wages for three weary years
Of delving with spade and pick,
Of drawing of water and hewing of stone,
Or of bearing the hod of brick.

So away he speeds to the desk
Where the mustering officer sits ;
And he dons the blue and the knapsack too,
Then home with the bounty he gets.

From the neat, white house, with his musket,
Next morning he goeth forth ;
There'll be bloody work in the distant South,
But there's bread in that house in the North.

III.

The terrible battle is lost and won,
The dead on the field lie cold,
The strength of the North prevaiileth at last,
And the tale of the South is told.

She may have been just or she may have been wrong,
Yet each soldier struck for the right ;
No matter whether the stripes or the bars
Waved over him in the fight.

Liberty's wings over all were spread
As the rivals prepare for battle ;

And Liberty wept over *all* the dead
When the muskets had ceased to rattle.
She smiled on the victor who proudly claimed
The sulphury, smoke-canopied field ;
And she wrote the names of the vanquished braves
In letters of light on her shield.

IV.

The hut still stood in the piny woods,
Though the raiders the fence had burned ;
They had broken the plough and stolen the horse,
Ere the farmer from the war returned.

The child that had blessed that lowly cot
Was cold in the new-made grave ;
And the bread that the lowly mother cut
Was a boon that charity gave.

The farmer returned—he returned a wreck
To the home so cheerful of yore ;
And the care-worn wife rushed forth to help
The cripple that stood at the door.

The yeoman no longer could follow the plough,
Nor sow in the furrow it cleft ;
And the withered arm could not wield an axe,
If the raiders an axe had left.

They sorrowing thought of the happy past,
And the future seemed dark and dread,
For the dying wife and the crippled brave
Must go forth to beg their bread.

V.

The steamer arrived, almost covered by flags ;
There was joy in the Northern port ;
And the merry shouts from the crowded decks
Replied to the guns from the fort.

A soldier in blue—he was crippled too—
Was borne by his comrades to shore ;
An ambulance waited to bear him away
To his little white cottage-door

The wife who received him, though tears were sh
Had never known want or care,
For the bounty he left was more than enough,
And she told him she'd "most of it" there.

He'd many a good month's pay yet due,
And the leg he had lost in the fight
Would yield him a pension as long as he lived,
And the cripple's heart beat light.

And happy he was when they gave him a stool
In the Treasury office next day,
And told him his wages were greater far
Than ever the laborer's pay.

* * * * *

If God ordained that in different climes
Men different views should take,
Who dare aver they *should* suffer here
Who struggled for conscience's sake?

Yet the Southern cripple, who bled for the right
As "God gave him the right to know,"
If perchance he saved from the wreck a mite,
Must support his crippled foe!

And yet it were heresy, deadly and damned,
For him to ask pension too ;
Enough that he helps to pay for the crutch
That supports the maimed veteran in blue.

"GOING HOME."

BY M. L. M.

[Hark! the joy bells are ringing out merrily; gay crowds line the streets, and loud hurrahs are heard on every side. Philadelphia pauses a moment in the eager pursuit of business or pleasure to look on a spectacle of every-day occurrence now—*our heroes coming home!* With gay flags and glittering weapons they march to the merry roll of the drum, some rejoicing that they have now reached their journey's end; others must keep "marching on," their homes are still in the far distance. But the halo of victory shines over all, and success—that mighty magician, whose transformations are marvelous as those of any fairy tale—bids the eager multitude assemble to greet the triumphant soldiers. But here is another scene, almost as frequently witnessed, yet attracting little notice. What means this long, silent procession moving rapidly down the street, with the air of veteran troops, though no military paraphernalia gathers around them gaping crowds. Ah, the old gray uniform tells the story—these are the paroled Confederate soldiers *going home*. "*Only rebels!*" Scowl fiercely as you brush past them, loyal citizen—sneer as you sweep daintily by, patriotic lady—they are "*only defeated rebels*." Yet there are eyes that rest with no unfriendly glance on those rebels. There are hearts, *true* Northern hearts, that throb with mournful pride, remembering the matchless heroism, the patient endurance, the indomitable resolution of the "*gallant few*," who, with the spirit of true Americans, dared all in the cause of "home and freedom."]

No flaunting banners o'er them wave,
 No arms flash back the sun's bright ray,
 No shouting crowds around them throng,
 No music cheers their onward way.
 They're going home! By adverse fate
 Compelled their trusty swords to sheathe;
 True soldiers they, even though disarmed—
 Heroes, though robbed of victory's wreath.

Brave Southerners! With sorrowing hearts
 We gaze upon them through our tears,
 And sadly feel how vain were all
 Their heroic deeds through weary years;
 Yet 'mid their enemies they move
 With firm, bold step and dauntless mien.
 O Liberty! in every age
 Such have thy chosen champions been.
Going home! Alas! to them the words
 Bring visions fraught with gloom and woe.

Since last they saw those cherished homes,
The legions of th' invading foe
Have swept, like the simoom, along,
Spreading destruction far and wide.
"They found a garden, but they left
A howling wilderness behind."

Ah ! in those desolated homes
To which "the fate of war has come,"
Sad is the welcome, poor the feast,
That wait the soldier's coming home.
Yet loving ones will round him throng,
With smiles more tender, if less gay,
And joy will brighten pallid cheeks
At sight of the *dear boys in gray*.

Ay, give them welcome home, fair South !
For you they've made a deathless name ;
Bright through all after time will glow
The glorious record of their fame.
They made a nation ! What though soon
Its radiant sun has seemed to set !
The *past* has shown what they can do,
The *future* holds bright promise yet.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1865.

DIXIE.*

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

DIXIE, home of love and beauty ; in the past supremely
blessed,
Now athwart thee, falling darkly, see, a funeral shadow
rest !

Joy is quenched, where e'er it gathers, e'en as flocks of
vultures brood,
Where the battle pageant's ended, and there's nothing
left but blood.

Erst thy halls were lit with gladness, and thy homes
with love and mirth,
Thou wert crowned with peace and plenty, 'mid the fairest
lands of earth ;
But that crown is crushed and broken : mourning sad
ly veils thy brow,
And among all sorrowing nations, lo ! *thou* art the dear-
est now.

Songs of joy are lost in dirges, music dies in doleful
knells,
And where clustered rose and myrtle, now are wreaths
of asphodels !
Husbands, fathers, lovers fallen, stately homes in ruins
laid,
Lone and poor, thy fairest daughters, suffering proudly,
droop and fade.

Gently nurtured, fondly tended, reared to luxury and ease,
Graceful, tender, and as shrinking as the young mimosa
trees ;
Loved of heroes ! your endurance through the strife tran-
scendent shines,
Born of sunlight ! 'mid the tempest stood ye, firm as moun-
tain pines.

History tells us of a maiden, pure and beautiful and
brave,
Drinking gore of murdered kinsmen, her loved father's
life to save :

Who amid relentless judges, sick with horrors, firmly
stood,
Saw it poured, and death preferring, drained a goblet
brimmed with blood ! *

Ye have quaffed long draughts of sorrow, bitter as that
cup of gore ;
The cause is lost for which *ye* suffered, and your loved
ones are no more !
Daughters of a stricken country, with your high hopes
in the dust,
Gather strength for earnest labor, fortified by *faith* and
trust.

Rend the gloom and look beyond it ! God is there, and
" God is love ! "

Overwhelmed, yet brave and constant—mourning Dixie,
look above.

Harvest fields, and homes and cities, ruthless armies may
despoil,

But they cannot break your spirit, or destroy your teem-
ing soil.

Loved ones who have passed in battles, bid ye rise in
strength and might :

Southern hearts are full of fire, as Eastern opals are of
light !

Forests fall, but acorns springing leave us not of shade
bereft ;

Nations fall—but not to perish, with a race of heroes left !

* Lamartine's History of the Girondists—"Reign of Terror."

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING.

BY DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS, OF VIRGINIA.

FAIR were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land ;
 Children were we in simple faith,
 But god-like children, whom nor death
Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender ;
 And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
 At evening hushed the whippoor-will,
At morn the mocking-bird was mute and still,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

And we had graves that covered more of glory
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story ;
 And in our dream we wove the thread
 Of principles for which had bled
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be ;
 Till Northern glances, slanting down,
 With envy viewed our harvest sun—
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
 In the land where we were dreaming.

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild ;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field,
 Crimson the moon, between the Twins
 Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes

Of light, red comets tossed their fiery manes
O'er the land where we were dreaming.

Down from her eagle height smiled Liberty,
And waved her hand in sign of victory;
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The brave, the good and just gave us their prayer
For the land where we were dreaming.

High o'er our heads a starry flag was seen,
Whose field was blanced and spotless in its sheen;
Chivalry's cross its union bears,
And by his scars each vet'ran swears
To bear it on in triumph through the wars
In the land where we were dreaming.

We fondly thought a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talked in sleep of rank, commission,
Until so life-like grew the vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision
In the land where we were dreaming.

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
From the land where we were dreaming.

We looked again—another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
Erect he stood, as clothed with power,
Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour
With firm, majestic sway—of strength a tower—
In the land where we were dreaming.

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free—
So, Richmond ! we, on guard for thee,
Beheld a bronzed hero, god-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming.

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls,
As wakes the mother when her infant falls,
As starts the traveller when around
His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound
In the land where we were dreaming.

Woe ! woe is us ! the startled mothers cried ;
While we have slept, our noble sons have died.
Woe ! woe is us ! how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled
Have left us nothing real but our dead,
In the land where we were dreaming.

“And are they really dead, our martyred slain?”
No, dreamers ! Morn shall bid them rise again
From every plain, from every height
On which they seemed to die for right ;
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight
In the land where we were dreaming.

Unconquered still in soul, though now o’errun,
In peace, in war the battle’s just begun.
Once this Thyestean banquet o’er,
Grown strong the few who bide their hour,
Shall rise, and hurl its drunken guests from power
In the land where we were dreaming.

THE BROKEN MUG.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

My mug is broken, my heart is sad !

What woes can fate still hold in store ?

The friend I cherished a thousand days

Is smashed to pieces on the floor !

Is shattered and to Limbo gone,

I'll see my mug no more !

Relic it was of joyous hours

Whose golden memories still allure—

When coffee made of rye we drank,

And gray was all the dress we wore !

When we were paid some cents a month,

But never asked for more !

In marches long, by day and night,

In raids, hot charges, shocks of war ;

Strapped on the saddle at my back

This faithful comrade still I bore—

This old companion, true and tried,

I'll never carry more !

Bright days ! when young in heart and hope

The pulse leaped at the words "La Gloire !"

When the gray people cried—"hot fight,"

Why we have one to four !

When but to see the foeman's face

Was all they asked—no more.

From Rapidan to Gettysburg—

"Hard bread" behind, "sour krout" before—

This friend went with the cavalry

And heard the jarring cannons roar

In front of Cemetery Hill—

Good heavens ! how they'd roar !

Then back again, the foe behind,
Back to the "Old Virginia Shore"—
Some dead and wounded left—some holes
In flags the sullen graybacks bore ;
This mug had made the great campaign,
And we'd have gone once more !

Alas ! we never went again !
The red cross banner, slow but sure,
"Fell back"—we bade to sour krout
(Like the lover of Lenore)
A long, sad, lingering farewell—
To taste its joys no more.

But still we fought, and ate hard bread,
Or starved—good friend our woes deplore !
And still this faithful friend remained
Riding behind me as before—
The friend on march, in bivouac
When others were no more.

How oft we drove the horsemen blue
In Summer bright or Winter froze !
How oft before the Southern charge
Through field and wood the blue birds tore !
I'm "harmonized" to-day, but think
I'd like to charge once more.

Oh yes ! we're all "fraternal" now,
Purged of our sins, we're clean and pure,
Congress will "reconstruct" us soon—
But no gray people on *that* floor !
I'm harmonized—"so called"—but long
To see those times once more !

Gay days ! the sun was brighter then,
And we were happy, though so poor !

That past comes back as I behold
My shattered friend upon the floor,
My splintered, useless, ruined mug
From which I'll drink no more.

How many lips I'll love for aye,
While heart and memory endure,
Have touched this broken cup and laughed—
How they did laugh!—in days of yore!
Those days we'd call "a beauteous dream—
If they had been no more!"

Dear comrades, dead this many a day—
I saw you weltering in your gore
After those days, amid the pines
On Rappahannock shore!
When the joy of life was much to me
But your warm hearts were more!

Yours was the grand heroic nerve
That laughs amid the storm of war—
Souls that "loved much" your native land,
Who fought and died therefor!
You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,
Your blood—you had no more!

You lived and died true to your flag!
And now your wounds are healed—but sore
Are many hearts that think of you
Where you have "gone before."
Peace, comrade! God bound up those forms,
They are "whole" forevermore!

Those lips this broken vessel touched,
His, too!—the man's we all adore—
That cavalier of cavaliers,

Whose voice will ring no more—
Whose plume will float amid the storm
Of battle never more !

Not on this idle page I write
That name of names, shrined in the core
Of every heart. Peace ! foolish pen ;
Hush ! words so cold and poor—
His sword is rust, the blue eyes dust,
His bugle sounds no more !

Yet ever here write this : He charged
As Rupert, in the years before ;
And when his stern, hard work was done,
His griefs, joys, battles o'er,
His mighty spirit rode the storm,
And led his men once more !

He lies beneath his native sod,
Where violets spring, or frost is hoar ;
He recks not ! Charging squadrons watch
His raven plume no more !
That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,
That hand we'll touch no more !

My foolish mirth is quenched in tears ;
Poor fragments strewed upon the floor,
You are a type of nobler things
That find their use no more—
Things glorious once, now trodden down—
That make us smile no more !

Of courage, pride, high hopes, stout hearts,
Hard, stubborn nerve, devotion pure !
Beating his wings against the bars,
The prisoned eagle tried to soar !
Outmatched, o'erwhelmed, we struggled still ;
Bread failed—we fought no more !

Lies in the dust the shattered staff
That bore aloft on sea and shore
That blazing flag, amid the storm!
And none are now so poor—
So poor to do it reverence,
Now when it flames no more!

But it is glorious in the dust,
Sacred till time shall be no more.
Spare it, fierce editors, your scorn!
The dread "rebellion's" o'er!
Furl the great flag, hide cross and star,
Thrust into darkness star and bar.
But look! across the ages far,
It flames forevermore!

LAST REQUEST OF HENRY C. MAGRUDER.

[This unfortunate youth, who was executed on Friday, October 20, 1865, in his last moments displayed a firmness and courage unprecedented in the annals of the world's history, save by Marshal Ney himself, whom Napoleon termed the "bravest of the brave." Laying aside the charges preferred against him by the powers who tried and condemned him, he was more "sinned against than sinning;" for, young, ardent, and impetuous, he became an easy prey to those follies and temptations for which he atoned with the sacrifice of his life. Poor unfortunate child! Weak and feeble, suffering agonies from a mortal wound eight long months within gloomy prison walls, shut off from every hope, yet he never murmured nor complained to the very few friends who would occasionally gain access to his prison-cell, who ever found him cheerful and hopeful. In his last moments he addressed himself to two particular friends upon whom he did ever rely with the utmost confidence, and expressed "his request" in the following beautiful lines.]

Oh! wrap me not, when I am dead,
In the ghastly winding-sheet,
And bind no kerchief round my head,
Nor fetter my active feet;

But let some friend who loves me best
Comb out my long dark hair,
And part the ringlets round my face
In the fashion I loved to wear.

And robe me in my favorite garb,
And let sweet flowers be pressed
Within my hand and to my heart,
When you lay me down to rest;
For I would not my friends should turn
Away with a thrill of fear,
As they give the last fond look and kiss
To one in life so dear.

And lay me down in a quiet spot,
Beneath some spreading tree,
Where birds may build their nests, and sing
Their sweetest songs o'er me;
And let no tears be o'er me shed
But the pearly tears of night,
As the flowers I love weep o'er my bed
In the pale moon's silver light.

And let no chilling marble rest
On my heart so warm and true;
But the verdant turf be my winding-sheet
Kept green by the summer dew.
Thus let me sleep—and my glad soul,
On wings of hope and love,
Shall haste to meet my loved and lost
In a world of bliss above.

FORGET? NEVER!

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

[In answer to the sentiment which has been expressed of late by many, "we should forget the past."]

I.

CAN the mother forget the child of her love,
Who was in her tenderest heart-strings wove,
Who lisped his first prayer her knee beside,
And grew to manhood her joy and pride?
Can she look over his early grave,
And forgetting the cause he died to save,
Think of the past as it ne'er had been?
These years in her thoughts are too fresh, I ween.
Forget? Never!

II.

Can the father forget his first-born son,
Who, ere his boyhood was fairly run,
Shouldered his musket and left his side,
And for love of country fought and died?
Think you oblivion's waves can roll
Over a parent's stricken soul?
Oh, no! the past, with its waves of blood,
Surges his heart like a mighty flood.
Forget? Never!

III.

Can the sister forget the brother beloved,
Who with her through the haunts of childhood roved?
Can she think of the wound on his manly brow,
Which laid his proud form forever low?
And can memory be a thing of naught,
And the years with such fearful anguish fraught
Be unto her as they ne'er had been?
Oh, no! they will ever be fresh and green.
Forget? Never!

IV.

Can the maiden forget the noble youth
Who had pledged to her his love and truth?
Can the wife forget the husband tried,
Who for the love of his country left her side?
Can the stricken orphan dry her tears,
And think no more of those vanished years—
Dark years of terror, of death, and woe?
Their bleeding hearts cry, "No! oh, no!"
Forget? Never!

V.

Can any true Southern heart forget,
While our land with blood and tears is wet?
While the mother's, the widow's, the orphan's wail,
Is borne to our ears from hill and vale?
While our homesteads in ashes round us lie,
And for bread our starving myriads cry?
While he, the head of our fallen cause
('Gainst mercy's plea, and honor's laws),
Pines still within his prison walls,
And justice in vain for his freedom calls?
Forget? Never!

VI.

Time may bring healing upon his wings,
May bind in our hearts the shattered strings;
Forgiveness of injuries yet may come,
Though oppression be felt in each Southern home.
But ask no more! The terrible past
Must ever be ours while life shall last;
Ours, with its memories—ours, with its pain—
Ours, with its best blood shed like rain—
Its sacrifices, all made in vain.
Forget? Never!

ARLINGTON.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

You stand upon the chasm's brink,
That yawns so deadly deep,
Ready to bridge the rift, we think,
And dare the noble leap;
So—fill this rent with purpose bold—
Right war's red deeds of shame,
And Curtius, with his legend old,
Will pale before your name!

We meddle not with questions high;
The holier office ours
To follow where man leads, and try
To hide the flints with flowers.
We sought, through all our bloody strife,
To succor, soothe, sustain;
And not one Southern maid nor wife
Has grudged the cost or pain.

So now, when might has won the day,
When every hope is crossed,
We cheer, uphold, as best we may,
The hearts whose all is lost.
"Rebellious," "outlawed," what you will,
We yet a boon would crave,
Trusting that calm forbearance still—
Against such odds—so brave!

For sons, for husbands, not one plea!
(For *men*, to whom you give,
With unupbraiding leniency,
Free right, broad room to live!)

But, with a tender woman's claim
Warm in our souls, we come,
Armed with the spell-word of a name
That holds denial dumb.

He, in whose more than regal chair,
You sit, supreme, to-day :
Could *he*, unmoved, uncensuring, hear
That wrong should wrest away
What calmed a dying father's breast,*
As, with rare tear and moan,
Within *his* childless arms he pressed
The babes, thence named "his own?"

His own? Yet she, sole daughter left
Of all that stately race,
An exile wanders, sad, bereft
Of certain dwelling-place.
Within her old ancestral halls
The hearths no beams reflect,
And over lawn and garden falls
The mildew of neglect.

The blood allied to Washington
Spurned from the rights *he* gave,
Denied the vaunted justice done
To every home-born slave !
Tell not the brood of Askelon,
Let Gath not hear afar,
Lest Kingdoms sneer it, one to one,
"How base Republics are !"

"You do not war with women !" Good !
Let such your boast still be ;
We do not ask a single rood
Of ground for Mary *Lee*.

* See "Irving's Washington."—Death of Colonel Custis.

Yet, though our hero's wife be banned
As touched with treason's stain,
For Mary *Custis* we demand
Her Arlington again !

OUR CHIEF.

BY MRS. C. A. WARFIELD.

No ! not forgotten, though the halls
Of state no more behold him.
No ! not forsaken, though the walls
Of dungeon keeps enfold him.
Still dearest to the Southern heart,
Because her priest anointed,
The prophet chosen for his part,
The man by God appointed.

If dumb, it is that tyrants check
The words that fain were spoken,
And set the foot upon the neck
Of a people bowed and broken ;
If still, it is that bond and chain
Each manly limb encumber,
And men but murmur in their pain,
As children talk in slumber.

We bow our foreheads to the dust
In deep humiliation,
Forgetting in our prayerful trust
Our own dark desolation ;
We ask for him who steered our ship
Until it met the breakers
That the cup may pass that meets his lip,
Through mercy of his Maker's.

That grace divine may touch the hearts -
Of those who now oppress him,
And tyrants, tired of Draco parts,
Lean from their thrones to bless him!
Thus to the throne of mighty God
The cry of love has risen
For him who groans beneath the rod,
Proud, prostrate, and in prison.

BEECHMOORE, KY., JAN. 10, 1866.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY JANE T. H. CROSS, OF KENTUCKY.

THE cell is lonely, and the night
Has filled it with a darker gloom;
The little rays of friendly light
Which through each chink and crack found room
To press in, with their noiseless feet
All merciful and fleet,
And bring, like Noah's trembling dove,
God's silent messages of love,
These, too, are gone—
Shut out—and gone,
And that great heart is left alone.
Alone with darkness and with woe!
Around him Freedom's temple lies,
Its arches crushed, its columns low,
The night wind through its ruin sighs.
Rash, cruel hands that temple razed
(Then stood the world amazed),
And now those hands—ah, ruthless deeds!—
Their captive pierce. His brave heart bleeds,
And yet no groan
Is heard—no groan!
He suffers silently, alone!

For all his bright and happy home
He has that cell so drear and dark,
Those narrow walls for heaven's blue dome,
The clank of chains for song of lark;
And for the grateful voice of friends—
That voice which ever lends
Its charm where human hearts are found—
He hears the key's dull grating sound.
No heart is near,
No kind heart near,
No sigh of sympathy, no tear.

Oh, dream not thus, thou true and good!
Unnumbered hearts on thee await,
By thee invisibly have stood,
Have crowded through thy prison-gate.
Nor dungeon bolts, nor dungeon bars,
Nor floating "stripes and stars,"
Nor glittering gun or bayonet,
Can ever cause us to forget
Our faith to thee,
Our love to thee,
Thou glorious soul, thou strong, thou *free*!

REGULUS.*

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HAVE ye no mercy? Punic rage
Boasted small skill in torture, when
The sternest patriot of his age—
And Romans all were patriots then—

* See Craven's "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 166, for the incident to which this poem relates.

Was doomed with his unwinking eyes
To stand beneath the fiery skies,
Until the sun-shafts pierced his brain,
And he grew blind with poignant pain,
While Carthage jeered and taunted ! Yet
When day's slow-moving orb had set,
And pitying Nature—kind to all—

 In dewy darkness bathed her hand,
And laid it on each lidless ball,

 So crazed with gusts of scorching sand—
They yielded,—nor forbade the grace,
By flashing torches in his face.

Ye flash the torches ! Never night
Brings the blank dark to that worn eye :
In pitiless, perpetual light,

 Our tortured Regulus must lie !
The tropic suns seemed tender ; they
Eyed not with purpose to betray :
No human vengeance like a spear
Whetted to sharpness, keen and clear,
By settled hatred—pricked its way
Right through the bloodshot iris ! Nay,
Ye are refined tormentors ! Glare

 A little longer through the bars,
At the bayed lion in his lair—

 And God's dear hand from out the stars,
To shame inhuman man, may cast
Its shadow o'er those lids at last,
And end their aching with the blessed
Signet and seal of perfect rest !

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY WM. MUNFORD.

For spirit ever quick
With sword or rhetoric,
To cleave for right, and dare the sternest brunt!
For that when Spanish steel
Bade bristling Texans kneel,
And thy true heart had urged them to the front,
Thy knightly blade leaped from the sheath,
And flashed against the southern sky, a fiery wreath!

For honor pure as ice,
That spurned low artifice,
And brought no blemish from the forum's brawls!
For that exalted fame,
That bore so fair a name
With cabinets, and in the Senate halls!
For Bayard's knightly pride that charmed,
For Sydney's courtly grace that wooed and warmed!

For that majestic mind
That towers above its kind
Like some grand peak among the mighty hills!
For that pure wealth of soul
That dignifies the whole
Rare song that Clio's trumpet trills—
A virgin nation at the shrine,
Looked up to thee, and placed her trembling hand in
thine!

But while the bridal strains
Pealed o'er her sunny plains
Like Egypt's freighting royal caravans,

With iron notes of war
Came a mighty conqueror,
Forbidding, all too late, those righteous bans.
The Southern blood leaps to its shields,
And flaunts the virgin's snowy flag along her fields.

Oh, years of noble toil
That stronger strength to foil,
How flowed our firstling blood of sacrifice !
Oh, spirits that are gone,
Like Abel you have won,
And blood cries from our wasted paradise !
Her places know her now no more,
Her spotless ensign droops upon the other shore.

But thou, our stricken chief,
Grander in all thy grief
Than ever St. Helena's chained king,
Communing with the skies,
Above thyself dost rise ;
And comes that voice, as if an angel's wing,
To whisper from the prison cave,
And bid thy people sternly be still duty's slave.

Great chieftain of our choice,
Albeit that people's voice
No comfort speaks in thy lone granite keep ;
Through those harsh iron bars
There come back from the stars
Low echoes of the prayers they nightly weep.
Thy children show their manhood best
That all their fears are circling round thine honored crest !

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

You may fasten his feet with fetters,
You may chain him close in his cell,
You may mock him, and taunt and torture,
Like the fiends you follow in hell.

You may shed on his quivering eye-balls*
The glare of the hateful lamp,
You may banish sleep from his pillow
With your sentry's ceaseless tramp.

You may starve with a mental famine
His mind which supreme has shone,
You may stifle the cravings of nature
Till thought tottering reels on her throne.

But you NEVER can fetter his spirit!
It rises above your control;
Your iron may rust on his body,
It NEVER will enter his soul!

That was framed in God's own bright image,
And stamped with a mission high
It towers in its might above you
As the eagle soars over the fly.

No malice of yours can insult him,
Your touch cannot sully his fame—
When Pilate had scourged his captive,
We know with which rested the shame.

* See note to "Regina."

Feeble and faint and fettered,
A tone from his voiceless mouth
Upheaves, and entwines around him
Each heart-string that throbs at the South.
To him an immortal glory !
To YOU through ALL TIME be hurled
CONTEMPT and a SCORN UNDYING,
The HISS of the CIVILIZED world !

"IN DURA CATENA."

CHAIN the eagle and veil his eyes !
Torture him dumb and dim !
For how were the foul and the base of soul
Free, till they fettered him !
Bind him ! Blind him ! Blacken him. Yea,
Blight him forevermore !
Brothers ! doubt, if the bird ye cage
Was ever so free before.
Never a flight so near the stars,
Never a gaze so clear,
To meet the flush of a lovelier dawn
In a loftier atmosphere.
Brothers ! judge if your dungeon's depth
Grow bright in his cloudless fame ;
Brothers ! doubt if the shadow of death
Be dark to your midnight shame.
Ah, my brothers ! the world has lost
Its grace and worth. 'Tis time
Ye planted a cross for love to clasp,
For loyalty to climb.

A WIND FROM THE SOUTH.

BY G. G.

I SING of the South !

Not as she sat in her pride of yore,
Peace encircled from the gulf to shore,
Golden throned in her dreamful ease,
Lulled by a wandering tropic breeze—
Rich in fruitage, and rare in flowers,
Under the shelving orange bowers.

But in days that came,
When hand to hilt for her honor's sake,
Dearer far than the lives at stake,
Sweeping on to the battle's fore,
She flashed on, a bright Escalibore,
Where surging hosts made the deadliest fight,
She dared a world in her single might.

Tw'as a form inspired,
That lion-like, as the struggle wore,
Starved, and bleeding at every pore,
Weak with famine, and faint for blood,
Brave in sinking, as when she stood,
Hunted, fell, in her own green glades,
Hacked and hewn by a hundred blades.

It is not for her !

This cry that echoes across the seas
Of a nation's welfare, and peace and ease,
Nor the haughty banner that floats unfurled
In the face of the startled Mother-world,
This roll of drums, and the trumpet's blare,
Mock the silence of her despair.

She is bereaved !
Her best and bravest are scattered far,
Fallen in conflict, and worn of war ;
She has piled her sacrificial heaps
Out in the voiceless ocean deeps.
In the dreary marsh, in the serpent's lair,
Her dead are sleeping, everywhere.

She loved them so,
God knows—for He has given His own.
How closely knitted to flesh and bone
The human ties that lie shattered here,
Watered by many a blinding tear,
He knows and cares—and there's one star's light
In the blackest cloud of the blackest night.

A wind from the South !
It has swept afar o'er a lonely plain,
And gathered strength for its sad refrain
From the widow's wail for her hero dead,
From the orphan's sharp, shrill cry for bread,
From the exile's sigh, and the prison moan—
“Lost and gone,” is the monotone.

It is not in vain !
Ah ! gentle women of Baltimore,
True ye are to the warm heart's core—
True ye are to the name ye bore,
When a suffering sister's lack was sore,
When ye sent your striplings at our need,
With a cheerful trust, and a stout God-speed.
True and tender, and often tried,
It is not now that ye turn aside.
'Tis pure religion and undefiled
To feed the mouth of the starving child,
To kindle hope in the fainting breast,
To guide the homeless into rest,

And when a dire Apocalypse
Shall rend the veil of Heaven's eclipse,
This germ of Christ's own charity
Shall blossom fair in the realm to be.

APRIL 2, 1866.

THE BLESSED HAND.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR.

BY S. T. WALLIS.

[There is a legend of an English monk, who died at the Monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in heaven. Long after death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand, with which he had done his pious work, and which had been miraculously preserved from decay.]

For you and me, who love the light
Of God's uncloistered day,
It were, indeed, a dreary lot
To shut ourselves away
From every glad and sunny thing
And pleasant sight and sound,
And pass from out a silent cell
Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, Anselm, thought,
For, in his cloister's shade,
The cheerful faith that lit his heart
Its own sweet sunshine made ;
And in its glow he prayed and wrote
From matin-song till even,
And trusted in the book of Life
To read his name in heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
Filled full of saintly lore !

What pages, brightened by his hand,
The splendid missals bore !
What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
Around each blessed name,
And how his Saviour's cross and crown
Shone out from cloud and flame !

But, unto clerk as unto clown,
One summons comes alway ;
And brother Anselm heard the call,
At vesper-chime, one day.
His busy pen was in his hand,
His parchment by his side—
He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
Kissed Jesu's name and died !

They laid him where a window's blaze
Flashed o'er the graven stone,
And seemed to touch his simple name
With pencil like his own !
And there he slept, and one by one
His brothers died the while,
And trooping years went by, and trod
His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement, then,
An abbot's couch to spread,
They let the jewelled sunlight in
Where once lay Anselm's head.
No crumbling bone was there, no trace
Of human dust that told,
But, all alone, a warm right hand
Lay fresh upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
But, with a tender clasp,
It seemed to hold an unseen hand
Within its living grasp,

And ere the trembling monks could turn
To hide their dazzled eyes,
It rose, as with a sound of wings,
Right up into the skies !

Oh, loving, open hands, that give ;
Soft hands, the tear that dry ;
Oh, patient hands, that toiled to bless ;
How can ye ever die !
Ten thousand vows, from yearning hearts,
To Heaven's own gates shall soar,
And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
Those unseen angels bore !

Kind hands ! oh, never near to you
May come the woes ye heal !
Oh, never may the hearts ye guard
The griefs ye comfort feel !
May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
So crown the work ye rear,
That ye may never claspéd be,
In one unanswered prayer !

BALTIMORE, APRIL 8, 1866.

THE BLESSED HEART.

SUGGESTED BY "THE BLESSED HAND."

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FAIR OF BALTIMORE.

BY MRS. M. M.

I SING not of "The Blessed Hand,"
That has so well been sung,
Nor of the mercy-wingéd feet,
Nor of the love-touched tongue ;

Each one being but the instrument—
Mechanical—at best
A servant, though obedient
Unto the *heart's* behest.

But that, that with my heart of hearts
I now would try to sing,
Gives life to all, to all imparts
An energizing spring.
It is—oh, how its very name
The torpid feelings start
To virtuous deeds, and noble acts!
It is—The blessed Heart!

What else inspired tongue, foot, and hand,
Unto their work of love
For our poor ruined southern land!
What might such mercy move,
But that blest influence divine,
God's spirit doth impart,
When hand, and foot, and tongue obey
Thy teachings, Blessed Heart!

I know a heart—a Blessed Heart—
'Twill never, never die!
In numbing death it hath no part,
Nor cold mortality.

In cold obstruction's apathy,
Though buried 'neath the sod,
That Blessed Heart can never lie,
Whose life is hid with God.

That heart has fired the faltering tongue,
Bestirred the laggard feet,
The palsied hand has nerved, and sprung
With vitalizing heat;
Each impulse for the right, the true,
Has energized. Such part,

Insures thee immortality,
Thou ever Blessed Heart!
The Blessed Heart whose life is love—
Not legendary lore,
But Christian faith instructeth us,
Shall live forevermore—
Live, when the gross material all
Hath vanished as a dream,
Live, when time's flowers have floated down
Oblivious silent stream.
Oh, living, loving hearts that move
The hands to deeds sublime,
Whose boundless charity and love
Are bounded by no clime!
Oh, may the blessings you have showered
On this dear land of ours,
Reflexly on yourselves return
In rich and copious showers!
Oh, may those hearts, those noble hearts
That liberal things devise,
That in sweet mercy's works abound,
And find blessed exercise
In deeds of piety and love,
Be blessed as they have blessed,
And find, in Heaven's approving smile,
Their sure reward and best!
Oh, may their prayers and tears for us,
Their gifts on us bestowed,
As their memorial, go up
Before the throne of God!
Oh, may we meet before that throne,
Meet, never more to part,
The ones that here on earth have shown
Thy fruits, O Blessed Heart!

OUR DEAD.

BY COLONEL A. M. HOBBY.

"My house shall be called of all nations, the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves"

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing; but inwardly, they are ravening wolves."

"It was the worst work that Satan and sin undertook in this world; and they that suffered in it, were not martyrs in a good cause, but convicts in a bad one. 'Who shall comfort them that sit by dishonored graves?'"—*Sermon of Henry Ward Beecher.*

VILE, brutal man! and darest thou
In God's anointed place to preach—
With impious tongue and brazen brow—
The lessons Hell would blush to teach?
The cruel taunt thy lips have hissed,
Beneath Religion's holy screen,
Is false—as false Iscariot's kiss,
Is false—as thou art vile and mean.

Are these the lessons which He taught?
And was His mission here in vain?
Peace and good will seem words of naught—
Hell rules the earth with hate again!
And thou! its chosen instrument,
Hyena-like, with heartless tread,
Hast dared invade, with blood-hound scent,
The sacred precincts of the dead.

Not such from those, dear brave old South,
Who met thee in thine hour of might!
But from the coarse, polluted mouth
Of coward cur who feared to fight.
Dear loved old South! Contemn the curse
That those who hate shall heap on you;
You've wept behind War's bloody hearse,
That bore away your brave and true!

Their precious blood, though vainly shed !

Long as thy shore old Ocean laves,
We'll bow with reverence o'er our dead,
And bless the turf that wraps their graves.
From Mexico to Maryland,

Those graves are strewn like autumn leaves—
What though no mother's tender hand
Upon their tomb a chaplet weaves ;

Nor wives, nor sisters bend above
The Honored Soldier's unmarked mound—
They are objects of eternal love
In consecrated Southern ground.

It recks not where their bodies lie—
By bloody hill-side, plain, or river—
Their names are bright on Fame's proud sky,
Their deeds of valor live forever.

The song-birds of the South shall sing
From forests grand, and flowery stem,
And gentlest waters murmuring.

Unite to hymn their requiem.
And Spring will deck their hallowed bed
With types of resurrection's day ;
And silent tears the Night hath shed,
The Morning's beam will kiss away.

Those heroes rest in solemn fame
On every field where Freedom bled ;
And shall we let the touch of shame
Fall like a blight upon our dead ?
No ! wretch ! we scorn thy hatred now,
And hiss thy shame from pole to pole ;
The brutes are better far than thou,
A beast might blush to own thy soul.

"Dishonored graves ?" take back the lie
That's breathed by more than human hate,

Lest, Ananias like, you die,
Not less deserving of his fate.
Our Spartan women bow in dust,
Around their country's broken shrine,
True—as their souls are noble—just,
Pure—as their deeds have been divine ;
Their Angel hands the wounded cheered—
Did all that woman ever dares—
When wealth and homes had disappeared,
They gave us tears, and smiles, and prayers.
They proudly gave their jewels up—
For all they loved—as worthless toys ;
Drank to the dregs Want's bitter cup
To feed our sick and starving boys.
Their glorious flag on high no more
Is borne by that unconquered band ;
'Tis furled upon the "silent shore"—
Its heroes there around it stand.
No more beneath its folds shall meet
The armies of immortal LEE ;
The rolling of their drums last beat
Is echoing in eternity !

GALVESTON NEWS, TEXAS, JAN., 1865.

THE LINES AROUND PETERSBURG.

BY SAMUEL DAVIS, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"Such a sleep they sleep
The men I loved !"

TENNYSON.

Oh, Silence, Silence ! now, when night is noar,
And I am left alone,

Thou art so strange, so sad, reposing here—
And all so changed hath grown,
Where all was once exuberant with life
Through day and night, in deep and deadly strife
If I must weep, oh, tell me, is there not
Some plaintive story breathed into mine ear
By spirit-whispers from thy voiceless sphere,
Haunting this awful spot?
To my sad soul, more mutely eloquent
Than words of fame on sculptured monument
Outspeaks yon crumbling parapet, where lies
The broken gun, the idly rusting ball,
Mute tokens of an ill-starred enterprise!
Rude altars reared for costly sacrifice!
Vast work of hero-hands left in thy fall!

Where are they now, that fearless brotherhood,
Who marshalled here,
That fearful year,
In pain and peril, yet undaunted stood,—
Though Death rode fiercest on the battle-storm
And earth lay strewn with many a glorious form?
Where are they now, who, when the strife was done,
With kindly greeting 'round the camp-fire met,
And made an hour of mirth, for triumphs won,
Repay the day's stern toil, when the slow sun had set?

Where are they?—
Let the nameless grave declare,—
In strange unwonted hillocks—frequent seen!
Alas! who knows how much lies buried there!—
What worlds of love, and all that might have been!
The rest are scattered now, we know not where;
And Life to each a new employment brings;
But still they seem to gather round me here,
To whom these places were familiar things!

Wide sundered now, by mountain and by stream,
Once brothers—still a brotherhood they seem ;—
More firm united, since a common woe
Hath brought to common hopes their overthrow !

Brave souls and true ;—in toil and danger tried,—
I see them still as in those glorious years,
When strong, and battling bravely side by side,
All crowned their deeds with praise,—and some with
tears !

'Tis done ! the sword is sheathed ; the banner furled,
No sound where late the crashing missile whirled—
The dead alone possess the battle-plain ;
The living turn them to life's cares again.

Oh, Silence ! blessed dreams upon thee wait ;
Here Thought and Feeling ope their precious store,
And Memory, gathering from the spoils of Fate
Love's scattered treasures, brings them back once more.
So let me often dream,
As up the bright'ning stream
Of olden Time, thought gently leads me on,
Seeking those better days, lost, lost, alas ! and gone !

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY CAPTAIN O'HARA.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few,

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
Nor braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow ;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are freed from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY LATIENNE.

FROM the broad and calm Potomac,
To the Rio Grande's waves,
Have the brave and noble fallen—
And the earth is strewn with graves,
In the vale and on the hill-side,
Through the wood and by the stream,
Has the martial pageant faded,
Like the vision of a dream.

Where the reveille resounded,
And the stirring "call to arms,"
Nod the downy heads of clover
To the wind's mesmeric charms;
Where the heels of trampling squadrons
Beat to dust the mountain pass,
Hang the dew-drops' fragile crystals
From the slender stems of grass.

Where the shocks of meeting armies
Roused the air in raging waves,
And with sad and hollow groanings,
Echoed earth's deep hidden caves;
Where the cries of crushed and dying
Pierced the elemental strife,
Where lay death in sickening horror
'Neath the maddened rush of life;

Quiet now reigns, sweet and pensive,
All is hushed in dreamless rest,
And the pitying arms of Nature
Hold our heroes on her breast;

Shield them well, O tender mother !
While the winds in tender breath
Whisper us, the sad survivors,
Of their victory in death.

What though no stately column,
Their cherished names may raise,
To dim the eye and move the lip
With gratitude and praise.
The blue sky, hung with bannered clouds,
Their solemn dome shall be,
All Heaven's choiring winds shall chant
The anthem of the free.

The Spring, with vine-clad arms, shall clasp
Their hillocked resting-places,
And summer roses droop above
With flushed and dewy faces ;
Fair daisies, rayed and crowned, shall spring
Like stars from out their dust,
And look to kindred stars on high
With eyes of patient trust.

And vainly shall the witling's lips
Assail with envious dart
The fame of our heroic dead,
Whose stronghold is the heart—
The nation's heart—not wholly crushed,
Though each throb be in pain ;
For Life and Hope will still survive,
Where Love and Faith remain.

IN MEMORIAM.

BACKWARD roll, O tide of memory, with your silver crested
spray !

From a silent, soundless ocean, I would gather pearls
to-day ;

Diving deep for vanished treasures, far the coral isles
below,

Seeks my spirit for the Mecca in the land of "Long
Ago."

Many a living gem once priceless, many a soft Eolian
strain,

Lost in swift revolving circles, from the past returns
again :

For a phantom comes to guide me to the dreams of
buried years,

Through the shadow land of fancy—through a vale of
smiles and tears ;

"Hush !" he says, "thy voice's wailing, while we pass
with muffled tread,

Now to seek thy richest treasure in the memories of the
dead !

Pause before the panorama passing by thee like a spell,
For its scenes are all familiar, and you know its changes
well."

First—a smiling land of beauty—where destruction en-
ters in,

Bidding War and Death and Sorrow hold their carnival
of sin,

Till the tempest lose its fury, when the wreck lies on
the strand,

And the waves are stilled in mercy, by a wise and
mighty hand.

Now I view a blooming island in the flush of balmy
June,
Where the sunny rays of morning usher in a clouded
noon ;
There the smoke and din of battle rising up to meet the
skies,
Mark the triumph of the War-God and his human sac-
rifice.
There our trailing "Conquered Banner," *then* proud stan-
dard of the South,
Waved amid the fearful carnage and above the cannon's
mouth ;
Spartan-like, in dauntless courage, rush our troops into
the fray,
While the gallant, brave McEnery saves the fortunes of
the day.
South Carolina ! Louisiana ! let your sons share glory
now,
And the laurel crown of victory rest upon each hero's
brow.
And to-day let Charleston's daughters place them freshly
on each head,
While they mingle them with cypress to the honor of
the dead !

Slowly now the picture changes—in magnolia's quiet
shade
Sing the birds and bloom the flowers where a stranger's
head is laid ;
And a simple name engraven on a monumental stone
Tells the sad, the common story of another soldier gone !
There will History lightly linger—but 'tis Freedom's
vernal spot,
Where she mourns her slumbering children, weeping o'er
their tragic lot.

In a darkened house of mourning, stricken by the hand
of God,
Loving hearts have bowed in anguish, underneath the
chastening rod ;
For a noble form is missing from the broken household
band,
And the *best beloved* is sleeping in a distant sister land.
With his spirit of devotion, with his soul of earnest
worth,
He had clung with warmest fervor to the country of his
birth ;
And to vindicate her honor was his life-blood freely
shed,
When he joined the countless legion of our unforgotten
dead.

Brother ! in the light and shadow of the years that on-
ward creep,
Four times have the roses blossomed since we laid thee
down to sleep ;
Four stern winters—four long summers—four times fall
of autumn leaf,
Since the day thy death o'erwhelmed us with a great
and sudden grief.
Of the woof that fate is weaving for the circle of our
home,
Many golden threads are broken where Affliction's touch
has come ;
But the sunbeams yet are glancing 'mong the colors in
the loom,
Softening e'en the lingering shadows from the darkness
of the tomb.
Still thy memory will be cherished as a hallowed dream
of yore—
As a pearl of light unfading from Eternity's rich store ;

For in hope we trust to meet thee where our long-lost
treasures lie,
In the bosom of a Saviour—near the throne of God on
high !

ESSIE.

OUR DEAD.

Do we weep for the heroes who died for us?
Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And, in death, sleep side by side for us?

 The martyr-band
 That hallowed our land
With the blood they poured in a tide for us?

Ah! fearless on many a day for us,
They stood in the front of the fray for us,
And held the foemen at bay for us :

 Fresh tears should fall
 Forever—o'er all
Who fell while wearing the Gray for us.

How many a glorious name for us !
How many a story of fame for us
They left! Would it not be a shame for us,
 If their memory part
 From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them and a blame for us?

No,—no,—no,—they were brave for us,
And bright where the lives they gave for us ;
The land they struggled to save for us

 Cannot forget
 Its warriors yet,
Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

No,—no,—no,—they were slain for us,
And their blood flowed out in a rain for us,
Red, rich, and pure on the plain for us ;

And years may go

But our tears shall flow

O'er the Dead who have died in vain for us.

And their deeds—proud deeds—shall remain for us—
And their names—dear names—without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us :

In legend and lay

Our heroes in Gray,

Though dead—shall live over again for us.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., MARCH 1 1867.

MOINA.

DECKING SOUTHERN SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

"Pulveris tua manipula ad manes spargere."

BEAUTIFUL feet, with maidenly tread,
Offerings bring to the gallant dead,
Footsteps light press the sacred sod
Of heroes untimely ascended to God.
Bring spring flowers ! in fragrant perfume,
And offer sweet prayers for a merciful doom.

Beautiful hands ! ye deck the graves,
Above the dust of the Southern braves,
Here was extinguished their manly fire,
Who scorned to flinch from the foeman's ire.
Bring spring flowers ! the laurel and rose,
And deck ye the graves where your friends repose.

Beautiful eyes! the tears ye shed
Are brighter than diamonds to those who bled;
Spurned is the cause they fell to save,
But "little they'il reck,"—if ye honor the brave.
Bring spring flowers! with tears and praise,
And chant o'er their tombs, your grateful lays.

Beautiful lips! ye trembled now,
Memory wakens the sleeping one's vow;
Mute are the lips and faded the forms,
That never knelt, save to God and your charms.
Bring spring flowers! all dewy with morn,
And think how they loved ye, whose graves ye adorn.

Beautiful hearts! of matron and maid,
Faithful were ye, when *Apostles* betrayed!
Here are your loved and cherished ones laid.
Peace to their ashes, the flowers ye strew
Are monuments worthy the faithful and true.
Bring spring flowers! perfume their sod,
With annual incense to glory and God.

COL. A. W. SLAYBACK, U. S. A.

STEAMER STONEWALL, MISSOURI RIVER, MAY 9, 1865.

L I N E S

BY J. E. BARRICK.

Read at the Celebration of the Memorial Association of Richmond, at Holywood
Cemetery, May 10th, 1866.

No nobler cause than this of thine,
May woman's heart engage,
She needs no prouder place to win
On Fame's immortal page:
Go seek them in their graves unknown,
And by the genial powers,

Bid on each spot in beauty spring
A sisterhood of flowers.

No marble slab, or graven stone,
Their gallant deeds to tell ;
No monument to mark the spot
Where they with glory fell :
Their names shall yet a herald find
In every tongue of fame,
When valley, stream, and minstrel voice,
Shall ring with their acclaim.

Paint flowers above their lonely graves,
The ivy let entwine
Its tendrils there, and there be set
The myrtle and the vine ;
Memorials of your love shall mark
Each consecrated place,
And angels wandering down from heaven,
Will love the spot to trace.

All o'er the land like autumn leaves,
Borne on the wailing blast,
They lie with no mementoes raised,
To link them with the past.
Then bid the sculptured stone renew
The story of their fame—
Some monument to after-time,
Their glory to proclaim.

Bring flowers to deck each patriot grave,
And bless the vernal sod,
Where sleep those fallen ones, whose deeds
Are written with their God ;
Place the white stone above each head--
The sacred spot inclose—
That no invading step may break
The calm of their repose.

APRIL 26TH.

In the ceremonies at Memphis, Tenn., 26th April, "In Memory of the Confederate Dead," Dr. Ford (one of the speakers) improvised the following appropriate lines.

In rank and file, in sad array,
As though their watch still keeping,
Or waiting for the battle fray,
The dead around are sleeping.
Shoulder to shoulder rests each rank
As at their posts still standing,
Subdued, yet steadfast, as they sank
To sleep at death's commanding.
No battle banner o'er them waves,
No battle trump is sounded,
They've reached the citadel of graves,
And *here* their arms are grounded !
* * * * *
Their hallowed memory ne'er shall die,
But ever fresh and vernal,
Shall wake from flowers the soft sad sigh,
Regrets—regrets eternal !

O D E.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.
In seeds of laurels in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown ;
And, somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behold the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile
More proudly on those wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned !

L I N E S

WRITTEN FOR THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

[The following lines, by Father Abram Ryan, of Knoxville, the author of the "Conquered Banner" and the "Sword of Lee," will touch every heart.]

GATHER the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,
And fell in the cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them each and all !
From the Private to the Chief !
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain,

From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and wore the gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle-day,
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread
We muster once more our deathless dead—
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown;
They are all powerless now—
We gather them here, and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

PROMETHEUS on the cold rock bound,
The vulture at his heart,
In you, O Southern Chief, has found
A fitting counterpart.

The Titan by his wondrous skill
Fashioned a man from clay;
You formed a nation at your will,
And bent it to your sway.

He made a dull, insensate thing,
A form without a soul;
Your spirit, with life-stirring spring,
Electrified the whole.

Like him, your greatness did you wrong,
Your virtue was your bane;
Each soared above the common throng,
Each found a prison chain!

Your aims alike were noble; well
Ye battled, till at length
Each, having done his utmost, fell—
Dragged down by Force and Strength!

Ye fell but gained a height sublime,
And more than mortal fame,
Binding upon the breast of Time
An ever-glorious name!

No farther may the semblance go.—
Consumed by Zeus' frown,
Prometheus with supernal woe
In agony bowed down.

While you, O gentle sufferer ! feel,
Though bending 'neath the rod,
A holy joy, the sign and seal
Of a sustaining God !

Within your grated prison cell
A gracious guest abides,
And by the same low-spoken spell,
Which stilled the raging tides
Of fierce Tiberias, He exerts
A spirit-soothing calm,
And heals the sting of earthly hurts
With heavenly peace and balm.

Around you in unending play
The bounding billows roar,
And white with crests of seething spray
Break thundering on the shore.

These ocean-surges well express
The love, the hopes, the care,
Which to you in your loneliness,
Your faithful people bear.

Chains and a prison cannot wrest
Your empire from its throne ;
You find in every Southern breast
A kingdom and a home !

The stately land you strove to save,
In sable robes arrayed,
Majestic mourns beside the grave
Where all her hopes are laid.

But though she weeps her cherished dead,
With sorrow deep and true,
No tears of bitterness are shed
Like those that fall for you !

You hold her heart-strings in your hand,
And every blow and slur,
That strikes you as you helpless stand,
Falls doubly hard on her.

Heaven help us all!—the New Year dawns
Again with gladsome birth;
God grant ere many smiling morns
Have glorified the earth,

That one may break amid the stars,
Which by His blessed decree,
Beaming across your prison bars,
Shall shine upon you FREE!

FANNY DOWNING.

PRAYER OF THE SOUTH.

BY THE REV. A. J. RYAN.

My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod!

My face is wan and white with many woes,
But I will lift my poor, chained hands to God,
And for my children pray, and for my foes.

Beside the graves were thousands lowly lie,
I kneel—and, weeping for each slaughtered son,
I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,
And pray, O Father! may Thy will be done.

My heart is filled with anguish deep and vast;

My hopes are buried with my children's dust;
My joys have fled—my tears are flowing fast;

In whom, save Thee, our Father, shall I trust!

Ah! I forgot Thee, Father, long and oft,

When I was happy, rich, and proud, and free;
But conquered now, and crushed, I look aloft,
And sorrow leads me, Father, back to Thee.

Amid the wrecks that mark the foeman's path,
I kneel—and, wailing o'er my glories gone,
I still each thought of hate, each throb of wrath,
And whisper—Father! let Thy will be done.

Pity me, Father of the Desolate!

Alas! my burdens are so hard to bear;
Look down in mercy on my wretched fate,
And keep me, guard me with Thy loving care.

Pity me, Father! for His holy sake

Whose broken Heart bled at the feet of Grief,
That hearts of earth, wherever they should break,
Might go to His and find a sure relief.

Ah, me! how dark! Is this a brief eclipse?

Or is it Night with no To-morrow's Sun?

O Father! Father! with my pale, sad lips,
And sadder heart, I pray—Thy will be done.

My homes are joyless, and a million mourn

Where many met in joys forever flown;

Whose hearts were light, are burdened now, and lorn,
Where many smiled, but one is left to mourn.

And ah! the widows' wails, the orphans' cries,

Are morning hymn and vesper chant to me;

And groans of men and sounds of women's sighs

Commingle, Father, with my prayer to Thee.

Beneath my feet—ten thousand children dead—

Oh! how I loved each known and nameless one!

Above their dust I bow my crownless head,

And murmur—Father! still—Thy will be done.

Ah! Father! Thou didst deck my own loved land

With all bright charms, and beautiful and fair;

But foemen came, and with a ruthless hand

Spread ruin, wreck, and desolation there.

Girdled with gloom—of all my brightness shorn,
And garmented with grief, I kiss Thy rod ;
And turn my face, with tears all wet, and worn,
To catch one smile of pity from my God.

Around me blight, where all before was bloom !
And so much lost ! alas ! and nothing won ;
Save this—that I can lean on wreck and tomb,
And weep—and weeping pray—Thy will be done

And oh ! 'tis hard to say—but said, tis sweet—

The words are bitter, but they hold a balm ;
A balm that heals the wounds of my defeat,
And lulls my sorrows into holy calm.

It is the Prayer of prayers—and how it brings,
When heard in heaven, peace and hope to me ;
When Jesus prayed it, did not angels' wings
Gleam 'mid the darkness of Gethsemane ?

My children, Father, Thy forgiveness need !

Alas ! their hearts have only place for tears ;
Forgive them, Father, every wrongful deed
And every sin, of those four bloody years.

And give them strength to bear their boundless loss,
And from their hearts take every thought of hate ;
And while they climb their Calvary with their Cross,
Oh ! help them, Father, to endure its weight.

And for my Dead, my Father, may I pray ?

Ah ! sighs may soothe, but prayer shall soothe me more !
I keep eternal watch above their clay—

Oh ! rest their *souls*, my Father, I implore !

Forgive my foes—they know not what they do—
Forgive them all the tears they made me shed ;
Forgive them—though my noblest sons they slew—
And bless them—though they curse my poor, dea-
Dead !

Oh ! may my woes be each a carrier-dove
With swift, white wings, that, bathing in my tears,
Will bear Thee, Father, all my prayers of love,
And bring me peace in all my doubts and fears.
Father ! I kneel 'mid ruin, wreck, and grave,
A desert-waste—where all was erst so fair ;
And for my children and my foes I crave
Pity and pardon—Father ! hear my prayer !

MOINA.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL D. H. HILL.

THE land we love—a queen of lands
No prouder one the world has known,
Though now uncrowned, upon her throne
She sits with fetters on her hands.

True royalty is sterling worth,
And noble deeds the right divine ;
Her empire sways from clime to clime
Wherever manly thought has birth !

And through all coming ages sure
Her honor, founded on the rock
Of truth, shall grandly bear the shock
Of malice, and undimmed endure.

Man did not conquer her, but God,
For some wise purpose of His own,
Withdrew His arm ; she, left alone,
Sank down resistless 'neath His rod.

God chastens most whom He loves best,
And scourges whom He will receive ;
The land we love may cease to grieve,
And on His gracious promise rest !

Nestling her children to her side,
She fought to make those children free ;
And when, by Heaven's supreme decree,
Her last fond hope of freedom died,

She nobly yielded to its might,
Gasping amid her fiercest pain :
"God's way—and He will make it plain—
His evening time will bring us light."

Four years to battle for the right,
And warfare with the world maintain ;
Yet on her scutcheon not one stain—
No blot upon her banner's white !

Land that we love—O Southern land !
(Far dearer to thy children now,
With desolation on thy brow,
Than when at thy supreme command

Thy hosts embattled, and the stream
Of triumph poured its purple tide
Throughout thy golden borders wide,
And bathed thee with a rainbow gleam),

Though raging waves around thee toss,
Rest calm in thine exalted strength,
Sublime, though ruined, till at length,
The crown of heaven replace thy cross !

FANNY DOWNING.

TO HIM

WHO WAS OUR PRESIDENT, AND WHO IS, AND EVER WILL BE, OUR HONORED AND
BELOVED.

FROM out your prison by the sea
Your thoughts at least may wander free,
And chainless and unfettered be.

Emerging from your close-barred cell,
Let them among your people dwell
Within the land you love so well.

And when these fancies backward stray,
Be this the tale they bear away,
Be this the message they convey :

Your people's trust, your people's love,
Your people's cry that God above
His hand in your behalf will move.

Our utter impotence we know,
So passive stand beneath the blow,
Lest we should work you greater woe.

We claimed you in our happier hours,
We gloried in your pristine powers ;
Now, sorrow makes you doubly ours.

As points the needle to the pole,
The currents of our being roll,
And surge to you beyond control.

You were the head and we the hand !
Obedient to your least command,
We worked in one unbroken band.

You framed a godlike fabric pure,
We wrought to make it firm and sure,
And through all future time endure.

We failed ! Endurance, courage, pain,
And myriads in the battle slain,
Were vain—and yet not wholly vain.

Though lost our cause and dead our trust,
Our glorious banner trailed in dust,
We bear it as we should and must.

Our cheeks with scalding tears are wet,
Our hearts are almost broken, yet
We do not murmur nor regret.

We glory in the past we trod,
We proudly bear the present's rod,
And leave the future all to God.

For you our bitterest tear-drops fall,
Our chief, our leader held in thrall,
And meekly suffering for us all.

O gracious Lord ! how long, how long
Must Right be trampled down by Wrong,
And Justice curbed with chain and thong !

Belovéd sufferer ! bear it still,
Let patience work her perfect will—
Some good evolves from every ill.

Though hid to our dim earthly eyes,
The anguish which upon you lies
Is but a blessing in disguise.

Ere many morrows meet the sun,
God's mandate of release will run ;
“ Well done, thou faithful child ; well done ! ”

Within the golden city fair
The angels lovingly prepare
A habitation rich and rare.

And at its gates they wait to greet
Its master's worn and weary feet
With waving palms and welcomes sweet.

Belovéd sufferer! though the strain
Make all our heart-strings snap in twain,
We glory in your endless gain.

No more insulted nor distressed—
The burning brain, the throbbing breast,
Exchanged for heaven's eternal rest.

God's hand your sentence will reverse,
And give you, for man's prison curse,
The freedom of His universe.

FANNY DOWNING.

THE VANQUISHED PATRIOT'S PRAYER

RULER of nations! bow Thy ear—
I cannot understand
Thy ways—but Thou wilt heed this prayer
For my belovéd land.

Dear for young joys and earnest toil
Through many a stirring year;
My kindred's blood has dyed her soil,
And made her trebly dear.

Teach me to sorrow with my land,
Yet not to hate her foe ;
To bow submissive to Thy hand,
Which dealt the chastening blow.

Withholden by Thy sovereign will,
What pain I would implore ;
Give us some blessing richer still
From out Thy boundless store.

Though now denied our blood-bought right,
Yet grant us, Lord ! to be
In Thine, and every nation's sight,
Worthy of liberty.

Pilgrims and strangers in the world,
No land to call our home,
Our banner from its station hurled,
Our freedom from its throne,

Let us not seek in scenes of mirth
For surcease from our grief,
Help us to turn to Heaven from earth,
Find only there relief.

To suffer with a suffering race,
Their bitter cup to share,
Look on that cross with patient face
Which vanquished patriots bear.

May heaven draw us more and more
Earth less entrancing be—
Until we reach the shining shore,
And once again be free.

Dear fettered land ! this heart is given
Till death to thine and thee,
When I forget thy wrongs may Heaven
Cease to remember me !

TWO YEARS AGO.

APRIL, spoiled darling of the year,
With sunny showers again is here,
In all the glimmer, sheen, and glow,
She wore this time two years ago.
Two little years, within whose space
Our hearts, with sickening sadness, trace
Our country's ruin, and recall
Her wrongs, her greatness, and her fall !
Two years ago a crownéd queen
She stood, sore troubled, yet serene,
And held at bay the ravenous throng
Which howled around her fierce and strong,
While in such words as mothers best
Incite their sons to high behest,
She bade her children forward go
To battle with the unequal foe.
In answer to her frantic cry,
They rushed in her defence to die,
While every life-drop from their veins,
Which dyed her soil with crimson stains,
Rose heavenwards from her sacred sod
In eloquent appeal to God !

Will He, who marks the sparrow's fall,
And shields its nestlings from the blast,
Aside such sacred service cast,
Or close His ears to such a call ?

Will He, who made such stern demand
For Abel's blood, no good evolve
From so much evil—never solve
The problem of our Southern Land ?

Look up ! Upon His awful throne
He sits with darkness curtained round,
Within whose dense, mysterious bound,
The eye of Faith may pierce alone.

With heaven's own seal upon her brow,
She rests upon God's promise blessed,
And own His way—not ours—is best,
Although so hard to feel it now !

Two years ago ! We backward turn
Our country's record through such tears
As in the circles of all years,
But once in human eyelids burn !

We dash their scalding drops aside,
—Remembering in our anguish deep,
“He giveth His beloved sleep,”—
To thank our Lord that JACKSON died

Before the smiting of the rod,
And passed from all our grief and pain,
The rendered sword—the prison chain,
Straight to the great white throne of God !

Since Paul was bound, oh, never yet,
Lay bonds on one more true and pure,
And long as life and thought endure,
No Southern bosom can forget

That prison by the moaning sea,
Nor fail to pray with fervor meet :
“Have mercy on those honored feet,
Which bore the iron chain for me !”

The sword surrendered ! What a weight
Of agony lies in the thought,
That such a crushing woe was brought
On him, the good, the wise, the great,

The Nation's idol, in whom blent
All elements of good combine ;—
The noblest of his noble line,
Virginia's grand embodiment !

That man can God's own likeness be,
And bear the impress of His hand,
Our minds can fitly understand,
And find the proof in ROBERT LEE !

Two years of pain ! It matters not,
Though keen may be the present smart,
If men but rightly play their part,
And learn the lesson of their lot.

For somewhere in God's scale of time,
—Who made creation in six days—
A year shall usher in the blaze
And glory of that blessed clime,

Where all earth's Christian martyrs rise
With raiment white and waving palm,
To chant the praises of the Lamb
In ecstasy that never dies.

And he who rendered up the sword,
And he who wore the heavy chain,
Shall find the fruit of all their pain
Within the bosom of their Lord.

FANNY DOWNING.

HEAVEN.

BY PHILO HENDERSON, N. C.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye—eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward, noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

Oh, land unknown! Oh, land of the divine!
Father, All-Wise, Eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

THE END.





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